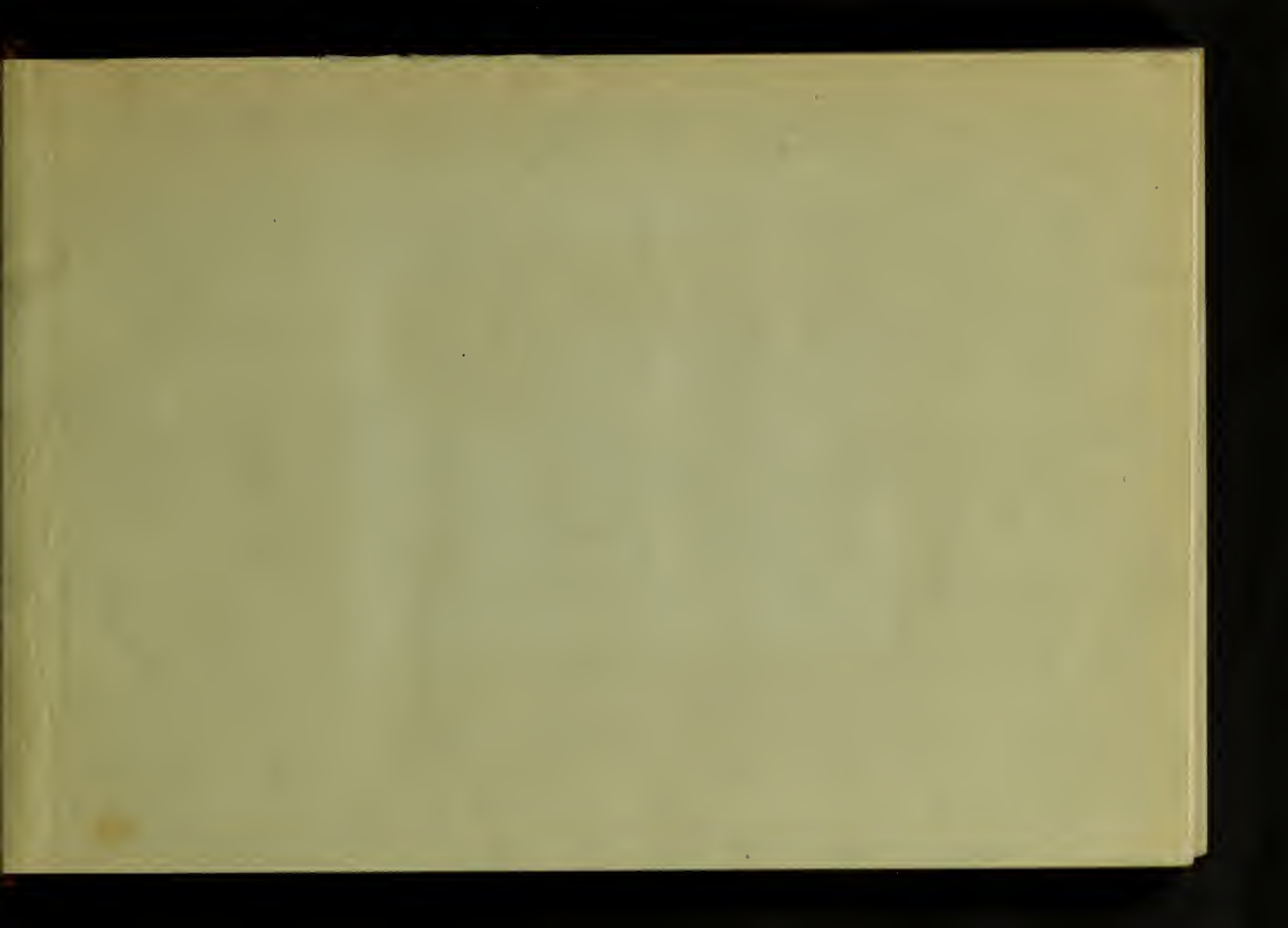


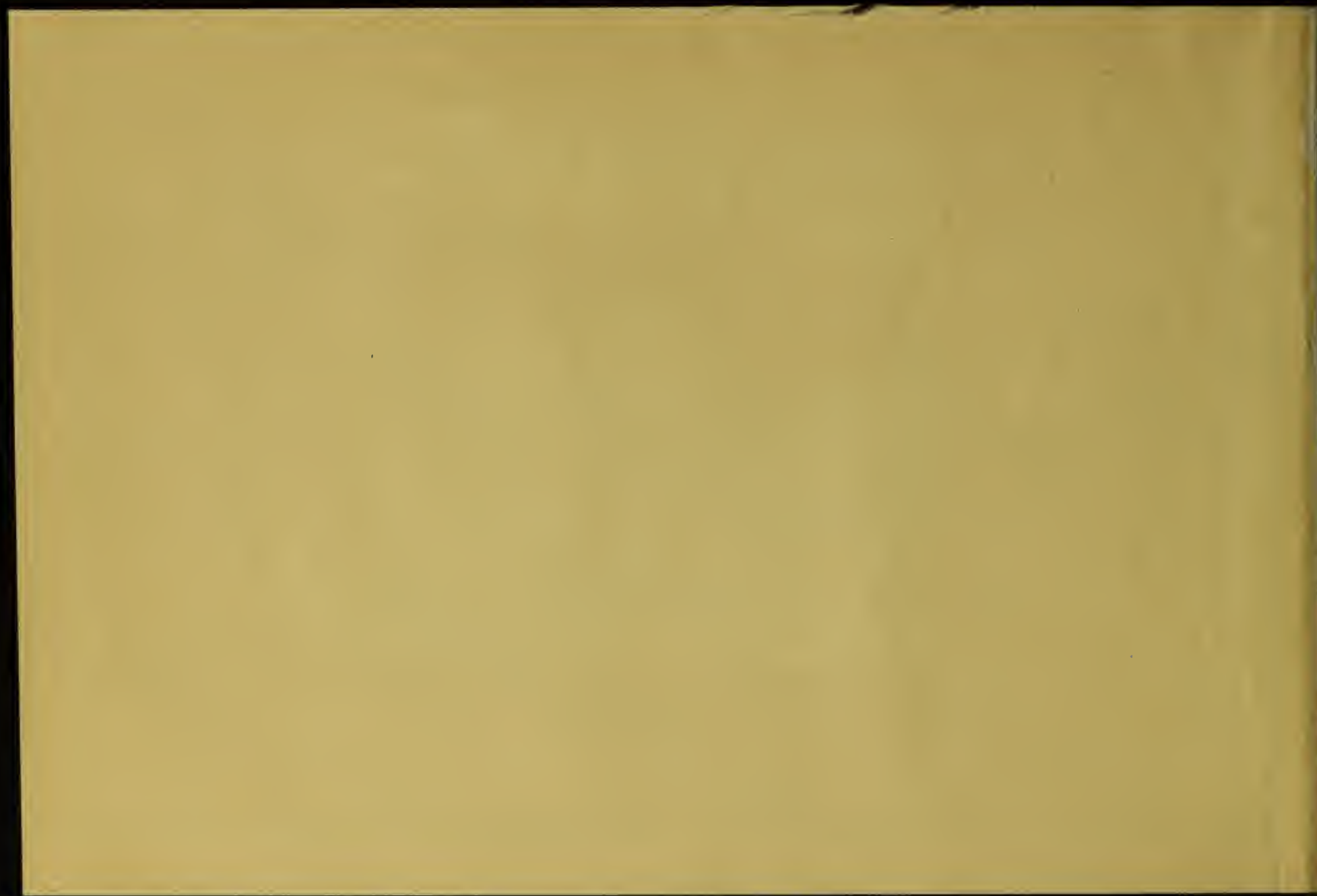
No 8059.258



GIVEN BY

Miss Heloise Lenox





(PACIFIC GLEE BOOK:)

A COLLECTION OF

SECULAR MUSIC;

CONSISTING OF

PART SONGS, SOLOS AND CHORUSES,
GLEES AND OPERATIC ARRANGEMENTS.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC W (ROOT) and JAMES R. MURRAY.



CHICAGO:

PUBLISHED BY ROOT & CADY, 67 WASHINGTON STREET.

8059.258

8079

do not have

Entered, according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869,

By ROOT & CADY,

In the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

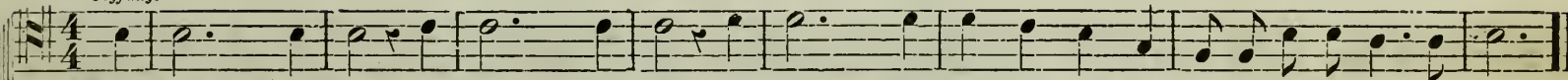
Wm. H. H. H. H.
June 12, 1869

Wm. H. H. H.
June 12, 1869
Wm. H. H. H.

THE PACIFIC GLEE BOOK.

IN JOYFUL SONG.

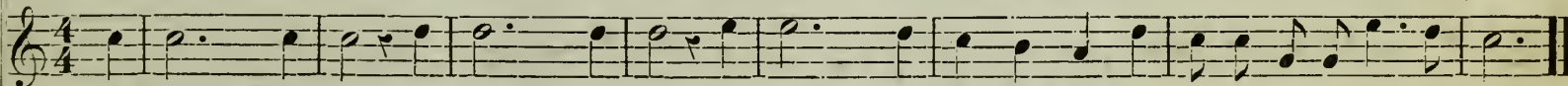
Joyfully.



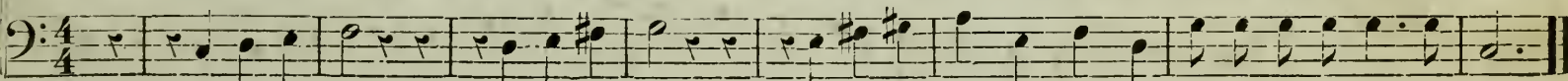
1. In joy - ful song, Both loud and long, Join all who seek to - day, From bus - y care to fly a - way.



2. Let song and shout Ring gai - ly out; Let mu - sic's sweet - est strain Re - ech - o from the hill and plain.



3. From ev - 'ry heart Let care de - part; And in this joy - ful hour Yield on - ly to sweet mu - sic's pow'r.



THE PACIFIC RAIL ROAD.

(Chicago, May 10th, 1869.)

GEO. F. ROOT.

Con energia.

1. Ring out, oh bells! let can - nons roar, In loud - est tones of thun - der, The i - ron bars, from shore to shore, Are

2. We who but yes - ter - day ap - pear'd As set - tlers of the bor - der, Where on - ly sav - ag - es were rear'd Mid

3. We reach out to'ard the Gold - en Gate, And East - ward to the o - ceans; The tea will come at light - ning rate, And

The first system of the musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three staves: a vocal melody staff, a vocal harmony staff, and a bass line staff. The lyrics are provided below each staff.

laid, and na - tions won - der. Thro' des - erts vast, and for - est deep, Thro' mountains grand and hoar - y, A path is o - pen'd

cha - os and dis - or - der—We wake to find our - selves mid - way In con - ti - nen - tal sta - tion, And send our greet - ings

like - wise Yan - kee no - tions. From spic - y is - lands of the West The breez - es now are blow - ing, And all the world will

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves: a vocal melody staff, a vocal harmony staff, and a bass line staff. The lyrics are provided below each staff.

THE PACIFIC RAIL ROAD.—CONCLUDED.

5

CHORUS.

for all time, And we be - hold the glo - ry. Ring out, oh bells! let can - nons roar, In loud - est tones of thun - der, The

eith - er way, A - cross the might - y na - tion.

do its best To keep the cars a - go - ing. Ring out, oh bells! let can - nons roar, In loud - est tones of thun - der, The

i - ron bars, from shore to shore, Are laid, are laid, are laid, are laid, and na - tions won - der.

Are laid, are laid, are laid,

i - ron bars, from shore to shore, Are laid, are laid, are laid, are laid, and na - tions won - der.

SMILE, AND BE CONTENTED.

F. W. Root.

Allegretto.

1. The world grows old, and men grow cold To each while seeking treasure, And what with want, and care, and toil, We scarce find time for pleasure.

2. If we are poor and would be rich, It will not be by pining; No, steady hearts and hopeful minds Are life's bright silver lining.

3. When grief does come to rack the heart, And fortune bids us sorrow, From hope we may a blessing reap, And con-so-la-tion bor-row.

But never mind, that is a loss Not much to be la-ment-ed: Life rolls on gai-ly if we will But smile and be con-tent-ed.

There's ne'er a man that dared to hope, Hath of his choice repent-ed: The happiest souls on earth are those Who smile and are content-ed.

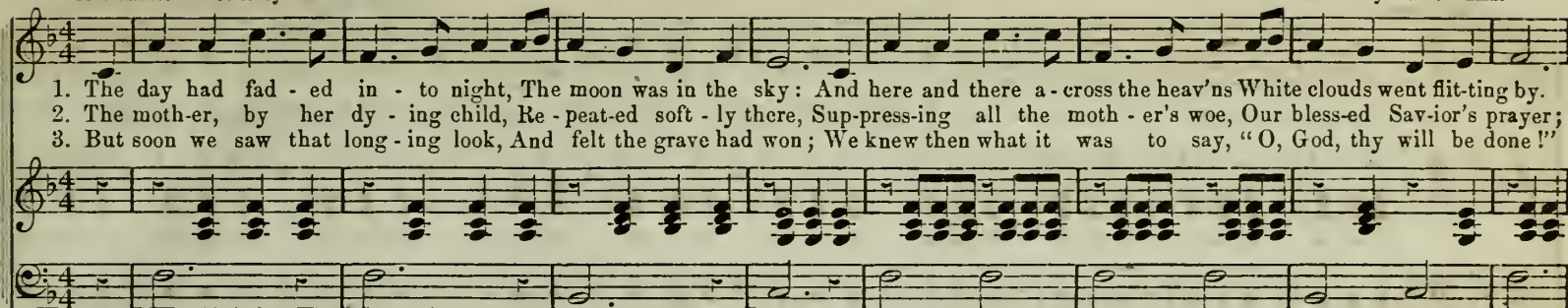
If thorns may rise where roses bloom, It can-not be pre-vented; So make the best of life you can, And smile and be con-tent-ed.

NELLIE BRUNDAGE.

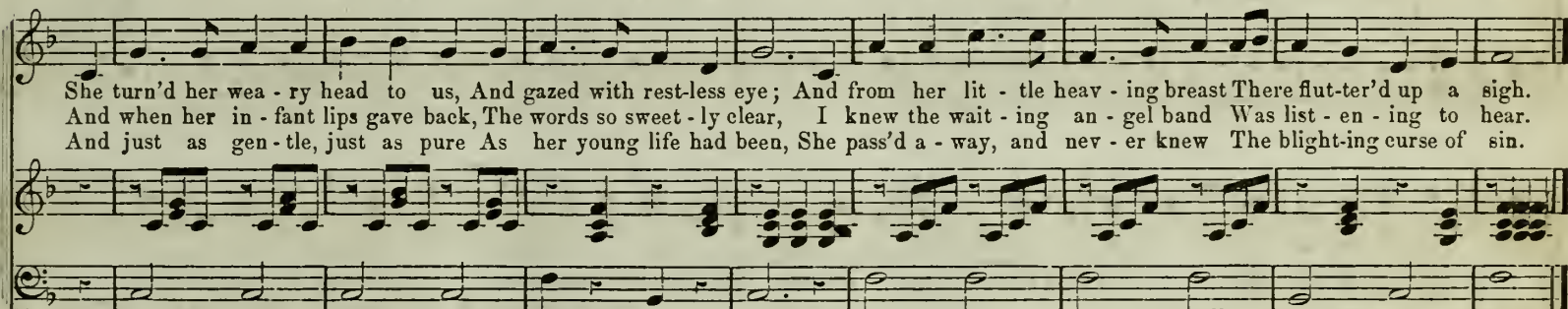
7

Andantino. Words by JENNIE FISH.

Music by P. P. BLISS.



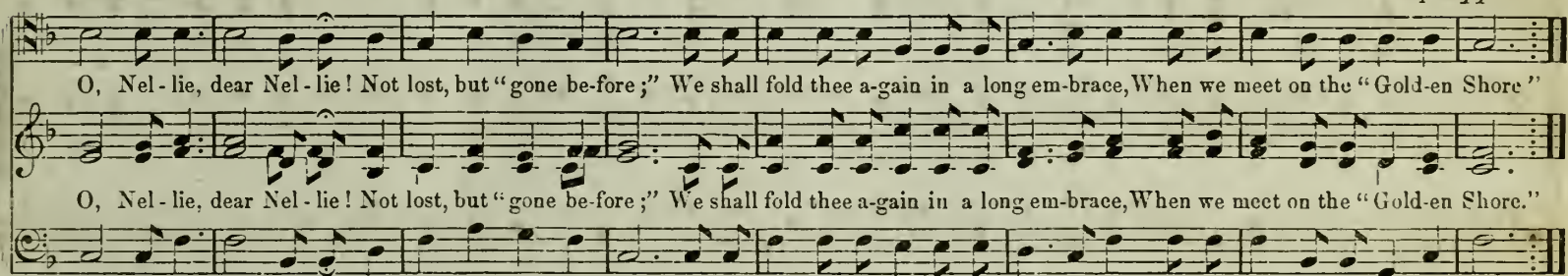
1. The day had fad - ed in - to night, The moon was in the sky : And here and there a - cross the heav'ns White clouds went flit-ting by.
 2. The moth-er, by her dy - ing child, Re - peat-ed soft - ly there, Sup-press-ing all the moth - er's woe, Our bless-ed Sav-ior's prayer;
 3. But soon we saw that long-ing look, And felt the grave had won; We knew then what it was to say, "O, God, thy will be done!"



She turn'd her wea - ry head to us, And gazed with rest-less eye; And from her lit - tle heav - ing breast There flut-ter'd up a sigh.
 And when her in - fant lips gave back, The words so sweet - ly clear, I knew the wait - ing an - gel band Was list - en - ing to hear.
 And just as gen - tle, just as pure As her young life had been, She pass'd a - way, and nev - er knew The blight-ing curse of sin.

Chorus.

Repeat pp.



O, Nel - lie, dear Nel - lie! Not lost, but "gone be-fore;" We shall fold thee a-gain in a long em-brace, When we meet on the "Gold-en Shore"

O, Nel - lie, dear Nel - lie! Not lost, but "gone be-fore;" We shall fold thee a-gain in a long em-brace, When we meet on the "Gold-en Shore."

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are as follows:

Soprano:
all things dear to me;
sing my lit-tle song;

Alto:
For life is sweet, And friends are dear, And love is ev-er night,—
And when my sky Is o-ver-cast, And storms seem coming on,

Tenor:
So while I sing my song,
My song I sing the more,

Bass:
O
Till

The vocal parts enter with the word "la," followed by a series of notes and rests. The instrumental accompaniment consists of a piano part with a melody in the right hand and chords or single notes in the left hand.

6

CHORUS,

[illegible]

Rit. la, la, la.

la. A mer-ry heart is mine, And cheer-i-ly and mer-ri-ly Doth mu-sic in-ter-twine With all things dear to me.

la. A mer-ry heart is mine, And cheer-i-ly and mer-ri-ly Doth mu-sic in-ter-twine With all things dear to me.

HURRAH! FOR OUR CAMP IN THE GLADE.

Words by ALFRED B. STREET.

(QUARTETT AND CHORUS.)

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. A - way, quick a - way to the for - est! To the pre-cincts of man bid a - dieu! Of man with his toils and his

2. The mi - ser may gloat o'er his treas - ure, And his tricks the base par - ty - hack ply; What care we? the for - est is

The first system of the musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line. The lyrics for the first two staves are: '1. A - way, quick a - way to the for - est! To the pre-cincts of man bid a - dieu! Of man with his toils and his' and '2. The mi - ser may gloat o'er his treas - ure, And his tricks the base par - ty - hack ply; What care we? the for - est is'.

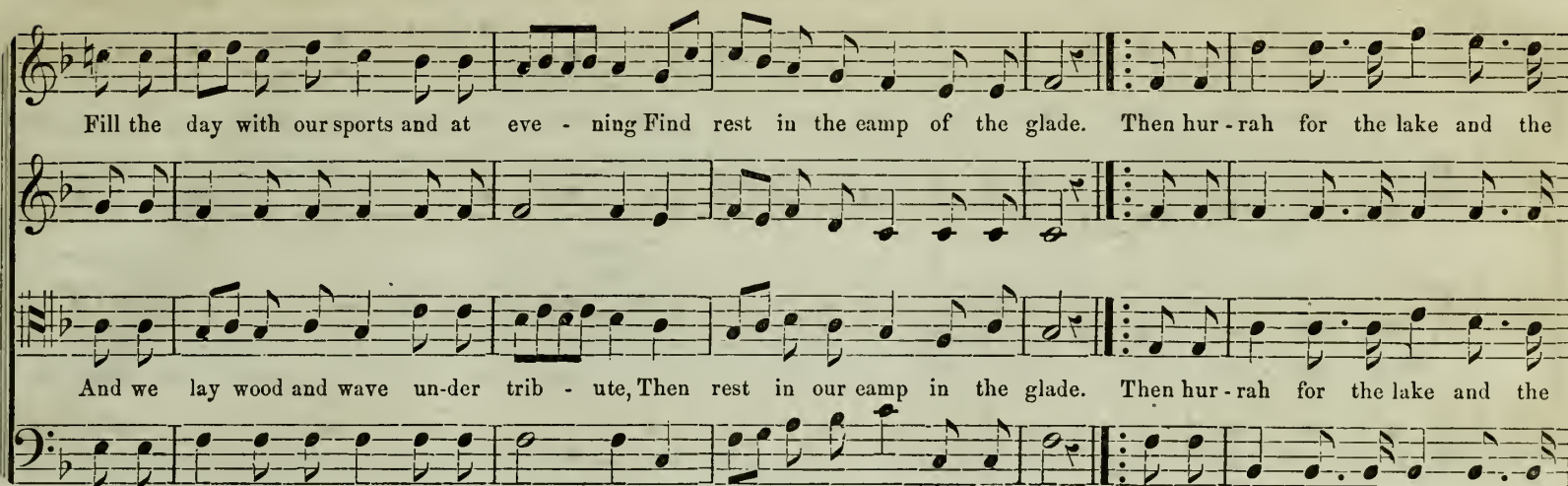
trou - bles, And na - ture's wild love - li - ness view: We skim o'er the light beam - ing wa - ter, We tramp thro' the green twin - ing shade;

round us, A - bove us, the beau - ti - ful sky; We shout and we sing in our joy - ance, The smiles of all na - ture to aid;

The second system of the musical score continues the melody in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It also consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line. The lyrics for the first two staves are: 'trou - bles, And na - ture's wild love - li - ness view: We skim o'er the light beam - ing wa - ter, We tramp thro' the green twin - ing shade;' and 'round us, A - bove us, the beau - ti - ful sky; We shout and we sing in our joy - ance, The smiles of all na - ture to aid;'.

HURRAH! FOR OUR CAMP IN THE GLADE.---Concluded.

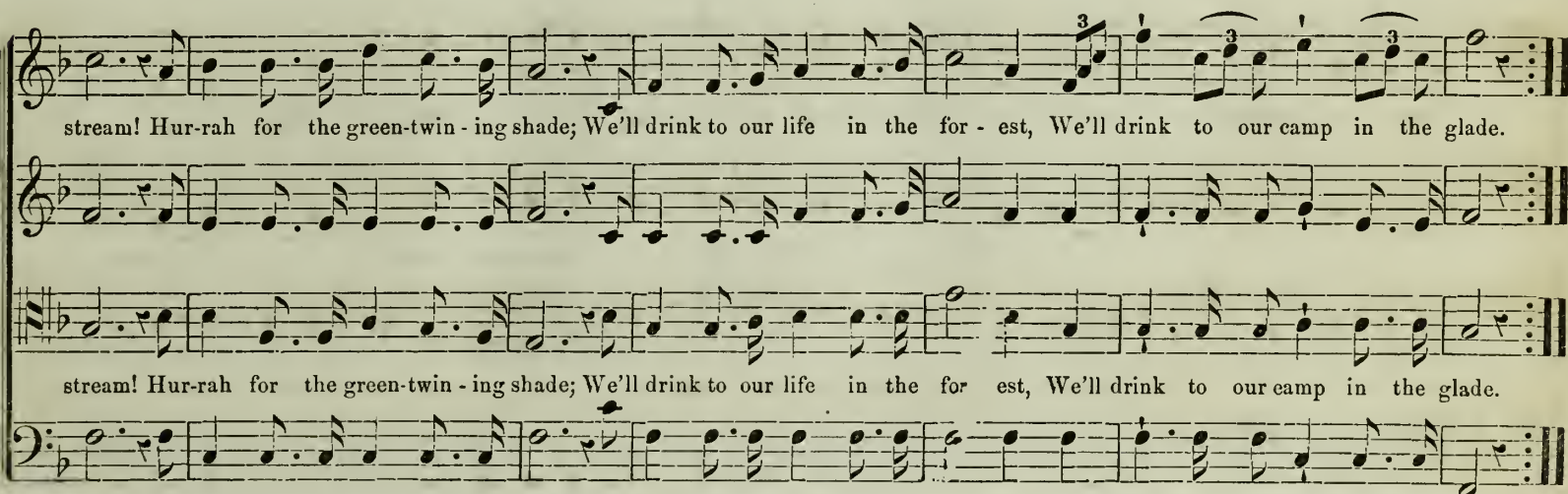
11



Fill the day with our sports and at eve - ning Find rest in the camp of the glade. Then hur - rah for the lake and the

And we lay wood and wave un - der trib - ute, Then rest in our camp in the glade. Then hur - rah for the lake and the

This musical system consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The third staff is in alto clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and quarter notes, as well as rests. There are repeat signs with first and second endings indicated by double bar lines and repeat dots.



stream! Hur-rah for the green-twin - ing shade; We'll drink to our life in the for - est, We'll drink to our camp in the glade.

stream! Hur-rah for the green-twin - ing shade; We'll drink to our life in the for est, We'll drink to our camp in the glade.

This musical system also consists of four staves, continuing the same instrumentation as the first system. It includes triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) and repeat signs with first and second endings. The lyrics are repeated across the staves.

SERENADE.

Andantino.

D. EDWARDS.

Music by O. D. A.

1. Sleep, dear - est, sleep! The sil - ver moon is shin - ing— O - ver the throb - bing sea, The

2. Sleep, dear - est, sleep! The world at peace is ly - ing— On - ly the night-winds free, The

sleep, sleep,

beat - ing, pas-sion - ate sea, Her vir - gin brow in - clin - ing, As I in - cline o'er thee! sleep! sleep!

cres.....ff m.....dim..... rit-e-dim pp

pas-sion - ate night - winds free, A - round thy door are sigh - ing, As I sigh for thee! sleep! sleep!

DREAMS.

13

Andantino.

Music by F. W. Root.

1. When the chains of slum-ber bind us In their gold-en coils at night; When we've left the world be-hind us, In a dream-y spir-it flight;

2. Would that wak-ing hours could ev-er Peo-pled be with joys as sweet! We would wish to live for - ev-er, And a thou-sand lives re-peat.

3. Sor - rows come in throngs to meet us, In this bus - y world of ours; Those who would with gar-lands greet us, Give us thorns a-mid the flow'rs.

Then, O then, when wrapp'd in slum-ber, Do our hearts ec-stat-ic leap, At the beau-ties with-out num-ber, That ap-pear to us in sleep.

But, a-las! such hours seem drear-y, And the world a bar-ren spot, Of which we would soon get wea-ry, If in dreams 'twere not for-got.

E'en in dreams at night are giv - en To our sens - es forms that fright; On-ly now and then is heav - en Pic-tured to the dream-er's sight.

WALK ABROAD.

Allegretto • Music by permission of O. Ditson & Co.

Words by Mrs. B. C. SLADE.

1. Walk a - broad, walk a - broad in the morn - ing, And see how the glo - ri - ous sun Ri - ses

2. Walk a - broad at the hour of the ev - en, When sun - set is paint - ing the west; And the

3. Through the day, through the night, where - so - ev - er The Fath - er shall lead thee a - long, Be thou

up in the east; at the dawn - ing, Re - joice - ing, that day is be - gun. Walk a - broad while the dew-drops stil.

stars in the beau - ti - ful heav - en Smile down o'er the sea - son of rest. See how Heav - en and Earth join in

care - ful and watch - ful that nev - er Thy spi - rit for - get - teth her song. For while God is un - ceas - ing - ly

WALK ABROAD,---Concluded.

15



glis - ten On the flower, and the tree, and the sward; Walk a - broad and re - joic - ing - ly

prais - ing Their Ma - ker with sweet - est ac - cord; And the song of thy soul sweet - ly

grant - ing The light of His love and His word, The mu - sic should nev - er be



lis - ten While Morn - ing is prais - ing the Lord— While Morning is prais - ing the Lord.

rais - ing, Join Eve - ning in prais - ing the Lord— Join Eve - ning in prais - ing the Lord.

want - ing Of youth - ful hearts prais - ing the Lord— Of youth - ful hearts prais - ing the Lord.

O'ER THE MOUNTAINS.

Words written for this Work.

Music arranged from GOUNOD, by F. W. R

Joyfully.

Hearts so gay, Now a - way, O'er the mountains go - ing, Where so bright, In the light, Sun - ny streams are flow - ing;

Beau - ties rare, flow'rets fair, Greet our long-ing vis - ion, While ap - pear, far and near, Fields like those E - lys - ian. Ah! how

gay! Ah! what joy be - fore us! Now a - way! Now while day is o'er us, Ah! how gay! Now a-way! Ah! what joy be -

O'ER THE MOUNTAINS—CONCLUDED.

17

fore us. Ah! how gay! Now a-way! Now while day is o'er us, Hearts so gay, Now a - way, O'er the mountains go - ing,

Where so bright, In the light, Sun - ny streams are flow - ing; Tra la la, la la la, Joy is ours to - day,

Tra la la, Tra la la, O'er the hills a - way..... o'er the hills a - way..... a - way.....
O'er..... the hills to - day..... a - way, a - way, a way.....

MAMA IS CALLING.

Words by MRS. ALBINA P. COLLICOTT.

Music by J. R. MURRAY.

1. One eve, as I saunter'd a - way from my home, And seated my-self on a green mos-sy stone For to muse on the charms of the
2. She look'd ver-y ro-guish-ly in-to my face, And smil-ing-ly said, with her wom-an-ly grace, "I must hur-ry for ma-ma is

even-ing; My fair Is-a-re-na came trip-ing a-long. So cheer-ful-ly sing-ing her sweet even-ing song. To
call-ing." But still she con-tin-ued to ling-er a-while Her mus-ic-al voice did my thoughts all be-guile While

call her, I could not be-lieve it was wrong. If her cho-rus was, "ma-ma is call-ing."
o-ver her face play'd a sweet lov-ing smile As she chanted "my ma-ma is call-ing."

3
I could not conjecture her meaning then quite.
Untill she had vanish'd away from sight,
By those soft words, "my mama is calling;"
But when I was left to myself all alone,
And found that my fair lady, really had flown,
I then read in her lingering silvery tone
What she meant, by, "my mama is calling."

4
I saw, what a dull stupid fellow I'd been
To not understand what my young fairy queen,
Tried to tell me, by "mama is calling,"
In love as in everything else, we may say
As a rule 'tis not safe to put off or delay,
If you want to propose why then do it today,
Though they tell you their mama's are calling.

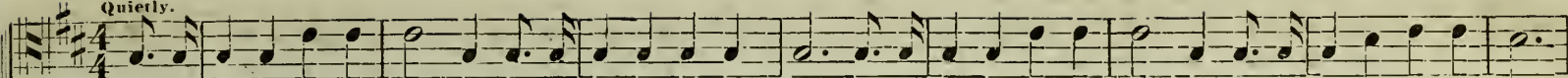
VESPER SONG.

19

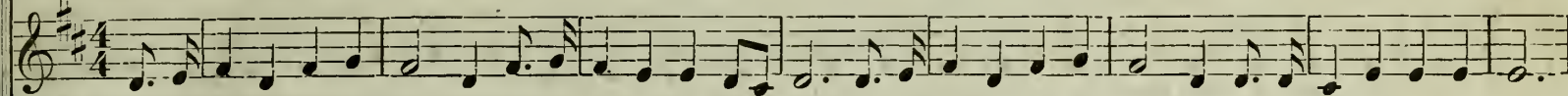
Words by E. E. REXFORD.

Music by JOHN MORRISON.

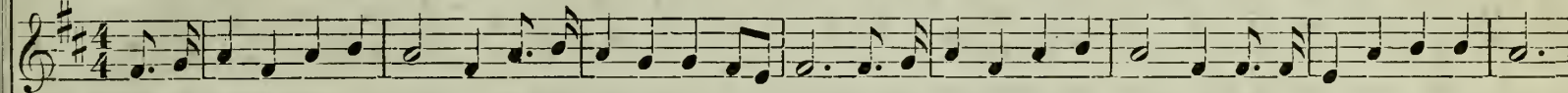
Quietly.



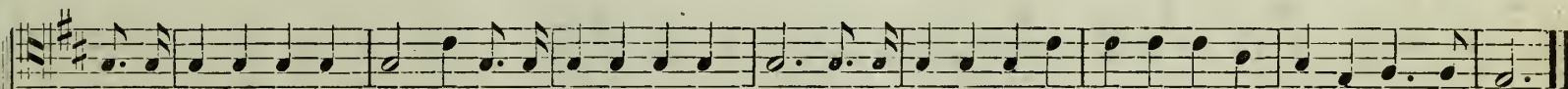
1. When the twilight gloom is fall - ing, From the shadows of the west. Then a calm and peaceful qui - et, Seems to dawn within the breast;



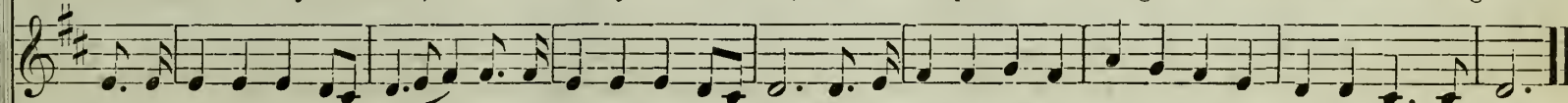
2. Then the heart puts off the trammels Of its bu - sy earth - ly life, And it looks beyond the twi - light To a rest from care and strife,



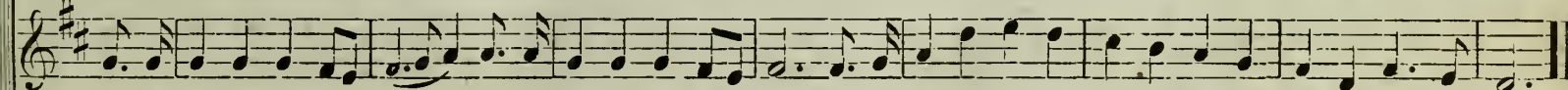
3. Then we look toward the fu - ture With its prom - is - es of rest, And the eases the day has bro't us, Fade like shadows from the breast.



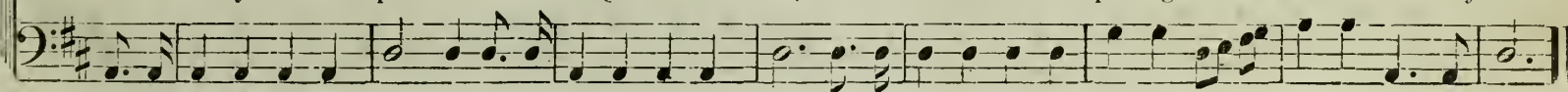
All the toil of day is over, And the bu - sy world is still, And the whispers of the an - gels On our hid - den heartstrings thrill.



And the throbbing weary heartstrings Feel the prelude of that peace, That shall come as comes the twilight, When the day of life shall cease.



And we on - ly feel the quiet That the twilight hour dis - tills, Like the eeh - o of a harp - string Struck on those far heavenly hills.



THEY LOVE US AT HOME.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.

1. Ah! yes, we can bear the day's bur - den and heat, The dust and rude jost - lings we find in the street, And

2. We can bear a wild storm, be it snow, hail, or rain; Heavy loss - es, in - stead of the long - looked - for gain; Up -

3. Oh! love us at home! For this treas - ure we plead, With all else, and not this, we are poor in - deed! Take

cen - sur - ing whis - pers that float till they meet The ears they were nev - er in - tend - ed to greet, If they

braid - ings and shad - ows that creep round our name, And threat - en its bright - ness to hide or to stain, If they

all, but leave this, and with voic - es a - greed, We will sing, with glad hearts, what - ev - er our need, "They still

THEY LOVE US AT HOME.—CONCLUDED.

21



love us sin - cere - ly at home. If they love us, If they love us, If they love us sin - cere - ly at home.

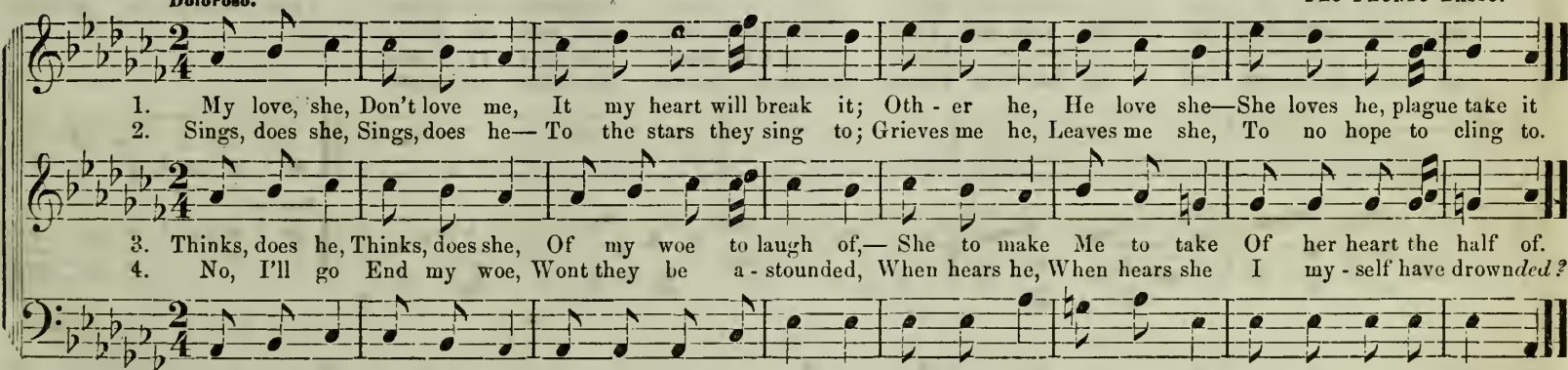
love us sin - cere - ly at home. If they love us, If they love us, If they love us sin - cere - ly at home.

love us—they love us at home!" They still love us, "They still love us, They still love us—they love us at home."

MY LOVE, SHE.—TRIO, for similar voices.

Doloroso.

PRO PHUNDO BASSO.



1. My love, she, Don't love me, It my heart will break it; Oth - er he, He love she—She loves he, plague take it
 2. Sings, does she, Sings, does he— To the stars they sing to; Grieves me he, Leaves me she, To no hope to cling to.

3. Thinks, does he, Thinks, does she, Of my woe to laugh of,— She to make Me to take Of her heart the half of.
 4. No, I'll go End my woe, Wont they be a - stounded, When hears he, When hears she I my - self have drowned?

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Words by ALICE GREY.

Music by J. MORRISON.

1. Some are walk - ing in the shad - ow, Some are walk - ing in the light; Some have eyes all dim'd with
 2. Some are walk - ing on the moun - tain, Some are walk - ing in the vale; Some are ra - di - ant and
 3. Some are bear - ing heav - y cross - es, Some are wear - ing wreaths of flowers; Some to whom the years pass
 4. Some have hearts all gay and light - some, Some have hearts brim - full of care; Some are sing - ing songs of

weep - ing, Oth - er eyes with smiles are bright, Oth - er eyes with smiles are bright. Thus we trav - el on life's
 hap - py, Some have fa - ces wan and pale, Some have fa - ces wan and pale.
 swift - ly, Some who count the wea - ry hours, Some who count the wea - ry hours.
 glad - ness, Some are seek - ing help in prayer, Some are seek - ing help in prayer.

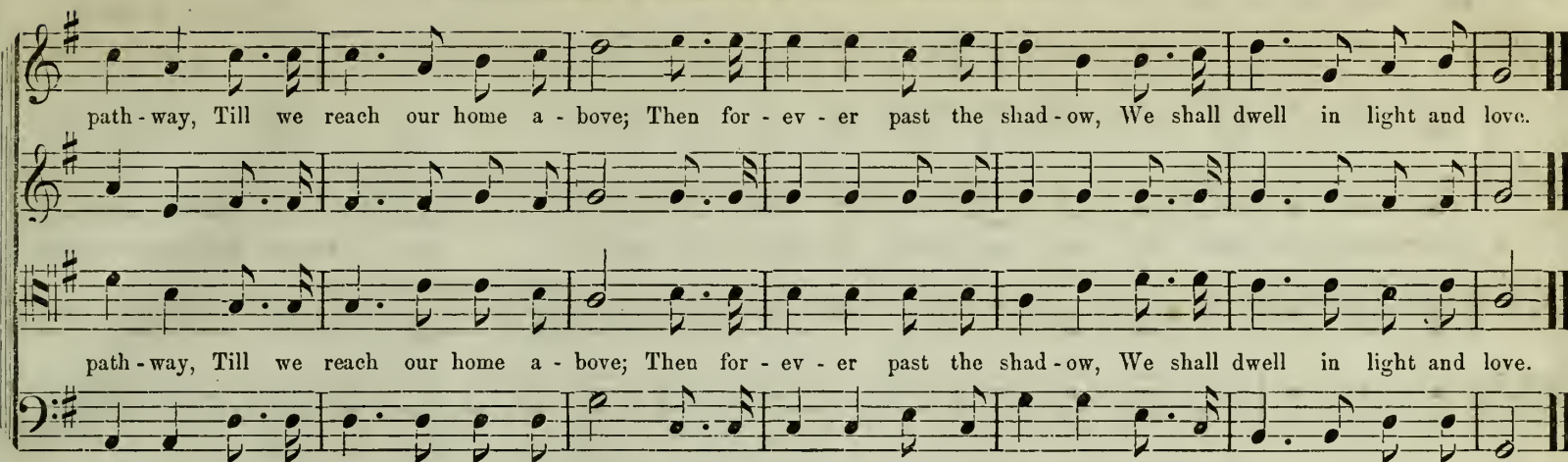
Alto.

Tenor.

Thus we trav - el on life's

LIGHT AND SHADE---Concluded.

23

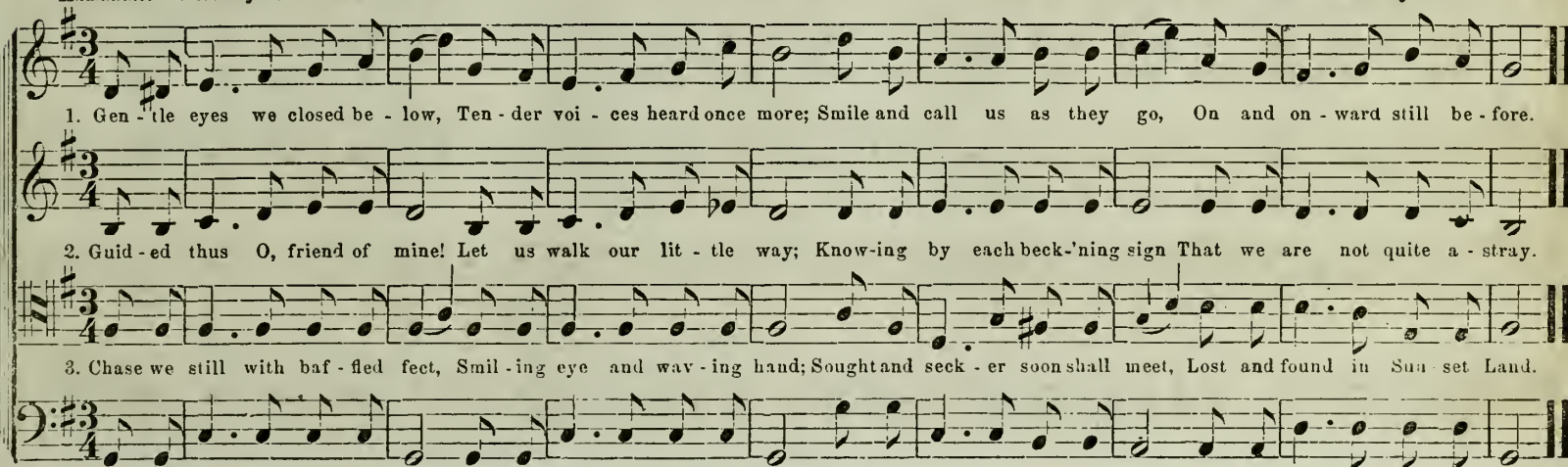


path-way, Till we reach our home a - bove; Then for - ev - er past the shad - ow, We shall dwell in light and love.

THE BECKONING HAND.

Andantino. Words by J. G. WHITTIER.

Music by F. W. R.



1. Gen - tle eyes we closed be - low, Ten - der voi - ces heard once more; Smile and call us as they go, On and on - ward still be - fore.

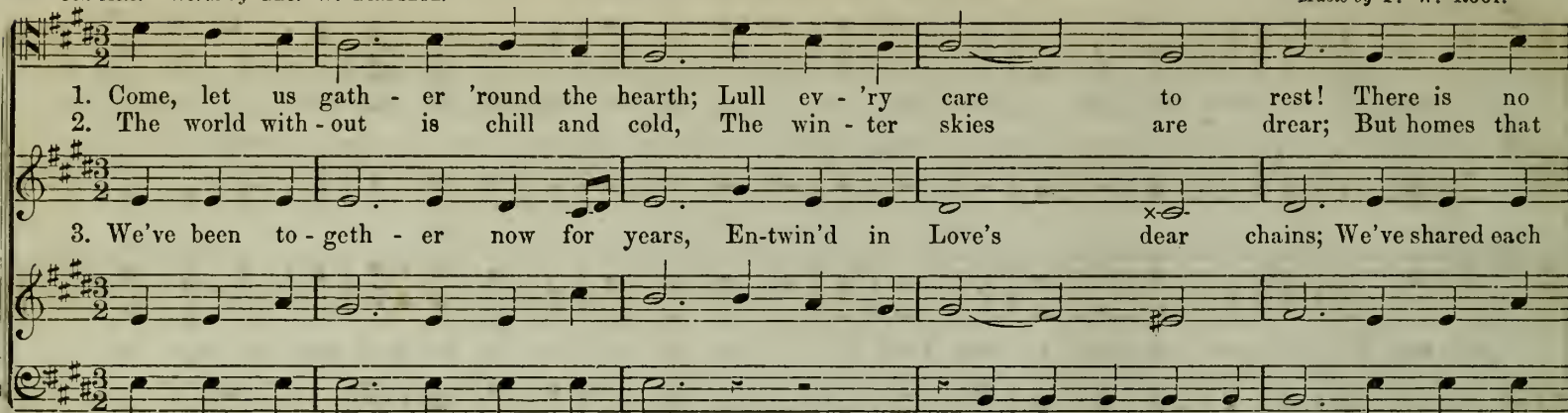
2. Guid - ed thus O, friend of mine! Let us walk our lit - tle way; Know - ing by each beck - ning sign That we are not quite a - stray.

3. Chase we still with baf - fled feet, Smil - ing eye and wav - ing hand; Sought and seek - er soon shall meet, Lost and found in Sun - set Land.

GOD BLESS OUR LOVED FIRESIDE.

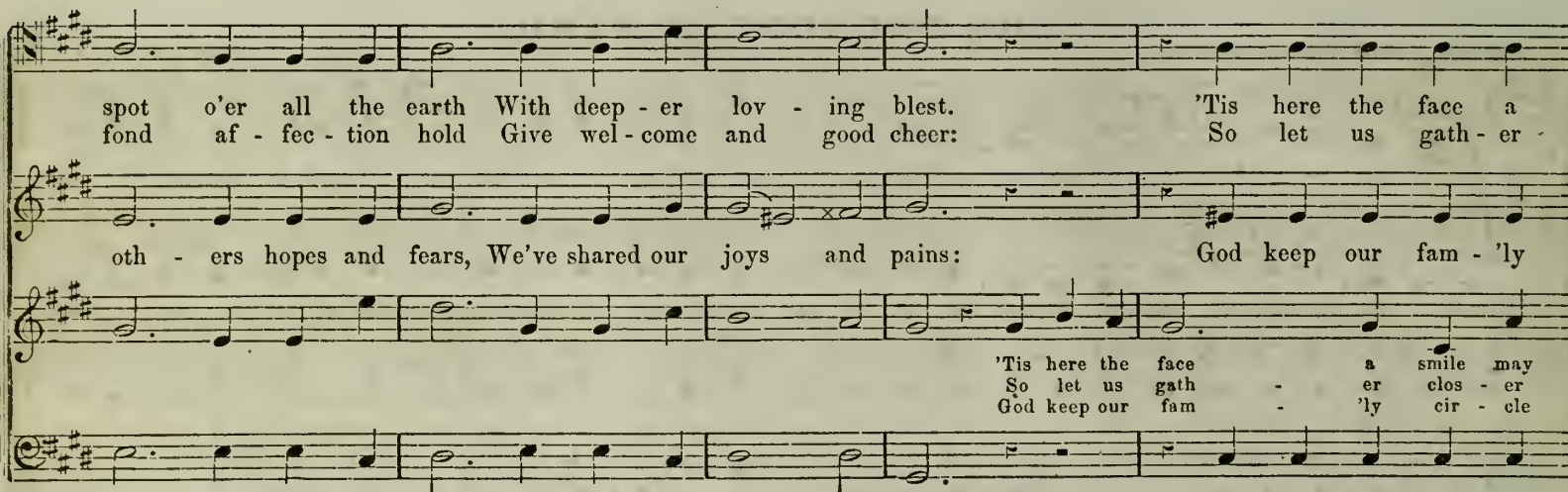
Com Molo. Words by GEO. W. BIRDSEYE.

Music by F. W. ROOR.



1. Come, let us gath - er 'round the hearth; Lull ev - 'ry care to rest! There is no
 2. The world with - out is chill and cold, The win - ter skies are drear; But homes that
 3. We've been to - geth - er now for years, En-twin'd in Love's dear chains; We've shared each

Lull ev - 'ry care to rest,
 The win - ter skies are drear,
 En - twined in Love's dear chains,



spot o'er all the earth With deep - er lov - ing blest. 'Tis here the face a
 fond af - fec - tion hold Give wel - come and good cheer: So let us gath - er
 oth - ers hopes and fears, We've shared our joys and pains: God keep our fam - 'ly
 'Tis here the face a smile may
 So let us gath - er clos - er
 God keep our fam - 'ly cir - cle

GOD BLESS OUR LOVED FIRESIDE.--Concluded.

25

smile may wear; The heart may fill with pride, And of - fer up to Heav'n the
 clos - er yet, And heart to heart con - fide, While in our pray'rs we ne'er for
 cir - cle whole! Let naught our loves di - vide! Oh! hear the long - ing of each
 The heart may fill with pride,
 And heart to heart con - fide,
 Let naught our loves di - vide,
 The heart may fill with pride,
 And heart to heart con - fide,
 Let naught our loves di - vide,
 pray'r God bless our loved fire - side! Our loved fire - side, God bless our loved fire - side!
 get, God bless our loved fire - side, Our loved fire - side, God bless our loved fire - side!
 soul, God bless our loved fire - side, Our loved fire - side, God bless our loved fire - side!
 God bless our loved fire - side... ..

DEAR ONES, ANGEL CROWNED.

Words by ANNIE M. D. RADCLIFFE.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Since the sum-mer ro-ses fa - ded, Since the shad-ows long - er grew, Man - y garl-ands we have braid - ed,

2 Some whose brows were flush'd with glo - ry, Some who bore the cross mid shame, Some who lis-ten'd to love's sto - ry,

3. While of cy-press, yew and wil - low, Gar-lands sad our hands have bound, Christ's sweet love has form'd a pil - low,

Of the cyp-ress and the yew, Many fare-wells have been spok - en, Man - y links in earth's chain brok - en;

Some whose lips were touched with flame, Fa - ded like the sum-mer blossoms; Spent their breath up - on our bo - soms,

For the dear ones an - gel crown'd; And while sad - ly we are sighing O'er their bod-ies low - ly ly - ing,

DEAR ONES, ANGEL CROWNED.---Concluded.

27

Cres. *Dim.*

God for - give us if we dare, Mur - mur in our hearts the prayer, It is ver - y hard to bear, Hard to bear.

O'er our hearts their life leaves swept, And this so - lace mid them crept, "Ye may weep, for Jes - us wept. Jes - us wept.

In those realms from sor - row free, Where no death the dwell - ers see, They are wait - ing you and me, You and me.

SILVER BLOSSOM.

Words from the German.

J. R. M

1. Love - ly sil - ver bloss - om, Queen of my gar - den small, Thou dost show God's good - ness, Kind to me tho' I fall.

2. He who gave such beau - ty Lus - ter of light to thee; That all eyes are rap - tured; Grac - ious and good is He!

3. In thy chaste white gar - ment, Dazzl - ing and bright as snow. I see types of good - ness, Pu - ri - ty, few hearts know.

4. May my soul be - pot - less, Ev - er from er - ror free, In - no - cence par - tak - ing Whol - ly sweet flow'r like thee.

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.

P. P. BLISS.

FINE.

First time, QUARTET; Second time, CHORUS.

1. Wake up, sweet mel-o-dy! Now is the hour When young and lov-ing hearts Feel most thy power.

2. Ask the fond night-in-gale, When his sweet flower, Loves most to hear his song In her green bower?

D. C. Wake up, sweet mel-o-dy! Now is the hour When young and lov-ing hearts Feel most thy power.

For First Verse, only.

One note of mu-sic by Moon-light's soft ray— Oh, 'tis worth thou-sands heard cold-ly by day. Then (D. C.)

One note of mu-sic by Moon-light's soft ray— Oh, 'tis worth thou-sands heard cold-ly by day. Then (D. C.)

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.—(CONCLUDED.)

29

Second Verse.

Oh, he will tell thee through Sum-mer nights long, Fond-est she lends her whole Soul to his song. Then

Wake up, sweet mel-o-dy! Now is the hour, When young and lov-ing hearts Feel most thy power.

Second time, La la, la, la, etc.

Wake up, sweet mel-o-dy! Now is the hour, When young and lov-ing hearts Feel most thy power.

NEW MORNING STAR

J. MORRISON.

Moderato.

1. We hail with joy the morn-ing star, As a - way to lands un-known; The Sav-ior's name is car-ried far, To

Alto

Tenor

2. Sail on, sail swift-ly o'er the sea, To the shores of heath-en lands; And bear the Gos-pel pure and free, To

many a heath-en home: Fair winds and tide her course di-rect, With free-dom's flag a-bove; The Gos-pel ship speeds

Af-ric's burn-ing sands: Bear tid-ings of re-deem-ing love, To men by sin op-pressed; Teach them of Him who

NEW MORNING STAR.--Concluded.

31

on her track, With words of peace and love: Sail on! sail on! sail on! Sail on! sail on.

reigns a - bove, Who gives e - ter - nal rest: Sail on! sail on! sail on! Sail on! sail on.

The musical score for 'NEW MORNING STAR' is written for four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first line of lyrics is 'on her track, With words of peace and love: Sail on! sail on! sail on! Sail on! sail on.' The second line of lyrics is 'reigns a - bove, Who gives e - ter - nal rest: Sail on! sail on! sail on! Sail on! sail on.'

STREAMLET'S FLOW.

Gently, and not too fast.

R. S. T.

1. Thro' the for - est, thro' the mead - ow, Down its path-way glad and free, Full of beau - ty, full of mu - sic, Glides the streamlet to the sea.

2. On thro' for - est, on thro' mead - ow, Still its cease-less course it keeps, Till its beau - ty and its mu - sic, Per - ish in the o - cean's deep

3. Thro' the shad - ow and the sun - shine, Of our chequered course be - low, May our lives glide gent - ly downward, Tran-quil as the streamlet's flow.

The musical score for 'STREAMLET'S FLOW' is written for four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first line of lyrics is '1. Thro' the for - est, thro' the mead - ow, Down its path-way glad and free, Full of beau - ty, full of mu - sic, Glides the streamlet to the sea.' The second line of lyrics is '2. On thro' for - est, on thro' mead - ow, Still its cease-less course it keeps, Till its beau - ty and its mu - sic, Per - ish in the o - cean's deep'. The third line of lyrics is '3. Thro' the shad - ow and the sun - shine, Of our chequered course be - low, May our lives glide gent - ly downward, Tran-quil as the streamlet's flow.'

Words by N. M. L.
Moderato.

GATHERING HOME.

Published as Song and Chorus, in sheet form. Price 35 cents.

Music by C. T. Lockwood.

1. The sun - set fades a - long the hills, Floods of gold - en light Dy - ing in - to night; Soft twi - light now the val - ley fills;
2. The hunts-men ride a - long the hills In the gold - en light, While the com - ing night From spir - it wings the dew dis - tills,
3. Oh, soon for us no more shall be Morn nor even - ing light, Earth - ly noon nor night, But death's un - fath - om'd mys - ter - y,

Dim the shad - ows fall O - ver all: Hark to the song the reap - ers sing, As they gath - er home, Blithely gath - er home, Hark
Bid - ding qui - et fall O - ver all: Hark to the hunts-men's winding horn, As they gath - er home, Blithely gath - er home, The
Set - tle like a pall O - ver all: Then, if the gold - en harps we hear, As we gath - er home, Safe - ly gath - er home, We'll

CHORUS.

how the vales and wood - lands ring; Hark, hark the song the reap - ers sing. 1. 2. Oh, sweet - ly, sweet - ly peals the echo - ing strain,
3. Oh, sweet will peal, will peal that heav - enly strain,
tones on twi - light zeph - yrs borne; Hark, hark the huntsmen's winding horn. 1. 2. Oh, sweet - ly peals the echo - ing strain,
know our Fa - ther's throne is near; How sweet those golden harps to hear! 3. Oh, sweet will peal that heav - enly strain,

1. 2. Oh, sweet - ly, sweet - ly peals the echo - ing strain,
3. Oh, sweet will peal, will peal that heav - enly strain.

GATHERING HOME—CONCLUDED

33

As they joy - ful come, Gath'ring, gath'ring home, Oh, gent - ly, gent - ly steals the glad re - frain,
While the bless - ed come, Gath'ring, gath'ring home! And peace shall fill, shall fill the glad re - frain,

As they joy - ful come, Gath'ring, gath'ring home! Oh, gent - ly steals the glad re - frain, Echo-ing,
While the bless - ed come, Gath'ring, gath'ring home! And peace shall fill the glad re - frain, Ev - er,

As they joy - ful come, Gath'ring, gath'ring home! Oh, gent - ly, gent - ly steals the glad re - frain,
While the bless - ed come, Gath'ring, gath'ring home! And peace shall fill, shall fill the glad re - frain,

Rit.

REFRAIN for last verse.

Echoing, echoing far, echo - ing far, echo - ing far. Oh, sweet will peal that heav'nly strain, The blessed come, gath'ring
Ev - er, ev - er more, ev - er more, ev - er more.

echo - ing far, echo - ing far, echo - ing far. Oh, sweet will peal that heav'nly strain, The blessed come, gath'ring
ev - er more, ev - er more, ev - er more.

Echo - ing, echo - ing far, echo - ing far, echo - ing far. Oh, sweet..... will peal the strain, As they come Gath'ring
Ev - er, ev - er more, ev - er more, ev - er more.

home, gath'ring home; And peace will fill the glad re - frain Ev - er, ev - er more, ev - er more, ev - er more.

home; Peace will fill..... the glad re - frain, Ev - er more..... ev - er more.

WE'LL TRY.

Moderato.
Air.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. When Spring came call - ing to the flowers, "Come forth! there's work to do! The blos - som - ing for Sum - mer

2. In Spring-time, when be - fore us lay The work for Sum - mer hours, There came to cheer us on our

3. The flowers that bud - ded in the Spring Have blos - somed in the sun, And Au - tumn's gar - nered sheaves may

hours, And Au - tumn's ripening too;" Did a - ny lit - tle ten - der plant Shrink down be - neath the soil? Did

way, As sun - shine cheers the flowers, A kind - ly and a wel - come band Of friends and chil - dren dear. Oh!

sing, "The sea - son's work is done!" Kind friends, our sea - son, too, is done— Our Sum - mer's work is o'er; We

WE'LL TRY.---Concluded.

35

CHORUS.

a - ny flow - 'ret sigh "I can't!" When call'd to rise and toil? Ah! no! they said, "we'll try, we'll try! We'll

could we shrink from Sum-mer's work, When these were smiling near? Ah! no! We said, we'll try, we'll try! We'll

would that for each sheaf we've won, We had a hun - dred more. Cheered by your love we still will try To

see what we can do; We'll bud and bloom, nor ev - er sigh, The live - long Sum - mer through."

see what we can do; Hard we will work, nor ev - er sigh, The live - long Sum - mer through.

see what we can do; Hard we will toil, nor ev - er sigh, The live - long Win - ter through.

"A' I' THE HAME THEGITHER."

Music by H. W. J.

1. Ye're gane a - wa' frae the bair - nies, John, And the days are drear and chil - ly,—And night winds o - ver the
 2. Ye're o'er the seas wi' our dreams, dear John, In the sun - set land o' glo - r'y, The land we l'oe for its
 3. The mith - er sleeps 'mid the kirk - yard knolls Where the eve - ning shad - ows lin - ger; The Kirk points up to the

SLOWER

moon sweep on, And the wee wean thrives but il - ly— We bow in wae at the tryst - ing place, As the
 Wash - ing - ton, As weel as its proud young sto - ry; Frae won - drous tales o' its gowd - en hills, We can -
 rest of souls, Wi' a white and si - lent fin - ger; 'Neath a tear - wet cairn, is the bon - ny bairn Wha' sae

tem - pest bows the heath - er, And see nae smile o' a dear, dear face, When a' i' the hame the - gith - er;—
 na' but mar - vel, wheth - er, We'll list the dash o' the Cart - land rills, Wi' a' i' the hame the - gith - er.
 air - ly jour - ney'd thith - er; And ne'er on earth at the dear auld hearth Shall a' be at hame the - gith - er.

"A' I' THE HAME THEGITHER."---Concluded.

37

Chorus. Faster.
Soprano

(or 1st and 2d verse.) A' i' the hame the - gith - er, John! A' i' the hame the - gith - er,

Alto

Tenor

(For 3d verse.) A' be at hame the - gith - er, John— A' be at hame the - gith - er—

A hap - py rest i' a Hie - land nest, Wi' a' i' the hame the - gith - er!

The heart is sair, for the lo'ed na' mare, Shall a' be at hame the - gith - er!

Andantino.

Words by FANNY CROSEY.

VOICE OF THE NIGHT-WIND.

Music by JOS. R. WOOD.

1. Voice of the night wind, mourn-ful-ly steal-ing. Forth from the depths of the dark o-cean wave; Shriek-ing in

2. Voice of the night wind, speak to me gent-ly, Tell of the days that were cloud-less and bright; Tell if thou

3. Voice of the night wind, mourn-ful-ly steal-ing, Oft have I list-en'd in sum-mer for thee, Wak-ing the

4. An-swered the night wind, mourn-ful-ly steal-ing, "Thou to thy lost ones u-nit-ed shall be; Why dost thou

ter-ror, and wail-ing in pit-y, Chant-ing a dirge o'er the mar-i-ner's grave: What art thou sing-ing? why do I

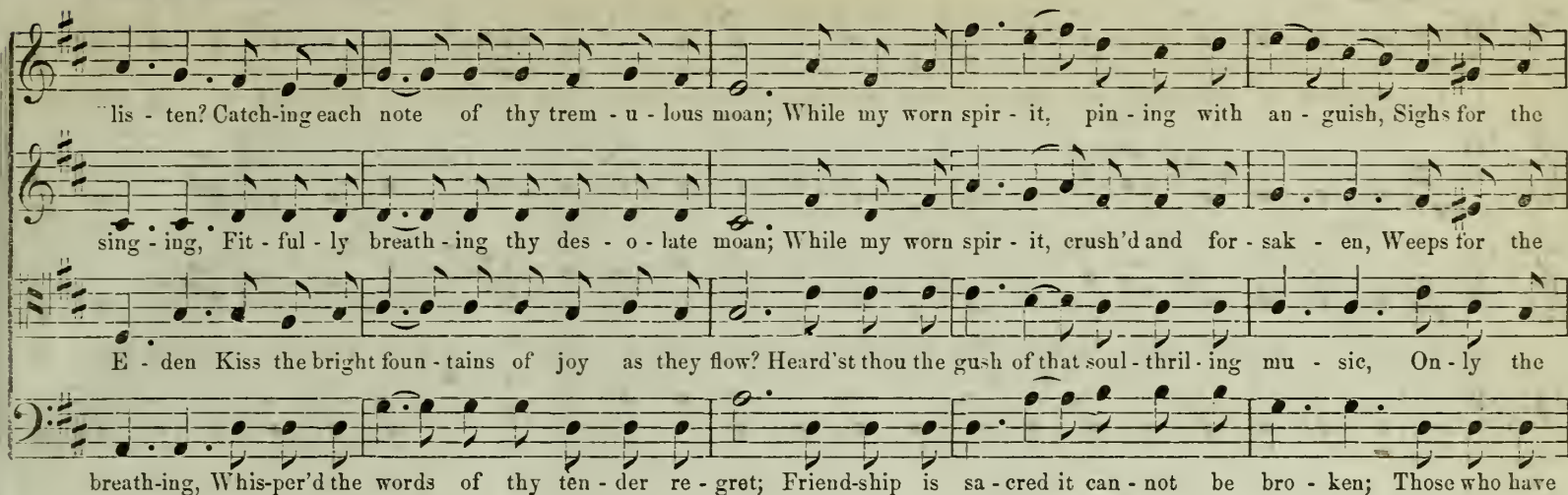
cans't, the dear buds I have treasured; Clothe them in beau-ty, and bathe them in light: Still thou art sing-ing, drear-i-ly

harp in my half-o-pen win-dow, Sweet was thy ea-dence and wel-come to me: Say, hast thou been where blos-soms of

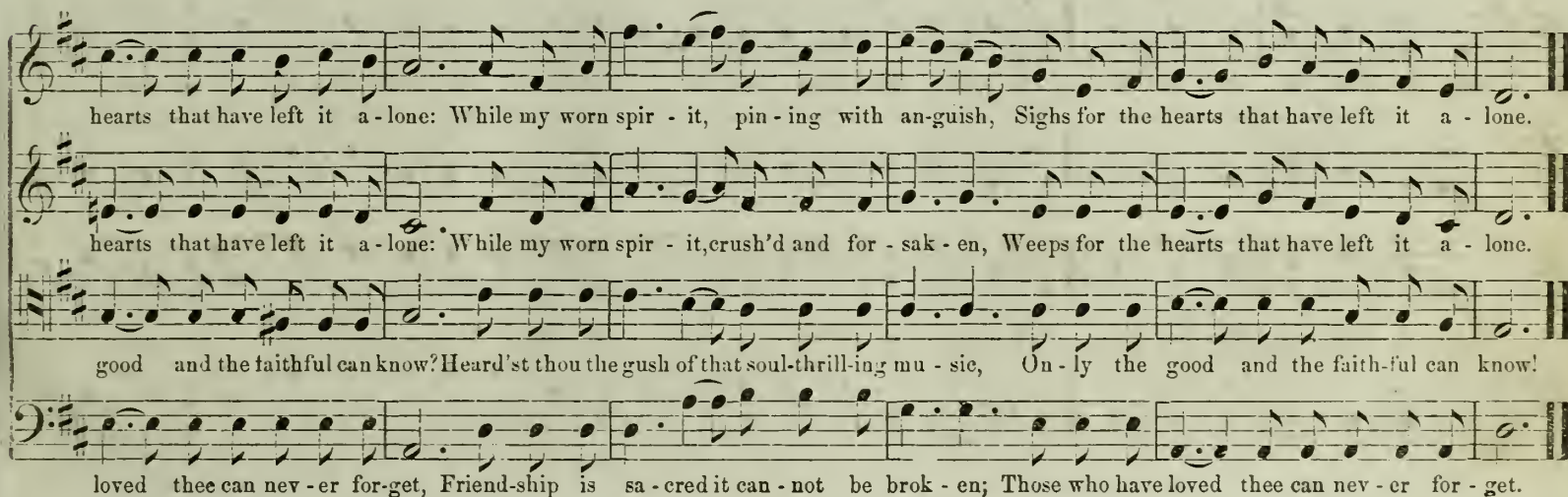
weep for the hearts that have left thee? Lo! they are wait-ing and watch-ing for thee: Oft do I waft the sigh thou art

VOICE OF THE NIGHT-WIND.---Concluded.

39



lis - ten? Catch-ing each note of thy trem - u - lous moan; While my worn spir - it, pin - ing with an - guish, Sighs for the
sing - ing, Fit - ful - ly breath - ing thy des - o - late moan; While my worn spir - it, crush'd and for - sak - en, Weeps for the
E - den Kiss the bright foun - tains of joy as they flow? Heard'st thou the gush of that soul - thril - ing mu - sic, On - ly the
breath-ing, Whis-per'd the words of thy ten - der re - gret; Friend-ship is sa - cred it can - not be bro - ken; Those who have



hearts that have left it a - lone: While my worn spir - it, pin - ing with an-guish, Sighs for the hearts that have left it a - lone.
hearts that have left it a - lone: While my worn spir - it, crush'd and for - sak - en, Weeps for the hearts that have left it a - lone.
good and the faith-ful can know? Heard'st thou the gush of that soul-thrill-ing mu - sic, On - ly the good and the faith-ful can know!
loved thee can nev - er for-get, Friend-ship is sa - cred it can - not be brok - en; Those who have loved thee can nev - er for - get.

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

Arranged for this Work, by F. W. R.

Allegretto.

1. I see them on their wind-ing way, A-bout their ranks the moon-beams play, Their loft-y deeds and dar-ing high Blend

2. A-gain, a-gain, the peal-ing drum, The clash-ing horn—they come! they come! Thro' rock-y pass, o'er wood-ed steep, In

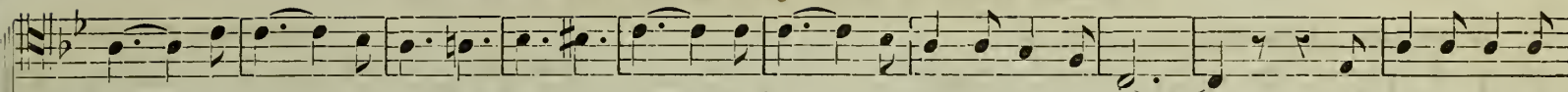
FINE.

with the notes of vic-to-ry; And wav-ing arms and ban-ners bright Are glanc-ing in the mel-low

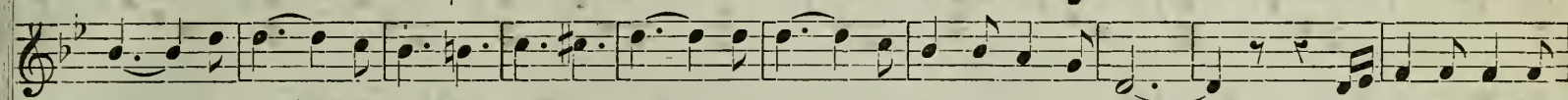
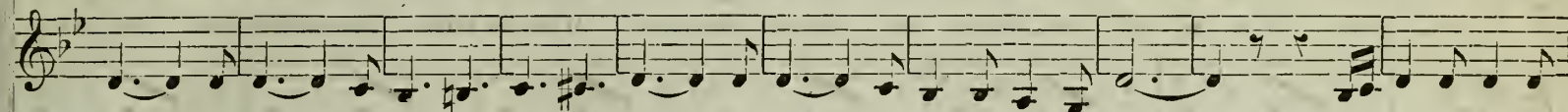
long and glit-t'ring files they keep; And near-er, near-er, yet more near, Their soft-en'd cho-rus meets the

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY—CONCLUDED.

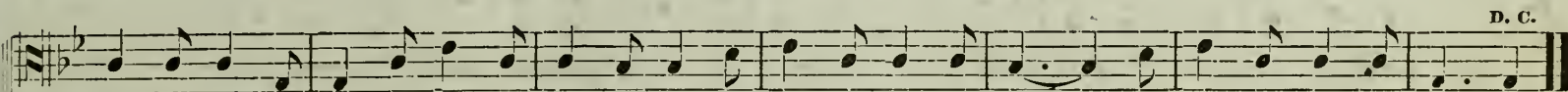
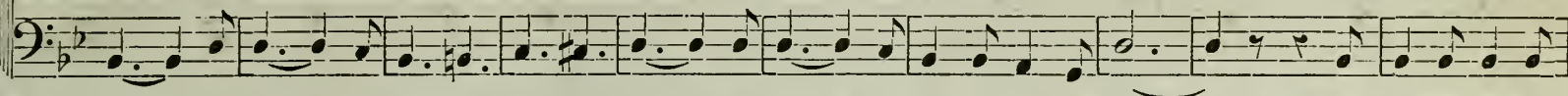
41



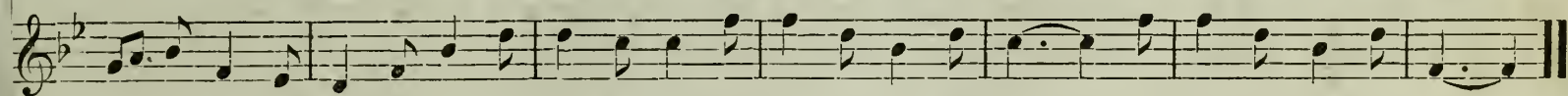
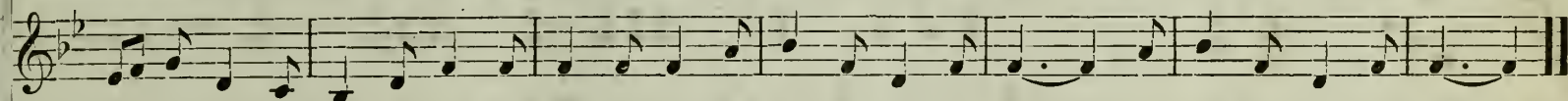
light. They're lost and gone, the moon is past, The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast..... And faint-er, faint-er,



ear. Forth, forth, and meet them on their way, The tramp - ing hoofs brook no de - lay..... With thrill-ing life and



faint - er still, The march is ris - ing o'er the hill, is ris - ing o'er the hill, is ris - ing o'er the hill.



peal-ing drum, And clash-ing horn, they come, they come, they come, they come, they come, they come, they come.



EARLY DAYS AND EARLY PLEASURES.

To MISS SARA D. HOLLISTER, Batavia, N. Y.

Composed by H. C. TIBBILS.

1. 'Tis a pleas - ure to re - call them, How'er dis - tant they may seem, When the laugh - ing hours were pass - ing Like the

ob - jects in a dream. When the words which then were ut - tered, And the feel - ings were sin - cere— When our

2. 3.

Manhood's cares may come around us,	They will come in dreams and visions,	Early days and early pleasures,	Then will after griefs and sorrows,
With their sorrow and their pain;	To the weary, fainting heart,	May their visions often come,	Vanish like the sparkling dew,
But amid the gloom and sadness,	And will fancy, view with pleasure,	And be kept as household treasures,	When the brilliant beams of morning
Early days will come again.	Scenes that come, and then depart.	In the heart's deep silent home.	Light the vale with life anew.

EARLY DAYS AND EARLY PLEASURES.—CONCLUDED.

43

CHORUS.

joy was turned to sad - ness At the fall - ing of a tear. Ear - ly days and ear - ly pleasures, Oh, their

vis - ions of - ten come, And are kept as household treas - ures, In the heart's deep si - lent home.

Oh, their vis - ions of - ten come, And are kept as household treasures, household treasures, In the heart's deep si - lent home.

Oh, their vis - ions of - ten come, Kept as household treas - ures, In the heart's deep si - lent home.

FAIRER THAN THEE.

*Moderato.**m.*

1. Fair - er than thee, be - lov'd, Fair - er than thee! There is one thing, be - lov'd, Fair - er than thee.

2. Not the gay birds, be - lov'd, Hap - py and free; Yet there's one thing, be - lov'd, Fair - er than thee.

3. Truth, in her night, be - lov'd, Grand in her sway; Truth, with her eyes, be - lov'd, Clear - er than day.

4. Guard well thy soul, be - lov'd; Truth, dwell - ing there, Shall shad - ow forth, be - lov'd, Her im - age rare.

GRANNIE'S TRUST.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Dear Gran - nie is with us no long - er! Her hair that was white as the snow, Was part - ed one morn - ing for - ev - er,

Chorus. Dear Gran - nie is with us no long - er! Her hair that was white as the snow, Was part - ed one morn - ing for - ev - er,

2. She had her own test, I re - mem - ber, For peo - ple, who - e'er they might be; She spoke of the stran - gers a - bout us,

GRANNIE'S TRUST.—CONCLUDED.

45

FINE.

On her head, ly - ing soft - ly and low; Her hands left the Bi - ble wide o - pen, To tell us the road she had trod.

On her head, ly - ing soft - ly and low.

Who but late - ly come o - ver the sea;— Of "Lau - ra" and "Liz - zie" and "Jamie," And state - ly old "Es - sel - by Oakes."

D. C.

With way-marks, like foot - steps, to show us The way she had gone up to God.

3.

When Minnie came home from the city,
And left heart and happiness there,
I saw her close kneeling by Grannie,
With the dear wrinkled hands on her hair;
Amid the low sobs of the maiden,
Came softly the tremulous tone,
"He was n't like meetin' folks, Minnie,
Dear child, you are better alone."

D. C.

She list - en'd and whis - per'd it soft - ly, "My dear, are those friends meet - in' folks?"

4.

And now from the corner we miss her,
And hear that reminder no more;
But still unforgotten, the echo—
Comes to us from the far distant shore
Till Sophistry slinks in the corner,
Though Charity, sweet, has her due,
We feel if we wish to meet Grannie,
'Twere best to be meetin' folks, too.

Lively.

HO, FOR THE SPRING TIME!—Glee.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Ho, for the springtime, bright and gay! Win-ter's froz-en reign is o'er; And see in the sun-light's gold-en ray,

2. O-ver the prai-rie, grove and hill, Spring-bird's joy-ous notes we hear; While new de-lights our bos-oms fill,

3. Soon from the way-side, field and bow'r, Smil-ing ver-dure, rich and fair, Will lend, with bloom-ing bud and flow'r,

FINE.

D. C.

Na-ture's love-ly smile once more. Loud-ly now our mer-ry voic-es ring, Glad we hail thee, ev-er wel-come Spring!

D. C.

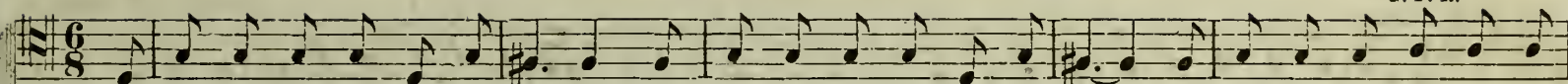
Laugh-ing Spring a-gain is near.

D. C.

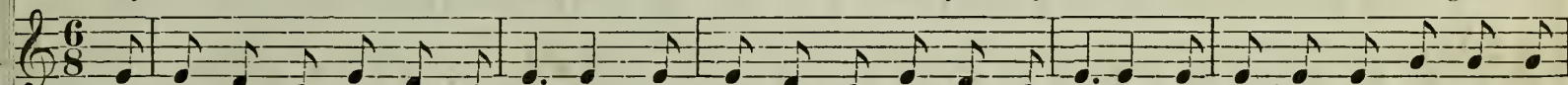
O-dors sweet to balm-y air. Loud-ly now our mer-ry voic-es ring, Glad we hail thee, ev-er wel-come Spring!

OPEN THE WINDOW FOR ME.

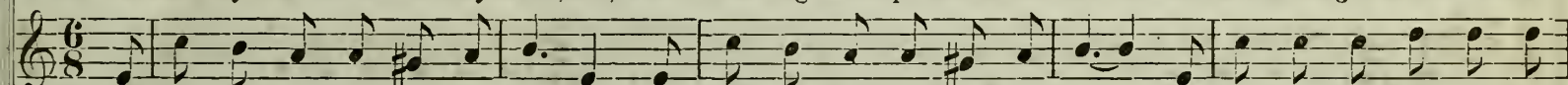
G. F. R. 47



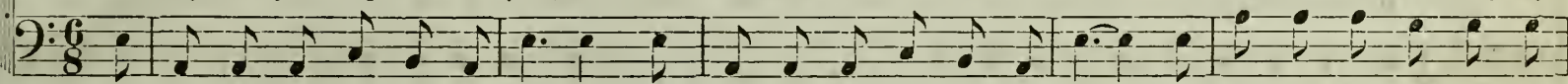
1. My feet are be-numb'd with the cold, love—The snow all a-round you may see; I've suf-fer'd with an-guish un-



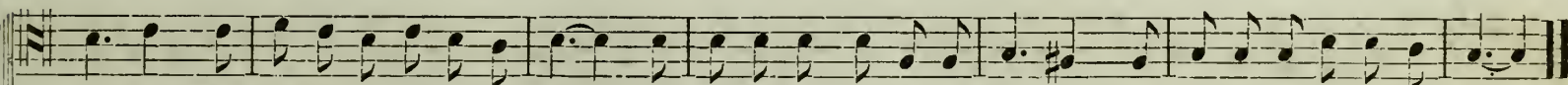
2. How mad-ly the heart in my breast, love, Is beat-ing with pas-sion for thee! The moon has gone down in the



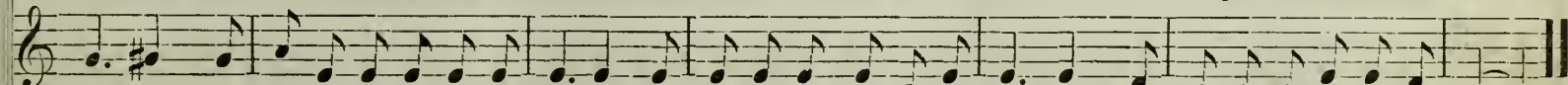
3. O why do you tempt me to speak, love? Or show such de-vo-tion to me? The blush-es now burn-ing my



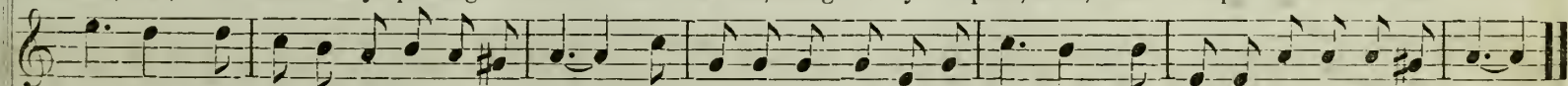
4. And why do you stand in the drift, love? What a pit-i-ful plight it must be, And the win-dow so heav-y to



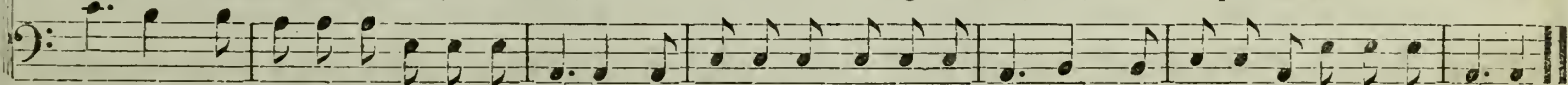
told, love, While wait-ing and watching for thee. Sweet Minnie, the shut-ter un-fold, love, And o-pen the win-dow for me!



west, love, And no-bod-y pass-ing can see. Sweet Minnie, oh! grant my re-quest, love, And o-pen the win-dow for me!



cheek, love, The dark-ness for-bids you to see, And I am too trem-bling and weak, love, To o-pen the win-dow for thee.



lift, love! I'll sum-mon my brothers to see. Of pit-y they are not be-reft, love, They'll o-pen the win-dow for thee.

SKATING GLEE.

Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Allegretto.

1. The stars are bright in the sky to-night, The air is cool and clear; The skaters are out with a merry shout, That

2. Our skates keep time to the skaters' rhyme, As swiftly on we glide; We laugh and sing till the echoes ring, Thro' the

echoes far and near. A-way, a-way! we will not stay; A-way o'er the frozen track; With laugh and song we will glide along, Till our

blue dome, far and wide. O, swift we go, o'er the ice below, As the eagle cleaves the air; Our smiles are bright and our hearts are light, And we

SKATING GLEE—CONCLUDED.

49

CHORUS. Echo. *pp* *f* *p* *rit.*

comrades call us back. Ho! ho! fol-low me, ho! ho! ho! fol-low me, ho! O'er the ice and fro-zen snow, O'er the ice and

know no tho't of care. Ho! ho! fol-low me, ho! ho! ho! fol-low me, ho! O'er the ice and fro-zen snow, O'er the ice and

f *Presto.*

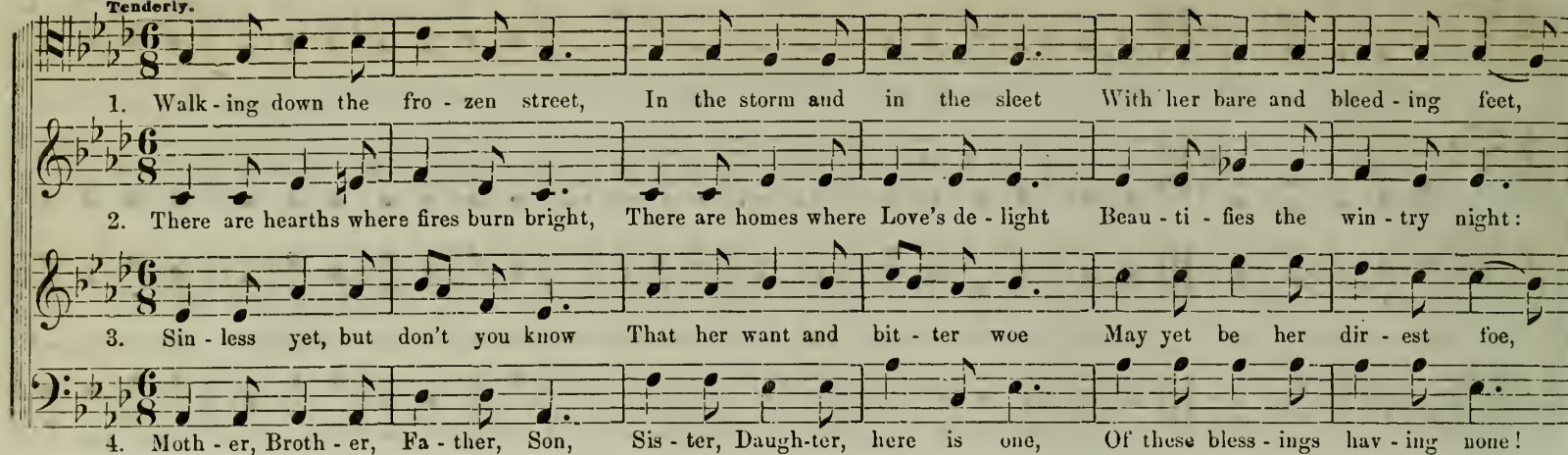
fro-zen snow: Fol-low me, fol-low me, fol-low me, fol-low me, Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!.....

m *f*

fro-zen snow; Fol-low me, fol-low me, fol-low me, fol-low me, Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!.....

IN THE COLD.

Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Tenderly.


1. Walk - ing down the fro - zen street, In the storm and in the sleet With her bare and bleed - ing feet,

2. There are hearths where fires burn bright, There are homes where Love's de - light Beau - ti - fies the win - try night:

3. Sin - less yet, but don't you know That her want and bit - ter woe May yet be her dir - est foe,

4. Moth - er, Broth - er, Fa - ther, Son, Sis - ter, Daugh - ter, here is one, Of these bless - ings hav - ing none!

Ritard.


While her pal - lid lips re - peat: "In the cold, in the cold; One poor lamb out of the fold!"

Un - to her there is but blight, In the cold; in the cold! One poor lamb out of Love's fold!

And she'll go as oth - ers go, Thro' the cold, thro' the cold, One more lamb shut out the fold!

"In - as - much as ye have done,"— Words of gold, tho' so old! Lead the lamb safe to the fold.

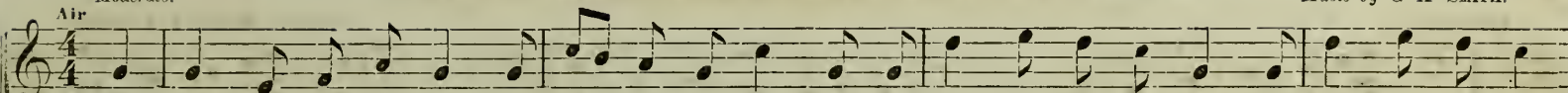
SWEET HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

51

Moderato.

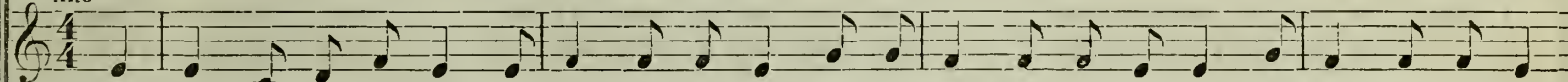
Music by G A SMITH.

Air



1. Sweet home of my child-hood, How oft I have strayed, Thro' thy mead - ows and wild-wood, And ev - er - green glade;

Alto

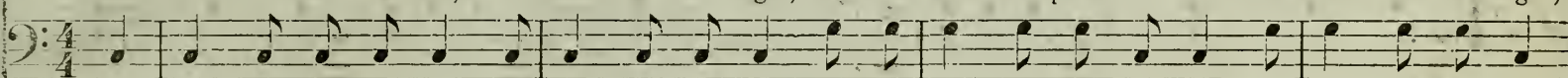


2. How oft in my boy-hood, Un - con - scious I've roam'd By the sea - beat - en shore, Where the broad break - ers foam'd

Tenor



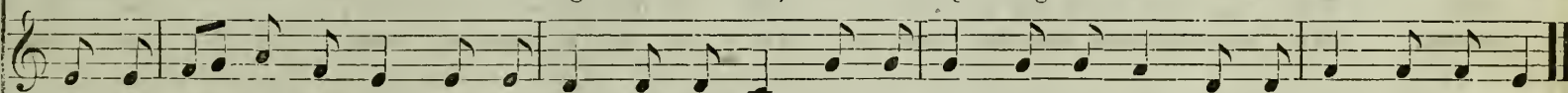
3. And o - ver the wa - ters, With can - vass so bright, I have seen the proud ves - sel Come home in her night;



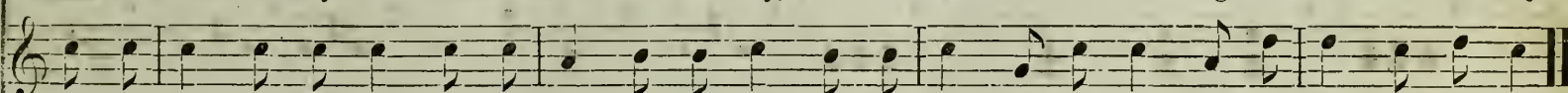
4. The bright walks of sweet-ness, By moon's sil - ver light, With the friends I have lov'd I've pur - sued with de - light;



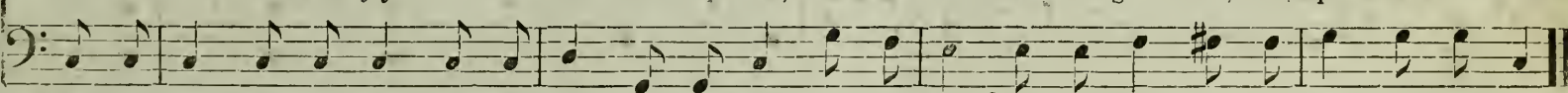
When the wild flow - ers blos - som So bright and so fair, And the wing'd song-ster's mu - sic Was heard thro' the air.



And the winds bleak - ly whis - tled A - cross the broad bay, While the sea - birds are soar - ing A - loft in the sky



And the sea - man with joy To his har - bor draws near, His sad wife's heart to glad - den, His pa - rents to cheer.



While the loud songs of glad - ness that rang on the sky, Told the world in their rap - tures Of hearts filled with joy

HEAR YE NOT THE WOOD BIRD'S SONG.

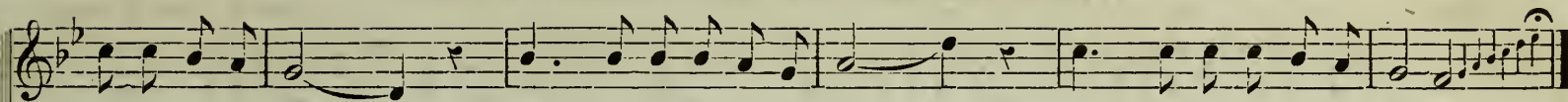
*Espressivo.**Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.*

1. Hear ye not the wood bird's song, As it gai - ly floats a - long, On the breeze so sweet and
 2. O - ver prai - rie, grove and hill, Hear that song, so loud and shrill, Bless - ed har - bin - ger of

clear, Tell - ing that the Spring is near? Cold the Win - ter winds have blown, Sad the
 Spring, Wel - come tid - ings dost thou bring— Tid - ings of a bright - er clime, Tid - ings

HEAR YE NOT THE WOOD BIRD'S SONG.—CONCLUDED.

53



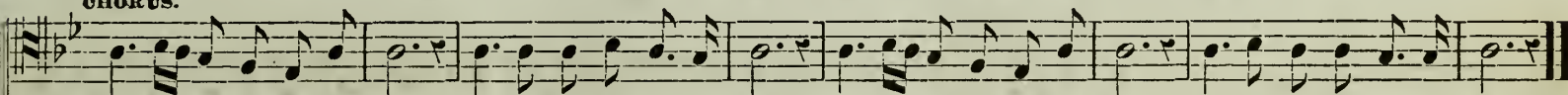
leaf-less branches moan,
of the sweet Spring-time,

Si - lent now those perfumed bowers,
Bloom - ing flow'ret, bush and tree—

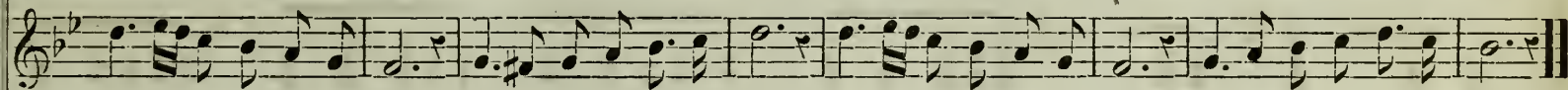
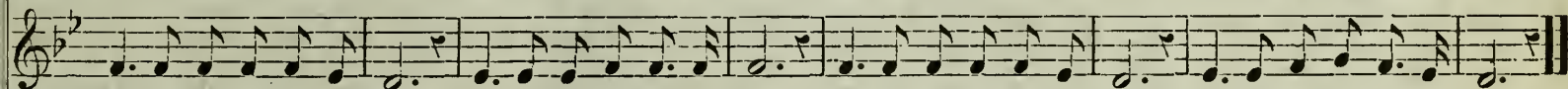
Gone the fragrant, blooming flowers. Oh,
Song - ster, sweet, we welcome thee. Oh,



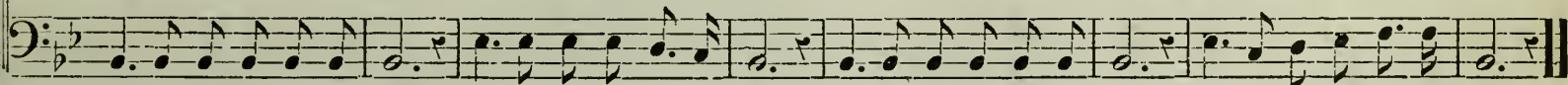
CHORUS.



Hear ye not the wood bird's song, As it gai - ly floats a - long On the breeze, so sweet and clear, Tell-ing that the Spring is near.



Hear ye not the wood bird's song, As it gai - ly floats a - long On the breeze, so sweet and clear, Tell-ing that the Spring is near



WHAT SHALL BE MY ANGEL NAME?

*Slowly.**Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.*

1. In the land were I am go - ing, When my earth - ly life is o'er, When the tired hands cease their striv - ing, And the
 2. When the spir - its who a - wait me, Meet me at my enter - ing in, With what name - of love and rap - ture Will my
 3. For the an - gels will not call me by the name I bore on earth, They will speak a no - bler lan - guage, When I
 4. It has thrilled my spir - it of - ten, In the no - blest of my dreams, But its beau - ty ling - ers near me, On - ly

tired heart aches no more; In the land of light and beau - ty, Where no sad - ness ev - er came, To o'er -
 wel - eom - ing be - gin; For the one so dimm'd with earth stains Linked with thoughts of grief and blame, No, the
 have my ho - lier birth; Syl - la - bled in heav - en - ly mu - sic, Sweet - er far than earth may elaim, Ver - y
 till the morn - ing beams; Wea - ry of the jar - ring dis - cord, Which the lips of mor - tal frame, When shall

WHAT SHALL BE MY ANGEL NAME.--Concluded.

55

CHORUS. Accompt same as last part of song.

Air

cloud its per - feet glo - ry, What shall be my an - gel name? In the land of light and beau - ty Where no
one which mor - tals call me Will not be my an - gel name.
gen - tle, pure and lov - ing, Such will be my an - gel name.
I with joy and rap - ture, Ans - wer to my an - gel name?

Alto

In the land of light and beau - ty Where no

Tenor

In the land of light and beau - ty Where no

Base

In the land of light and beau - ty Where no

Rit.

shad - ows ev - er came To o'er - cloud its per - feet glo - ry, What shall be my an - gel name?

shad - ows ev - er came To o'er - cloud its per - feet glo - ry, What shall be my an - gel name?

shad - ows ev - er came To o'er - cloud its per - feet glo - ry, What shall be my an - gel name?

shad - ows ev - er came To o'er - cloud its per - feet glo - ry, What shall be my an - gel name?

FAREWELL TO THE SWALLOWS.

From "Graded Songs, No. 4."

Music by F. W. ROOR.

1. Swal-lows, sit-ting on the eaves, See ye not the gath-ered sheaves? See ye not the fall-ing leaves? Fare-
 2. Swal-lows, on your pin-ions glide O'er the rest-less, roll-ing tide Of the o-cean, deep and wide. Fare-
 Fare - well, fare -

well..... Is it not time to go To that fair land ye know? The breez-es, as they
 well..... In groves far, far a-way, In sum-mer's sun-ny ray, In groves far, far a-
 well! Is it not time to go To that fair land ye know? The breez-es as they
 In groves far, far a-way, In sum-mer's sun-ny ray, In groves far, far a-

swell, Of com-ing win-ter tell, The breez-es, as they swell, Of com-ing win-ter tell, And from the
 way, In sum-mer's sun-ny ray, In warm-er re-gions dwell, And then..... re-turn to tell The tales of
 swell, The breez-es, as they swell, Of com-ing win-ter tell,
 way, In warm-er re-gions dwell, And then re-turn to tell

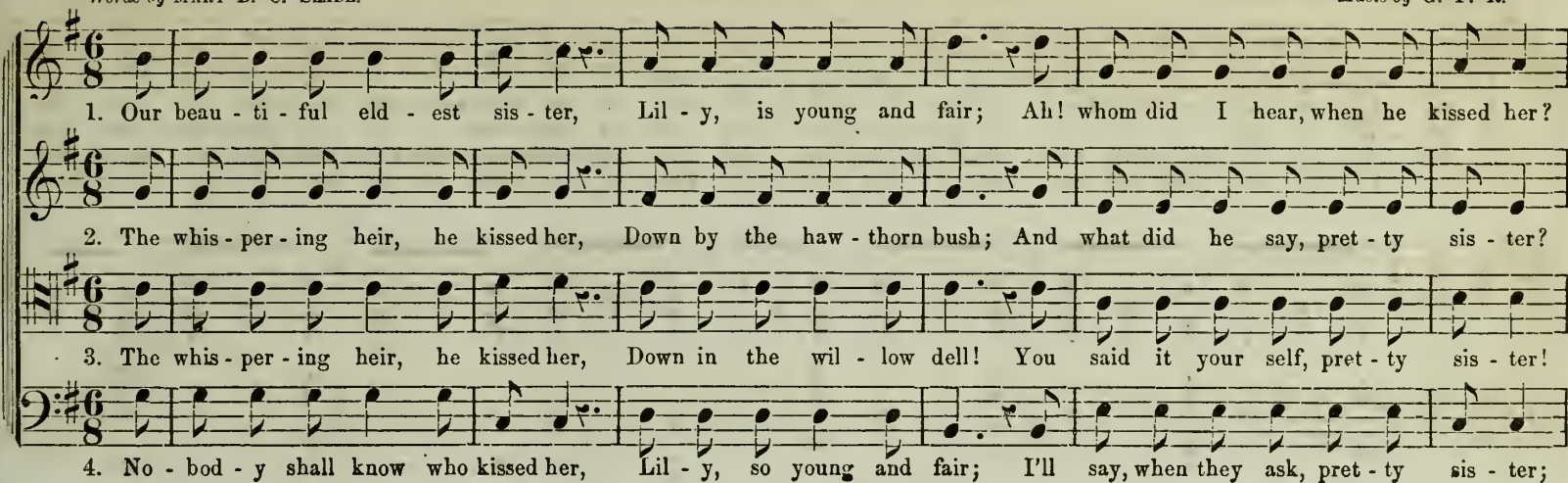
trees shake down, And from the trees shake down The brown and with-ered leaves. Fare-well..... fare-well, fare-well.
 for-eign lands, The tales of for-eign lands, In bands perched on the eaves. Fare-well..... fare-well, fare-well.
 Fare-well.....
 Fare - well

THE WHISPERING AIR.

57

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.

Music by G. F. R.

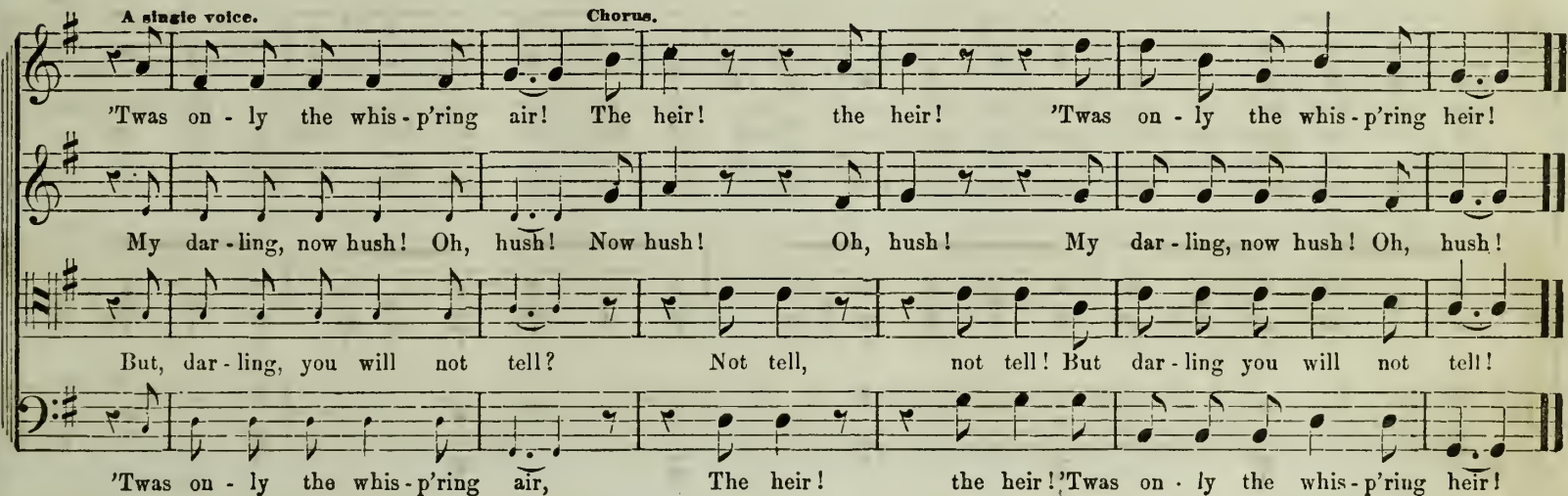


1. Our beau - ti - ful eld - est sis - ter, Lil - y, is young and fair; Ah! whom did I hear, when he kissed her?

2. The whis - per - ing heir, he kissed her, Down by the haw - thorn bush; And what did he say, pret - ty sis - ter?

3. The whis - per - ing heir, he kissed her, Down in the wil - low dell! You said it your self, pret - ty sis - ter!

4. No - bod - y shall know who kissed her, Lil - y, so young and fair; I'll say, when they ask, pret - ty sis - ter;



A single voice. **Chorus.**

'Twas on - ly the whis - p'ring air! The heir! the heir! 'Twas on - ly the whis - p'ring heir!

My dar - ling, now hush! Oh, hush! Now hush! Oh, hush! My dar - ling, now hush! Oh, hush!

But, dar - ling, you will not tell? Not tell, not tell! But dar - ling you will not tell!

'Twas on - ly the whis - p'ring air, The heir! the heir! 'Twas on - ly the whis - p'ring heir!

BE HAPPY.

Words by BERTHA S. SCRANTON.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY

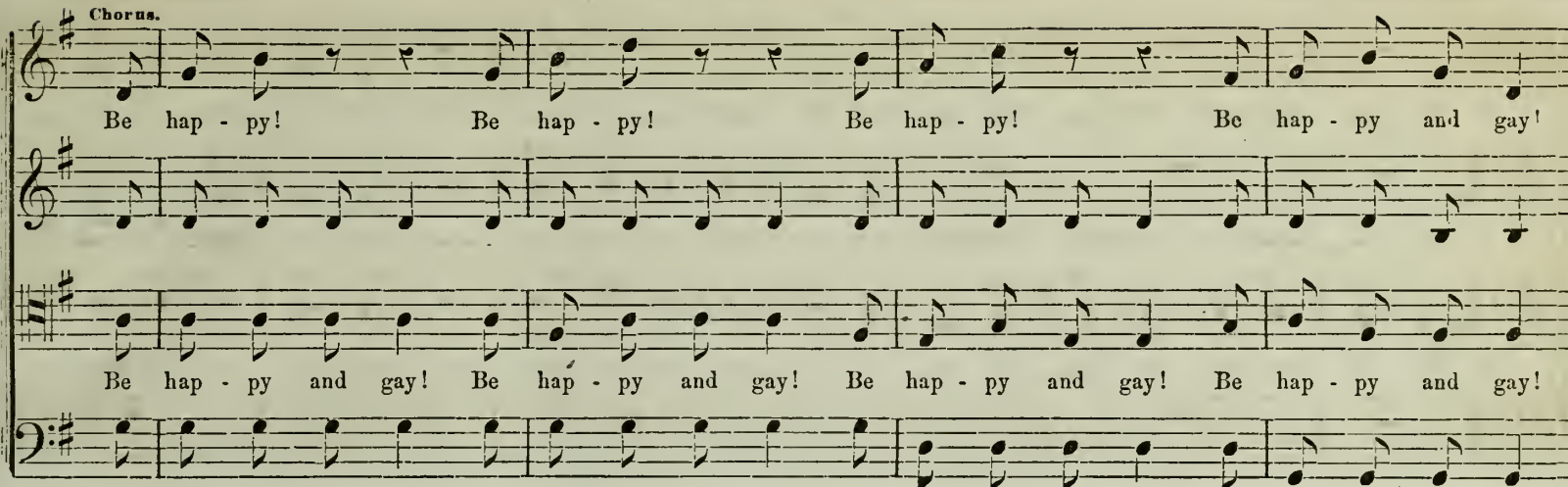
1. Be hap - py, no mat - ter what e - vils be - tide, No mat - ter on what wave your frail bark may ride; No
 2. No - bod - y likes fa - ces that al - ways look glum! That nev - er can bright - en if sun - shine does come; That
 3. Fie! life may be filled with mis - for - tune and care, And we may think some - times we've more than our share; But
 4. Be hap - py, then broth - er and look for the light, For what - ev - er comes to us sure - ly is right; And

mat - ter how sul - len the heav - ens ap - pear, Be hap - py for some time the sky will grow clear.
 al - ways are trem - bling lest troub - le and woe, Should fol - low the sun - shine where - er it may go.
 armed with a smile and a heart full of cheer, We can oft coax a bit of sun - shine to ap - pear.
 af - ter these years of pro - ba - tion are past, There's a heav - en all sun - shine to live in at last!

BE HAPPY.---Concluded.

59

Chorus.



Be hap - py! Be hap - py! Be hap - py! Be hap - py and gay!



Be hap - py! Be hap - py! Be hap - py! be mer - ry and gay!

WE ARE WAITING.

Words by GEO. COOPER.
Con espressione.

Music by F. W. ROOT.

1. We are wait - ing for you, wait - ing, And the dark - ness clos - es round, As we list - en for the

2. Hast - en home - ward, hast - en, loved one, Let me fold you in my arms; Let me shield you from vex -

3. We are wait - ing for you, wait - ing, And the stars are in the sky; And the ev - 'ning hours are

com - ing Of your foot - steps' wel - come sound. O the hours are long and wear - y, And with - out one ray to

a - tion. And the out - er world's a - larms. Let me smooth from off your fore - head All the marks of burn - ing

slow - ly, O so slow - ly, pass - ing by! Hast - en home - ward, hast - en, dar - ling, For the night is wear - ing

WE ARE WAITING.—CONCLUDED.

61

cheer, When your pleas - ant smile, my dar - ling, Is not ev - er, ev - er near! We are wait - ing for you,
 care, And your wea - ry, wea - ry bur - den, Oh, I pray you, let me share! We are wait - ing for you,
 late, Hap - py hour that hears your foot - step, Wel - come foot - step at the gate.

We are wait - ing, we are wait - ing; We are wait - ing.
 wait - ing;
 We are wait - ing, we are wait - ing; We are wait - ing for you, wait - ing. Wait - ing.

HAPPY SONGSTER.

JOHN MORRISON.

1. Lit - the bird - ie on the tree, Sing - ing all the day to me; Mak - ing joy - ful ev - 'ry hour In your hap - py wood - land bow'r:

2. When at noon in qui - et shade, Sound - ing far o'er hill and glade, Sweet - est notes a - mid the throng Is the wood - bird's noon - day song:

When at ear - ly morn we hear War - bling song - sters far and near. Comes the mu - sic clear and free, From the bird - ie on the tree.

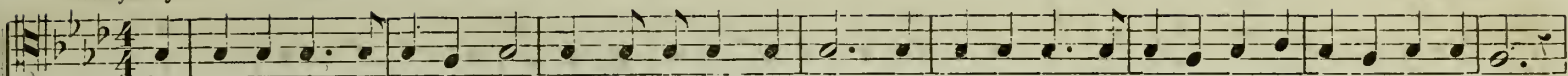
When the light of day is gone, Hush'd in sleep is bird - ie's song. Dreaming in the si - lent air. Seek - ing but a Fa - ther's care.

THOU ART FAR AWAY. (In Memoriam.)

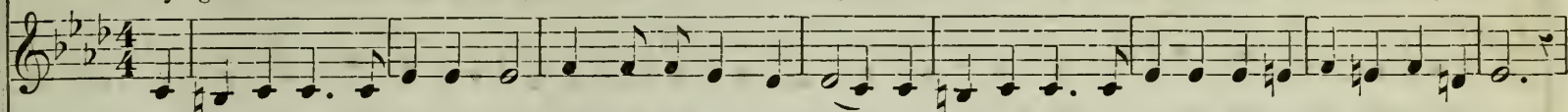
63

With feeling.

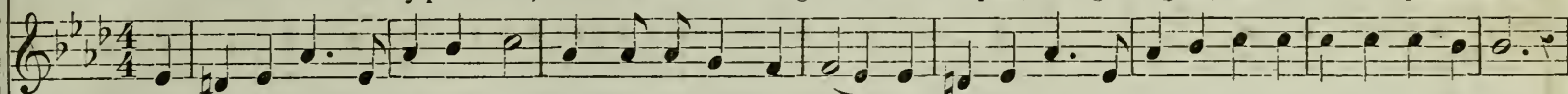
J. R. MURRAY.



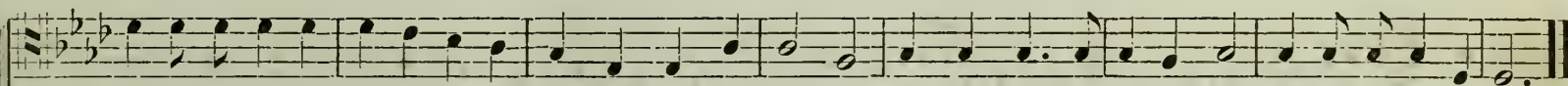
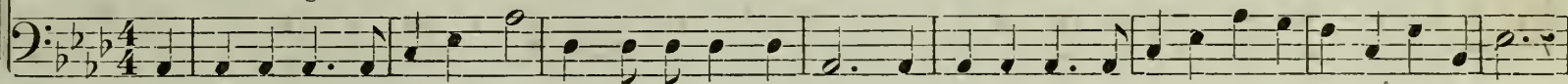
1. Thy light brown hair before me lies, But thou art far a - way In the calm bowers of Par-a - dise, Where sainted spirits stray;



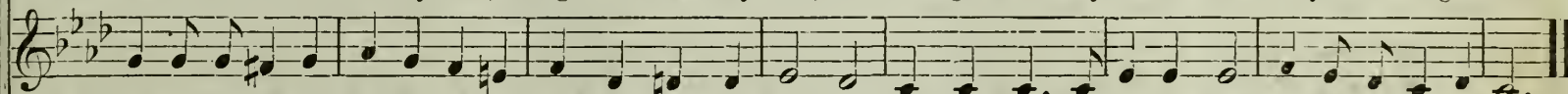
2. I touch the faded cy-press leaf, And back returns a - gain The hour of pain, the night of grief, When thou did'st pass from men.



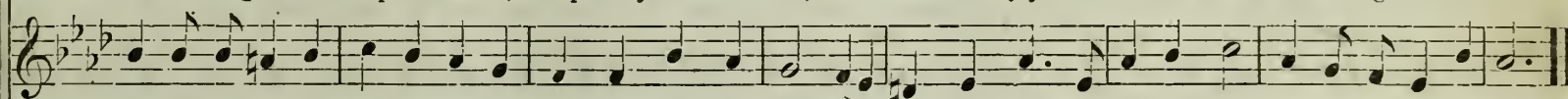
3. Come down tonight—the hour is thine—And sit a while with me, And sing me some sweet song divine That angels sing to thee;



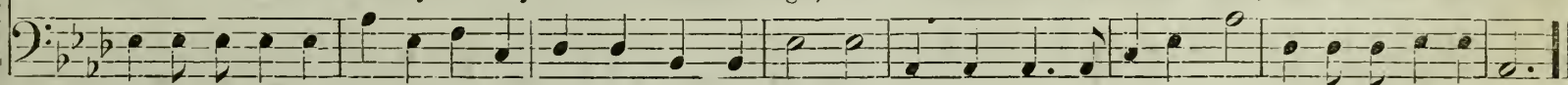
And rich-er curls adorn thy brow, And gems bestrew thy hair, And an - gels are thy comrades now—Thyself an an-gel there.



I see the grave's new-opened mould, The path by mourners trod, But life's full joys for thee unfold In the bright land of God.

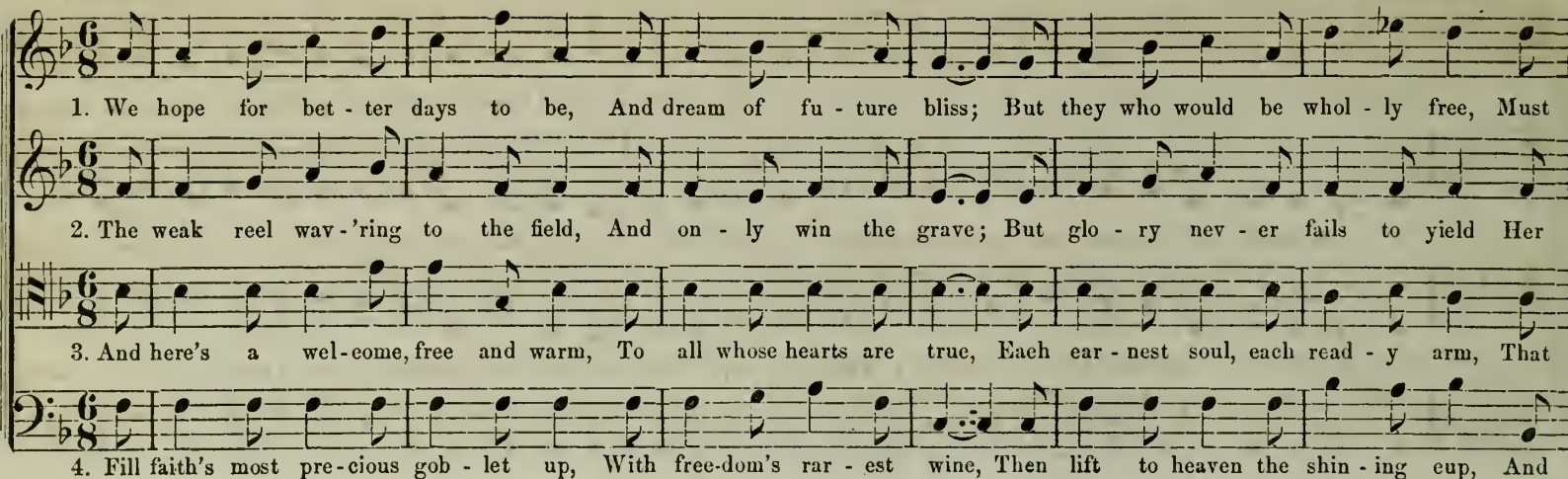


And tell me all—how saint-ly fair Thy ordered home on high; Life's burden teach like thee to bear, And teach like thee to die.



TO - DAY.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

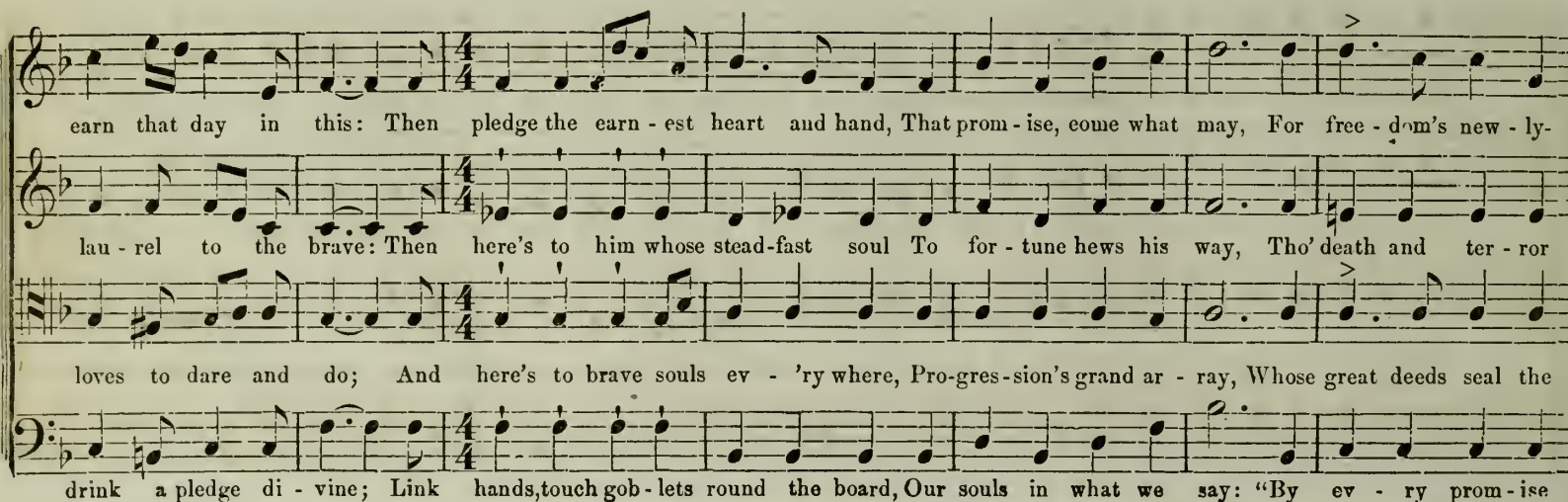


1. We hope for bet - ter days to be, And dream of fu - ture bliss; But they who would be whol - ly free, Must

2. The weak reel wav - 'ring to the field, And on - ly win the grave; But glo - ry nev - er fails to yield Her

3. And here's a wel - come, free and warm, To all whose hearts are true, Each ear - nest soul, each read - y arm, That

4. Fill faith's most pre - cious gob - let up, With free - dom's rar - est wine, Then lift to heaven the shin - ing cup, And



earn that day in this: Then pledge the earn - est heart and hand, That prom - ise, come what may, For free - dom's new - ly-

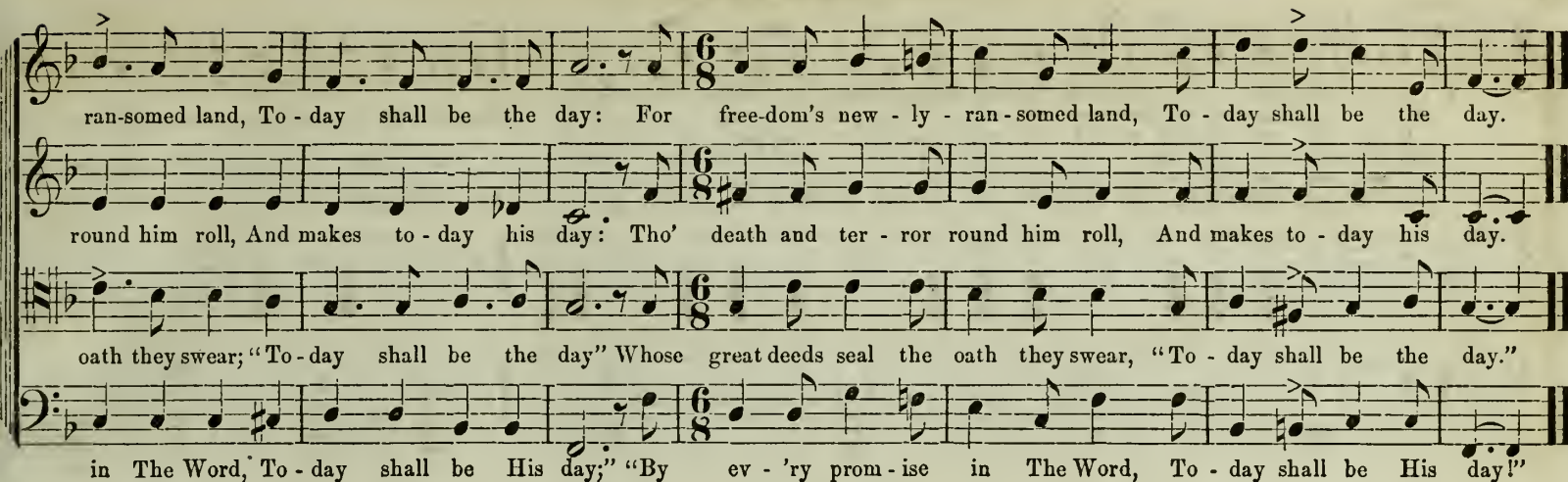
lau - rel to the brave: Then here's to him whose stead - fast soul To for - tune hews his way, Tho' death and ter - ror

loves to dare and do; And here's to brave souls ev - 'ry where, Pro - gres - sion's grand ar - ray, Whose great deeds seal the

drink a pledge di - vine; Link hands, touch gob - lets round the board, Our souls in what we say: "By ev - ry prom - ise"

TO - DAY---Concluded.

65



ran-somed land, To - day shall be the day: For free-dom's new - ly - ran-somed land, To - day shall be the day.

round him roll, And makes to - day his day: Tho' death and ter - ror round him roll, And makes to - day his day.

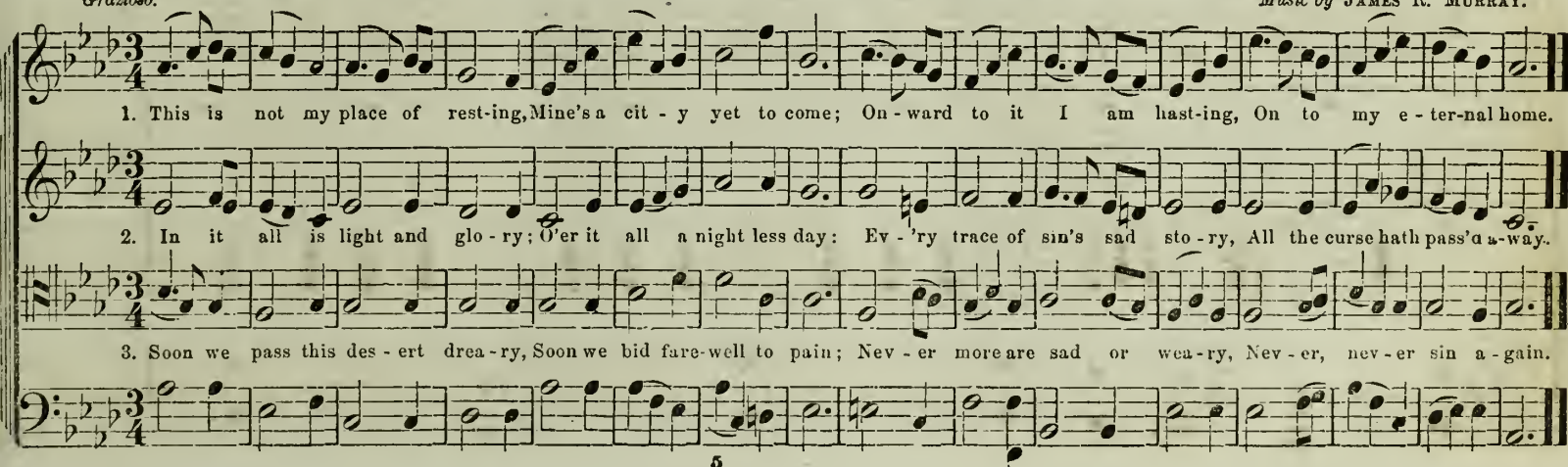
oath they swear; "To - day shall be the day" Whose great deeds seal the oath they swear, "To - day shall be the day."

in The Word, To - day shall be His day;" "By ev - 'ry prom - ise in The Word, To - day shall be His day!"

REST YONDER!

Grazioso.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.



1. This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come; On - ward to it I am hast-ing, On to my e - ter-nal home.

2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it all a night less day: Ev - 'ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse hath pass'd a - way.

3. Soon we pass this des - ert drea - ry, Soon we bid fare-well to pain; Nev - er more are sad or wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain.

Tenderly

1. I am weep-ing o-ver thy grave, Ma-bel, Where the wil-low boughs droop low;
 'Tis the spot where oft we have met, Ma-bel, In the years of long a-go.
 2. It was ill, the day that we wed, Ma-bel, From thy girl-hood pure and bright;
 Thy young life was too soon led, Ma-bel, To sor-row, and shame, and blight!
 3. It was well for thee to de-part, Ma-bel, But for me 'twas bit-ter woe,
 And a dark-ness fell on my heart, Ma-bel, At the call which forced thee to go.

'Twas e-vil, the day that we met, Ma-bel, Thy
 I bur-dened thy spir-it with woe, Ma-bel, 'Till
 By li-quor's fell pow-er en-slav'd, Ma-bel, All

path had been strewn with flowers, But I sowed the seeds of re-gret, Ma-bel, To spring up in fu-ture hours. Ma-bel,
 hope from thy heart was driven; Then the bur-den lift-ed, and thou, Ma-bel, To thy rest called home in heaven.
 home-less and lost I roam, Yet I'm glad to know thou art saved, Ma-bel, From the fall-en drunk-ard's home.

CHORUS. Air

Alto
 Ma-bel,
 Tenor
 Ma-bel,
 Base

MABEL --Concluded.

67

Ma - bel, my beau - ti - ful pale-browed wife! Thou art sleep-ing a-lone 'Neath the gran - ite stone, While I live with a dark-en'd life.

Ma - bel, my beau - ti - ful pale-browed wife! Thou art sleep-ing a-lone 'Neath the gran - ite stone, While I live with a dark-en'd life.

Ma - bel, my beau - ti - ful pale-browed wife! Thou art sleep-ing a-lone 'Neath the gran - ite stone, While I live with a dark-en'd life.

A LIGHT OVER THE WAVES.

Allegretto.

G. F. R.

1. Far o'er the bo - som of the wave, A light bark float - ed free, And spread its can - vass

2. But, hark! the storm - bird claps her wings, The skies grow fierce and dark; And mad - ly on the

3. Thus in the vary - ing stream of life, Our light bark float - ing free, Un - furls its can - vass

A LIGHT OVER THE WAVES.---Concluded

to the breeze That kiss'd the sum - mer sea; And peep - ing from its az - ure throne Up -
foam - ing surge Is tossed that fee - ble bark; Still faint - ly gleams that com - et star, To
to the winds That kiss our sum - mer sea; And tho' the an - gry tem - pests rise, And

on the arch of night; A lone - ly star in beau - ty shone, With soft and li - quid light.
light its track - less way; And to the dis - tant ha - ven points, With clear and stead - y ray.
all is drear and dark: Hope's ra - diant star se - rene - ly smiles To guide our fra - gile bark.

OUR SONG BIRDS.

69

Words by ORENA LEE.

1. Snow bird, sweet! snow bird, sweet! Gold brown coat and little bare feet; Come, my snow bird, sweet, come around my door, When the cold winds wall and the

2. Rob - in red! Rob - in red! Gai - ly sing - ing "win - ter has fled;" On the brown hill-side, by the laugh-ing rill, There I hear the warb-ling so

3. Red bird, gay! Red bird, gay; Why so quick - ly glanc-ing a - way? In the morn-ing glow, at the sun - set hour, Come thy wings' bright gleam with a

4. Coo, dove, coo! Coo, dove, coo! Dear thy note as the song bird's, too; In the crowd-ed street, in the home of love, There is naught more pure than the

CHORUS.

snow storms roar. Hark! a thrill-ing note From the song bird's throat, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la.

sweet - ly still. Hark! a thrill-ing note From the song bird's throat, Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

witch - ing pow'r. Hark! a thrill-ing note From the song bird's throat, Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

snow white dove. Hark! a thrill-ing note From the song bird's throat, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la.

WHITE LILIES

"Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, yet I say unto you Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Words by MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

(Accompaniment for Organ or Melodeon.)

Music by F. W. ROOT.

Semplice.

1. Del-i-cate tinted white blossoms, Heav-y with in-cense and dew Fra-gile and lovely and ten-der,
 2. Pearly hued petals up-rear-ing Out of the damp, marshy ground: Vis-ion of love-li-ness spring-ing
 3. Emblem of innocent sweetness! Snowy-hued pur - i - ty thou; Homage I cheer-ful-ly ren-der
 4. Naught but the hand of our Father Clothed thee in gar-ment so rare, Breathed o'er thy petals their fragrance,

p

Long I've been seeking for you; Roaming thro' meadow and moorland Vain-ly I sought you and well
 Where lit-tle beau-ty is found. Tranced and en-rap-tured I lin - ger Bound by thy mag-i-cal spell
 And to thy guilelessness bow. Might the pure thoughts thou hast wakened Ne'er be forgotten, or die,
 Shaped thee so comely and fair. In my fond heart thou hast wakened Feelings of blissful de - light!

mf

WHITE LILIES.—Concluded.

71

CHORUS.

Dreaming of ex-quis-ite fragrance Hid in each fair - y shaped bell. Lil - ies beau-ti - ful lil - ies
 Dreaming of fays and of fairies Hid in each white lil - y bell.

Then might the heart thou hast rifted E'en with thy spot - less - ness vie. Lil - ies beau-ti - ful lil - ies
 Ev - er be thou my bright emblem Lil - y so spot-less and white.

Lil - ies beau-ti - ful lil - ies

Lil - ies beau-ti - ful lil - ies

Bloom-ing so sweet-ly for me, Kings in their gol - den grandeur Are nev - er so fair to sec.

Bloom - ing so sweet-ly for me.

Blooming so sweet-ly for me Kings in their gold-en grandeur Are nev - er so fair to sec.

Bloom - ing so sweet-ly for me.

FIRST VIOLET OF SPRING. Quartet.

R. S. TAYLOR.

Cantabile.

1. Sad and pensive I was straying, Underneath the bare brown trees; O'er the ground went idly playing Air-y feet of A - pril breeze.

2. All its comrades yet lay sleeping, Waiting for the sun and rain; This a - lone its watch was keeping—Bravest flower of all the train:

3 'Twas by happy chance I found thee, Slyly hid from human eye; Peeping through the brown leaves round thee, Like a bit of broken sky.

'Neath the leaves their careless sweeping Brought to view some wee blue thing—Lo! a Vi - o - let was peeping—First blue Vio - let of Spring

First to hear the wild bee's humming—First to hear the Robin sing—First to tell of Spring's glad coming—First sweet Violet of Spring.

But I know where shines a rar - er, Deeper blue than you can bring; On her brow you'll bloom the fairer, Lovely Vi-o - let of Spring.

"ME TOO!"

73

(A mother inviting her children to gather flowers with her one day, accidentally omitted the name of the youngest, who made known its presence and desire by these two words.)

J. R. MURRAY.

1. O, child - ish love that could not bear, To have thy name for - got, O, child - ish heart that longed to share With all thy com - mon lot;

2. But not a - lone in child - hood's years, The heart gives out that cry, 'Tis heard a - mid the ag - o - ny Of life's deep mis - er - y;

3. Fram'd by one hand we live and die, Be - fore one throne we kneel, The long - ings of hu - man - i - ty Send up one deep ap - peal;

4. O, may we all to - geth - er stand, Firm as brave spir - it should; Join'd heart to heart and hand to hand In ho - ly broth - er - hood:

Such cry should ne'er be heard in vain, So earn - est and so true, A - like in that sweet household chain, She claim'd her right, "Me too!"

The lone - ly heart a - thirst for love, Will cry as chil - dren do, And lift, all oth - er tones a - bove, Its pas - sion - ate, "Me too!"

Our na - tures ten - drils in - ter - twine, Fed by one com - mon dew, None seek in sol - i - tude to pine, Each heart throb says, "Me too!"

And cast - ing off the ice of pride, Wear warm hearts brave and true, Nor from the weak - est turn a - side, Who faint - ly cries, "Me too!"

THE OLD LOG HUT. Quartet and Chorus.

Words by R. SINCLAIR.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Allegretto.

1. Down by the riv - er our log hut stands, Where fath - er and moth - er once dwelt. And the old door latch that was

2. There stands the tree that we used to climb, The mill with its clat - ter and din. And the old wharf boat, ov - er

worn by our hands, And the church where-in we knelt. Years, years have passed since that hap - py time, But the

there used to float, Where the school-boys used to swim. High grows the grass on the mas - ter's grave And the

THE OLD LOG HUT.—Concluded.

75

riv - er keeps roll - ing a - long— And the rip - pling sound on the mos - sy bank, Is sing - ing the same old
 riv - er keeps roll - ing a - long— And the birds and bees, and the blooming trees, Are sing - ing the same old

CHORUS. Faster.

2nd Time *ppp*

song. Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream, All that's past is gone you know, The future's but a dream.
 song. Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream, All that's past is gone you know, The future's but a dream.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Life is a race, where some suc - ceed, While oth - ers are be - gin - ning; Luck 'tis at times, at

2. O, do not work for i - dle boast Of vie - t'ry o'er an - oth - er, But while you strive your

3. Choose well the path in which you run, Sue - ceed by no - ble dar - ing; Then, tho' the last, when

oth - ers, speed, That gives us ear - ly win - ning: But if you chance to fall be - hind, Ne'er

ut - ter - most, Deal fair - ly with your broth - er; What e'er your sta - tion, do your best, And

once 'tis won, Your crown s wor h t.e wear - ing: Then nev - er fret if eft - hind

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."--Concluded.

77

slack - en your en - deav - or; But keep this whole - some truth in mind, "Tis bet - ter late than nev - er."

hold your pur - pose ev - er, And if you fail to beat the rest, "Tis bet - ter late than nev - er."

slack - en your en - deav - or; But ev - er keep this truth in mind, "Tis bet - ter late than nev - er."

SOFTLY SIGHS THE GENTLE BREEZE.

Andante.
1st Tenor.

(QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.)

Music by JERRY WALKER. Arr by F. W. R.

1. Soft - ly sighs the gen - tle breeze, Thro' the green and leaf - y trees; War - bling mu - sic soft and low, As the mur - m'ring brooklets flow.
2. Birds of song their voi - ces lend, With the sigh - ing breeze to blend; Mak - ing har - mo - ny sub - lime, As the gen - tle mu - sic's chime.

2d Tenor.

p
1st Base.

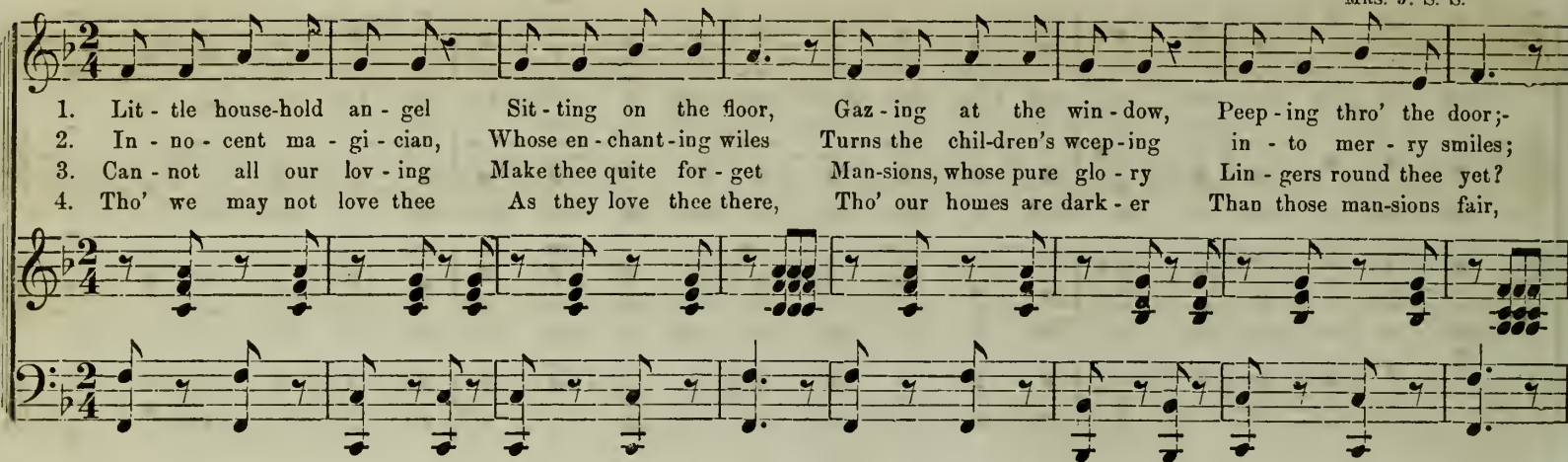
dim..... *pp* cres..... *mf* dim..... *pp*

3. All a - round is bright and fair, Earth is clothed in beau - ty rare: Flowers bright and fair, and gay, Smile a - long our low - ly way.
4. Rich per - fumes are in the air, From the rose, the lil - y fair; All is gen - tle, fair and gay, On this love - ly ver - nal day.

2d Base.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

Mrs. J. S. S.



1. Lit - tle house-hold an - gel Sit - ting on the floor, Gaz - ing at the win - dow, Peep - ing thro' the door;

2. In - no - cent ma - gi - cian, Whose en - chant - ing wiles Turns the chil - dren's weep - ing in - to mer - ry smiles;

3. Can - not all our lov - ing Make thee quite for - get Man - sions, whose pure glo - ry Lin - gers round thee yet?

4. Tho' we may not love thee As they love thee there, Tho' our homes are dark - er Than those man - sions fair,



List - ning, smil - ing—breathless For the com - ing feet, O be - lov - ed ba - by, What is half so sweet.

Charm the heart of sor - row, Smooth the brow of care, O be - lov - ed ba - by, What is half so fair?

Tar - ry with us, an - gel, Mes - sen - ger from heav'n, That for help and heal - ing, Was so kind - ly giv'n.

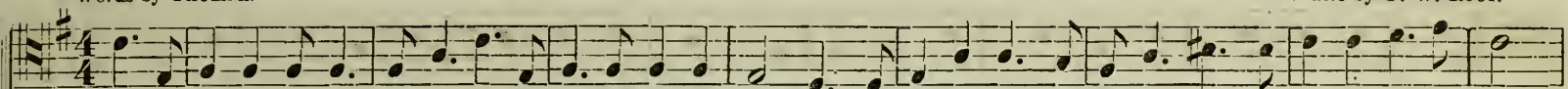
Yet we love thee, ba - by, With our ut - most love; Tar - ry with us, an - gel, Sent us from a - bove.

WAITING AT THE GATE.

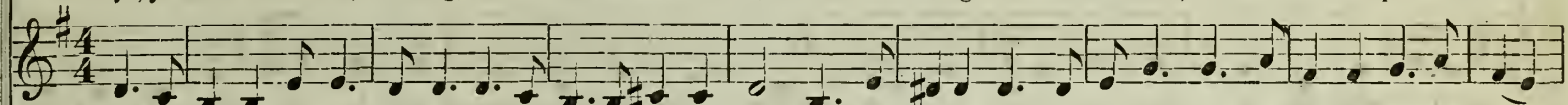
79

Words by PAULINA.

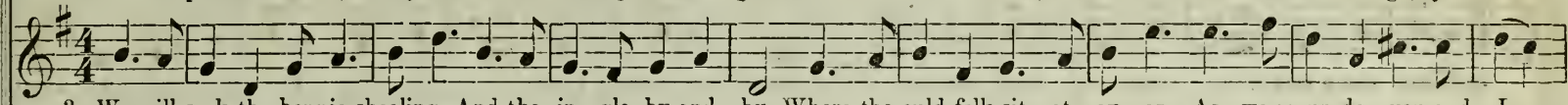
Music by F. W. ROOR.



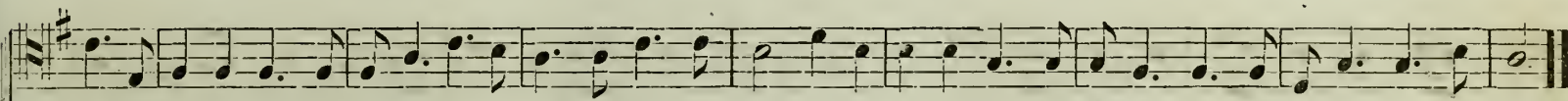
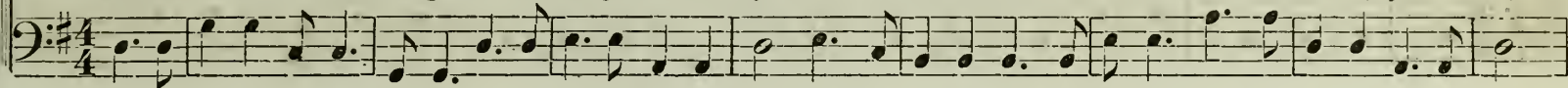
1. Aye, ye tauld me Donald, darling, Ye wad come at ev-en - tide, Tho' the storm king ruled the moorland, And the snow the path should hide.



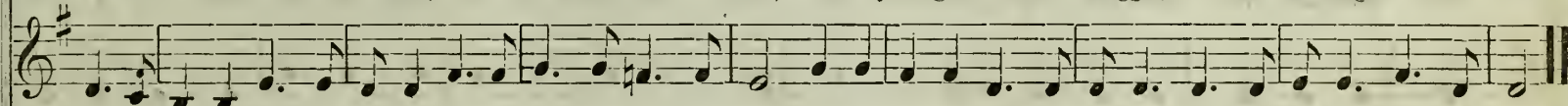
2. Ye ha' passed the turn, it may be, And are hasting thro' the glen, For the feet that come, are fleet-er Than the feet that go, ye ken



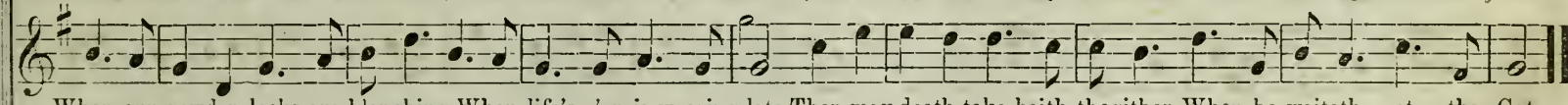
3. We will seek the bonnie shealing, And the in - gle, by and by, Where the ould folk sit at ev - en, As we maun do, you and I,



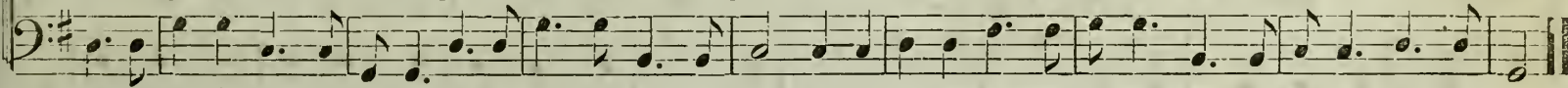
Noo the fair moon shines in heaven, Wi' her train of stars e - late, And they a' glint doon to Maggie, Wha is wait-ing at the Gate.



Tho' the cauld wind blew its cauldest, There is ane woud watch and wait; There is ane who loes ye, Donald, Wha is wait-ing at the Gate.



When our gowden locks are blanching, When life's e'en is wearing late, Then may death take baith thegither When he waiteth at the Gate.



SOFT MUSIC IS FALLING.

G. F. R.

Andante Legato.

1. Soft mus - ic is fall - ing, All sad on the ear, While dark clouds of sor - row Are hov - er - ing near;

2. O voice of a spir - it, What mys - ti - cal power Hath made thy strange mus - ic The sport of time's hour?

3. That same strain is cheer - ing, And sweet is the lay While the sad voice of part - ing Is fad - ing a - way;

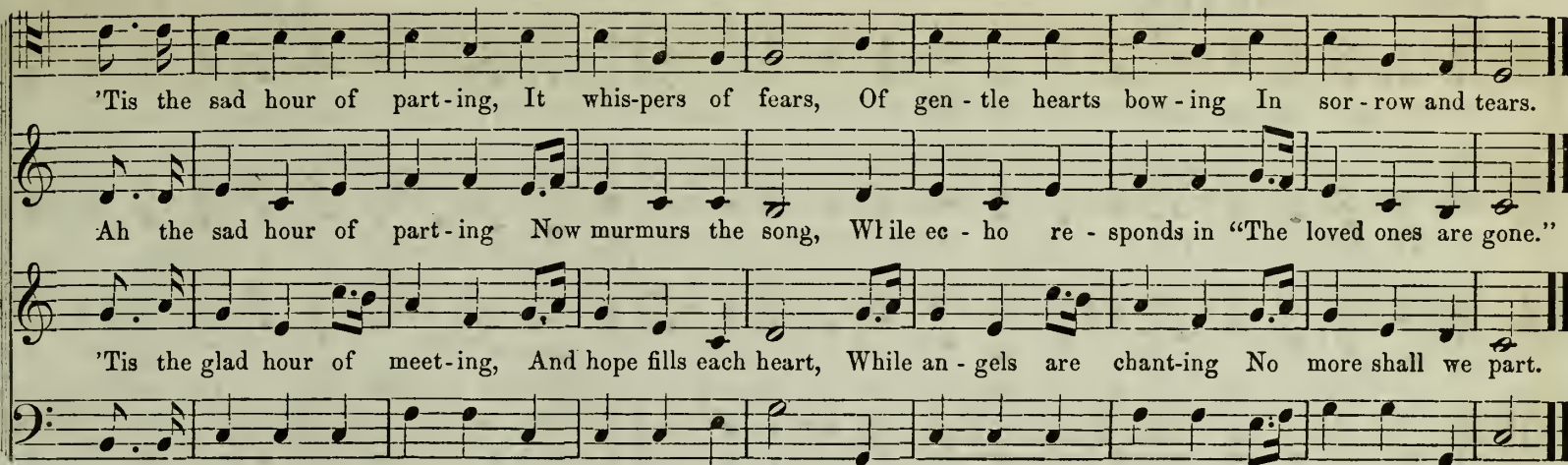
So mournful its num - bers, So dirge-like its strain, Each heart is la - ment - ing Its com - ing a - gain.

To day it re - pos - eth In ho - li - est rest, To - mor - row stern sor - row Is fill - ing each breast.

'Tis the voice of a spirit, From heav - en's bright shore, Where sigh - ing and part - ings For aye shall be o'er.

SOFT MUSIC IS FALLING. Concluded.

81



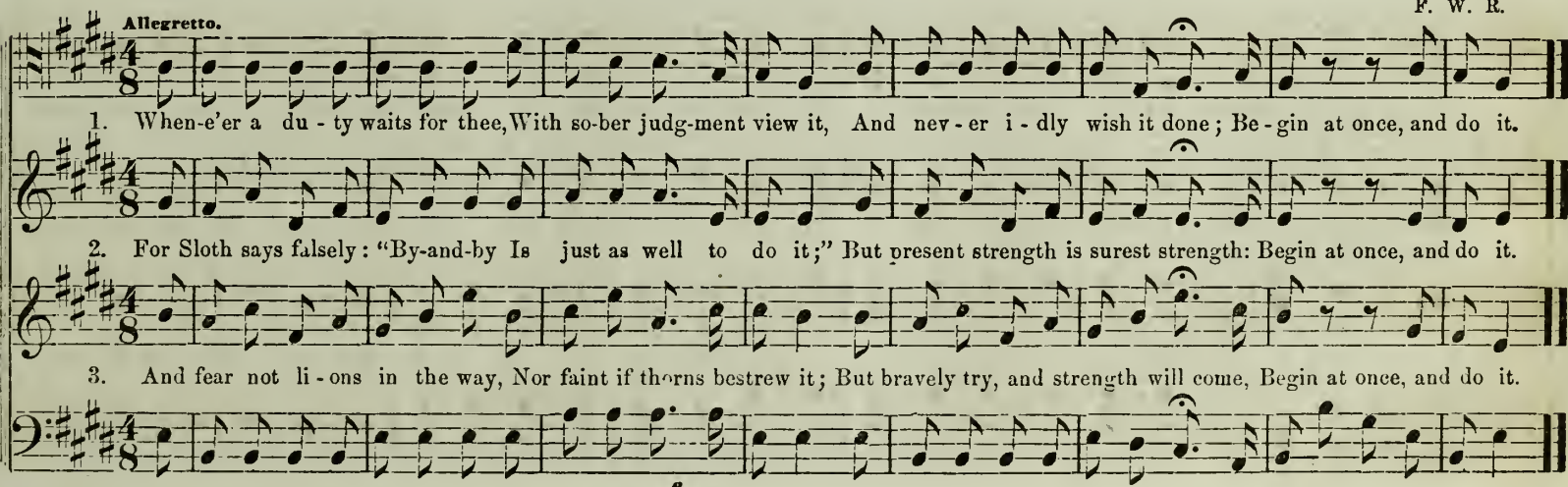
'Tis the sad hour of part-ing, It whis-pers of fears, Of gen-tle hearts bow-ing In sor-row and tears.

Ah the sad hour of part-ing Now murmurs the song, While ec-ho re-sponds in "The loved ones are gone."

'Tis the glad hour of meet-ing, And hope fills each heart, While an-gels are chant-ing No more shall we part.

NEVER PUT OFF.

F. W. R.



Allegretto.

1. When-e'er a du-ty waits for thee, With so-ber judg-ment view it, And nev-er i-dly wish it done; Be-gin at once, and do it.

2. For Sloth says falsely: "By-and-by Is just as well to do it;" But present strength is surest strength: Begin at once, and do it.

3. And fear not li-ons in the way, Nor faint if thorns bestrew it; But bravely try, and strength will come, Begin at once, and do it.

THROUGH THE GRAVE.

Steady time.

Words by S. L. R.

Music by GEO. W. SNYDER.

1. I am drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, With the chang-ing waves of time; Ev-'ry scene a-round me shift-ing, And each

2. On each shore are hid-den treas-ures, 'Neath the waves rare jew-els play; Time bears on in rap-id meas-ures—I to

3. Sometimes on the foam-y bil-low, Sometimes in the sink-ing sand, Wea-ry head can find no pil-low, Wea-ry

mo-ment more sub-lime, As I near the great e-ter-nal, Pass-ing on to the su-per-nal Through the grave.

seek them may not stay; For my home is the e-ter-nal, And I pass to the su-per-nal Through the grave.

feet can find no land; But I'm near-er the e-ter-nal, Pass-ing on to the su-per-nal Through the grave.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

83

O. D. ADAMS.

Lightly.

1. Spring is grow - ing up, Is it not a pit - y? She was such a lit - tle thing, And so ver - y pret - ty!

2. From the glow - ing sky Sum - mer shines a - bove us; Spring was such a lit - tle dear, But will Sum - mer love us?

3. Spring is grow - ing up, Leav - ing us so lone - ly, In the place of lit - tle Spring We have Sum - mer on - ly!

Sum - mer is ex - treme - ly grand, We must pay her du - ty; But it is to lit - tle Spring That she owes her beau - ty.

She is ver - y beau - ti - ful, With her grown-up bliss - es; Sum - mer we must bow be - fore; Spring we coax'd with kiss - es!

Sum - mer with her lof - ty airs, And her state - ly pa - ces, In the place of lit - tle Spring, And her child - ish grac - es!

MINNIE AND I.

Words by MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Andantino.

1. Out in the sum - mer sun - shine, Un - der the sap - phire blue, Watch - ing the gleam - ing shad - ows

2. Out where the wood - land shad - ows Check - er the wav - ing grain; Out where the joy - ous song - birds

3. Stop - ping to pluck the flow - ers Bloom - ing a - long the way; Lin - ger - ing till the twi - light

Flit - ting the long day through; Fann'd by the scent - ed breath of The o - dors that round us sigh,

Car - ol their glad re - frain; Out where the gold - en sun - light Falls bright - ly through leaf - age high,

Shad - ows grew long and gray; Then, while the stars were gleam - ing So bright in the cloud - less sky,

MINNIE AND I.—CONCLUDED.

85

CHORUS.

Out in the sum - mer sun - shine We wan-der'd, sweet Min - nie and I. Yes, out in the sum - mer

Down thro' the for - est wind - ings We wan-der'd, sweet Min - nie and I.

Home thro' the dew - y fra - grance We wan-der'd, sweet Min - nie and I. Yes, out in the sum - mer

sun-shine, Un - der the sap-phire blue, Watch-ing the gleam-ing shad - ows Flit-ting the long day through.

sun-shine, Un - der the sap-phire blue, Watch-ing the gleam-ing shad - ows Flit-ting the long day through.

SOMEBODY'S WAITING FOR ME.

A. T. GORHAM.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The score is divided into two main sections, each with a first and second ending. The first section's lyrics are: '1. When the soft sun-light is dy-ing Out in the ro-sy-hued West, And the brown wood-bird is fly-ing Home to her shel-ter-ing nest, Down where the streamlet is sing-ing Gai-ly a-long the bright lea,'. The second section's lyrics are: '2. Gently the zephyr caresses Cheeks where the red roses glow, Lovingly toys with her tresses, Floating o'er shoulders of snow. 3. Fairer than visions of Aiden, Dearer than aught else can be Is the blithe, golden-haired maiden, Watching and waiting for me. Thither my footsteps are roaming When the sweet flow'rs are in bloom; Precious those hours of the gloaming Passed amid summer's perfume. Faithful the fond heart that meets me Under our tryst-hallowed tree; Peerless the bright smile that greets me Somebody's waiting for me.'

Gently the zephyr caresses
Cheeks where the red roses glow,
Lovingly toys with her tresses,
Floating o'er shoulders of snow.

2. Fairer than visions of Aiden,
Dearer than aught else can be
Is the blithe, golden-haired maiden,
Watching and waiting for me.

Thither my footsteps are roaming
When the sweet flow'rs are in bloom;
Precious those hours of the gloaming
Passed amid summer's perfume.

3. Faithful the fond heart that meets me
Under our tryst-hallowed tree;
Peerless the bright smile that greets me
Somebody's waiting for me.

SOMEBODY'S WAITING FOR ME.—CONCLUDED.

87

CHORUS.

And the blue hare-bells are springing, Somebody's wait-ing for me. Somebody's wait-ing, wait - ing for me

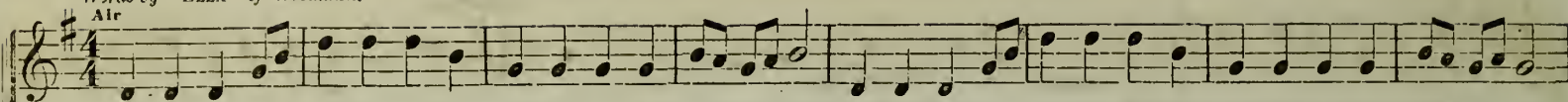
Un-der the boughs of the old ma-ple tree; Bright eyes are glancing with Love's spell entrancing—Somebody's wait-ing, waiting for me.

TO THE MESSAGE BIRD."

Words by "ELLA" of Woodlawn.

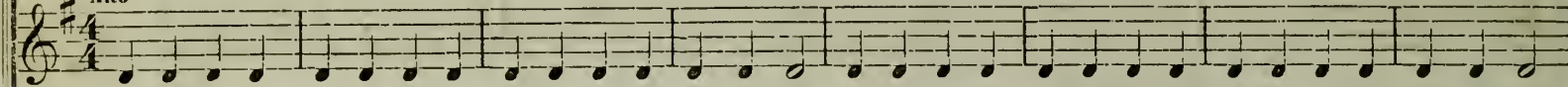
G. F. R.

Air



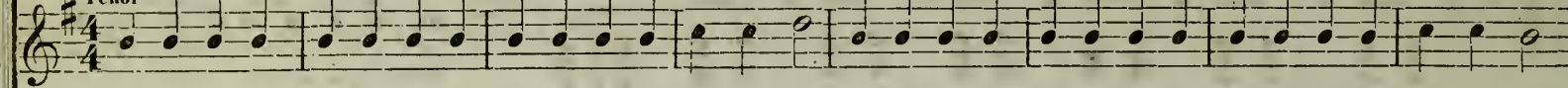
1. Bird of beau - ty, whose bright plumage, Spark - les with a thousand dies, Soft thy notes and gay thy car - ol, Tho' stern win - ter rules the skies.

Alto

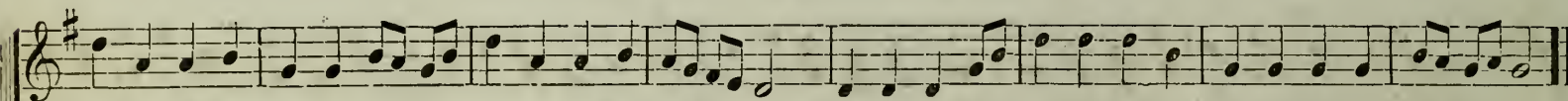
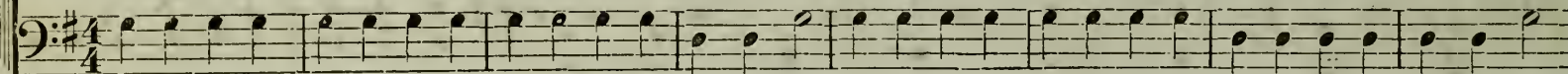


2. Where the Southern ro - ses blos - som, By the prairie's spread - ing plain, I have list - en'd to thy warbling, Charmed by the mag - ic strain.

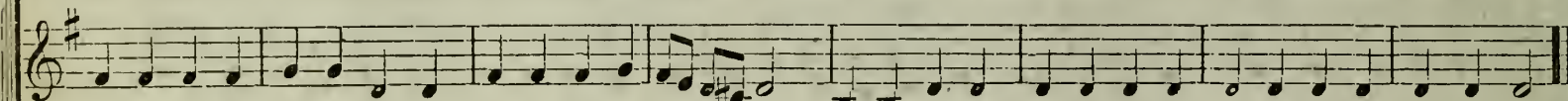
Tenor



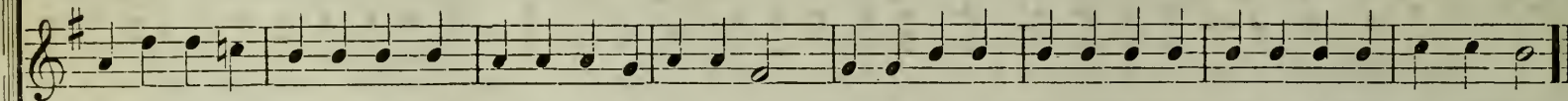
3. Wel - come, for a leaf, sweet wand' rer, Thou hast plucked and borne to me, Bear - ing words of joy and glad - ness, Mingled with sweet mel - o - dy.



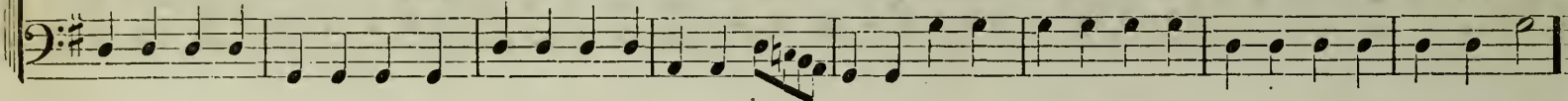
First I knew thee by the sun - light Of the sum - mer's clos - ing day, I - dly, by the stream - let wan - d' ring, Listening to thy rav - ished lay.



Com'st thou to me in the si - lence Of my snow - clad home to cheer? Dost thou bear a mes - sage to me, From the friends be - loved and dear?



Bird of beau - ty, stay be - side me, Leave me not to roam a - gain; Hov - er o'er me, guard and guide me, Cheer my heart with thy soft strain.



SPRING HAS COME.

89

Moderato.

N. B. SARGENT.

1. There's a joy in Spring, When the sweet birds sing The
2. Win-ter's snows are gone, And the gras - sy lawn Is

songs we love so well; When their glad notes sound All the woods a-round, O'er ev - ry hill and dell.
once more fresh and fair, And the for - ests ring With the voice of Spring, There's mu - sic ev - ry - where.

CHORUS.

Spring has come, I hear the sweet birds sing, Hail, O Hail, Thou bright and love-ly Spring.
Spring has come, O Spring has come I hear the sweet birds sing, Hail, O Hail, O Hail, Thou bright and love-ly Spring

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Moderato. Words by ROBERT MURRAY.

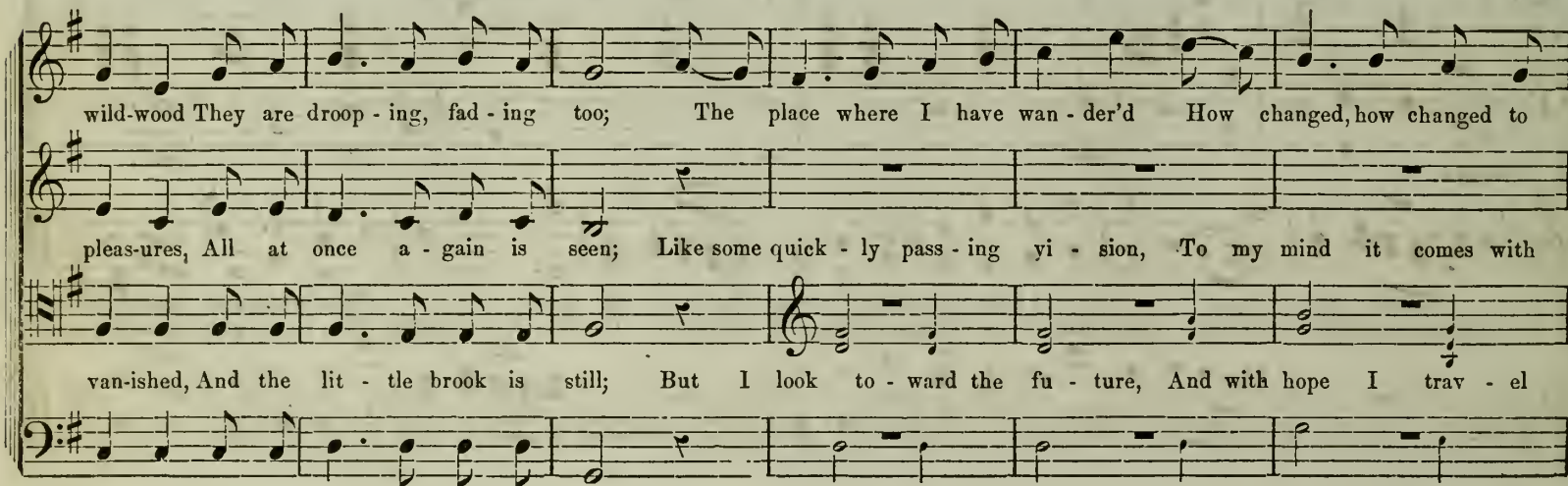
Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.



1. The loved ones of my child-hood, Fast are pass - ing from my view, Like the flow - ers of the

2. The lit - tle wind - ing riv - er, In the mead - ow rich and green, With its wealth of boy - hood's

3. The lit - tle thatched roof cot - tage, And the bus - y old stone mill; From child - hood scenes have



wild-wood They are droop - ing, fad - ing too; The place where I have wan - der'd How changed, how changed to

pleas-ures, All at once a - gain is seen; Like some quick - ly pass - ing vi - sion, To my mind it comes with

vanished, And the lit - tle brook is still; But I look to - ward the fu - ture, And with hope I trav - el

CHORUS.

me; E'en the birds have changed their sing - ing, As they war - ble in the tree. O, the loved ones of my

pain, And the tear of grief is flow - ing, As my youth comes back a - gain. O, the loved ones of my

on, To the change - less land of glo - ry Where my boy - hood friends have gone. Where the loved ones of my

child - hood, Fast are pass - ing from my view, Like the flow - ers of the wild-wood, They are droop - ing, fad - ing too.

child - hood, Fast are pass - ing from my view, Like the flow - ers of the wild-wood, They are droop - ing, fad - ing too.

child - hood, Shall not fade or die a - gain, Where the soul is freed for - ev - er, From earth's thral - dom and its pain.

BRIGHT IS THE LAND.

Andantino.

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. I see the an - gels now moth - er, I see the an - gels now; There's a harp in ev - 'ry
 2. I want to join that an - gel band, I want to sing that song; I want to stand with
 3. And yet I wait, and wait - ing know That in His own good day, The Lord of Life will

hand moth - er, A crown on ev - 'ry brow; I see the great white throne, moth - er! I see the Glo - ry king! And
 crown and harp A - mid that shin - ing throng: Be - yond the val - ley and the flood, I see the Cit - y fair; I
 speak to me, "Up hith - er come a - way!" Then shall I rise with will - ing heart, To breathe the heav - en - ly air; And

BRIGHT IS THE LAND.--Concluded.

93

Chorus. Air

sweet-est songs o'er all the land, Me-lo-dious-ly doth sing.
want to walk its gold-en streets, O, when shall I be there!
greet with-in the bet-ter land, The dear ones wait-ing there.

Bright is the land where no shad-ow dims the scene,

Alto

Tenor

Bright is the land where no shad-ow dims the scene.

Base

Peace like a riv-er flow-eth there; Sweet are the songs the ho-ly an-gels sing, And all is pure and fair.

Peace like a riv-er flow-eth there; Sweet are the songs the ho-ly an-gels sing, And all is pure and fair.

A SONG FOR MAY.

G. F. R.

Allegretto.

1. A song, a song for beau - ti - ful May, She float - eth o'er the hills to - day, With her scarf of mist and her
 2. A song, a song for beau - ti - ful May, She float - eth o'er the hills to - day, With her scarf of mist and her
 3. A song, a song for beau - ti - ful May, She float - eth o'er the hills to - day, For the eyes grow bright that were

robe of light, Wov - en of sun - beams, fair and bright, With dain - ty vi - o - let - slip - per'd feet,
 voice of song, Sing - ing so gai - ly all day long, A deep - er blue in the glow - ing sky,
 dim with tears, Light - er the hearts, so full of fears, And where the lines were of care and pain,

Trip - ping thro' val - leys, low and sweet, She flits thro' for - ests, wild and deep, Where dark and gloom - y shad - ows sleep.
 Soft - er the breeze goes whis - p'ring by, The song bird's notes are far more gay, As now they wel - come beau - teous May.
 Joy - ful - ly com - eth health a - gain, "Then wel - come, wel - come, beau - teous May," Is the song all na - ture sings to - day.

WAITING FOR YOU.

95

Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Moderato.

1. Two lit - tle lambs in the up - per fold, From heat of sum - mer and win - ter's cold,

2. Two lit - tle dar - lings, whose pat - t'ring feet, With an - gels bright, tread the gold - en street,

3. Two lit - tle an - gels that on - ly came, Earth - ward to mur - mur their moth - er's name,

4. Two lit - tle lambs from all sor - row free, Through long, long years of e - ter - ni - ty—

Safe from earth's guile, and its dreams un - true, Two lit - tle lambs now are wait - ing you.

Wan - der for - ev - er 'mid E - den's bow'rs, Wait - ing for you through the gold - en hours.

Lur - ing her heart to the land a - bove, In brok - en ac - cents of ba - by - love

From heat of Sum - mer and Win - ter's cold—Wait - ing for you in the up - per fold.

OUR BOAT, DOWN THE DIM RIVER.

Music by T. WOOD. Albany. N. Y.



1. Stars trem - bling o'er us, and sun - set be - fore us, Moun - tains in shad - ow and

2. Come not pale sor - row, flee, flee till to - mor - row, Rest soft - ly fall - ing, o'er

3. As the waves cov - er, the depths we glide o - ver, So let the past in for -

4. Heaven shine a - bove us, bless, bless all that love us; All whom we love in thy



for - ests a - sleep; While down the dim riv - er, We float on for - ev - er, Speak not, Ah!

eye - lids that weep: Down the dim riv - er, We float on for - ev - er, Speak not, Ah!

get - ful - ness sleep: Down the dim riv - er, float on for - ev - er, Speak not,

ten - der - ness keep.

OUR BOAT, DOWN THE DIM RIVER.---Concluded.

97

breath e not, There's peace on the deep: Speak not, Ah breathe not! There's peace on the deep.

Rit

breath e not, peace on the deep: Speak not, Ah breathe not! There's peace, peace on the deep.

Rit

LITTLE FLOW'RET.

Moderato.

B. R. HANBY.

1. Lit - tle flow'r - et press thy way, Thro' the dark - ness in - to day; Ev - 'ry - thing shall welcome thee, Warbling bird, and bus - y bee.

2. Bee and blos - som, each ful - fills, Pur - pos - es our Fa - ther wills; Children should not i - dle be, Sav - ior, let us work for thee.

3. Like the lit - tle flower we press Ou, to hope and hap - pi - ness; Ev - er in God's pur - pose true, Do - ing all that we can do.

Moderato.

1. There are beau-ti-ful things in this world of ours, For those who of spir-it are light; Its breez-es, and sun-shine, and

Alto

2. And the bird-choirs u-nite in the an-them grand, And bright wa-ters chant on the sea; And stream-lets go mur-mur-ing

Tenor

3. And 'tis there on the banks of the love-ly streams, That flow on the light spir-it shore, The forms we have seen in our

4. O, how hap-py the spir-its that roam be-side, Those streams in that ra-di-ant sphere And watch the bright wa-ters that

pat-ter-ing showers, Its white snow-capped hills, and its val-leys of flowers, Its day, and its deep-en-ing night.

all through the land, At-tun'd by the won-der-ful same Mas-ter-hand, As parts in the full har-mo-ny.

dim earth-ly dreams, E'er stand in the light of those glo-ri-ous beams That bril-liant-ly shiue ev-er-more.

cease-less-ly glide With ev-er low mur-mur-ing mu-si-cal tide, 'Neath skies that are ev-er-more clear.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

99

Moderato.

Words and Music by A. CRAIK SMYTH.

1. If sean-dal or een-sure is raised 'gainst a friend, Be last to be-leive it, and first to de-fend;

2. A friend's like a ship, when with mu-sie and song, The tide of good for-tune still speeds him a-long;

3. So give me the heart that true sym-pa-thy shows, And clings to a mess-mate what-ev-er wind blows;

The mor-row is com-ing, and time will un-fold, Say "one sto-ry's good, till an-oth-er is told.

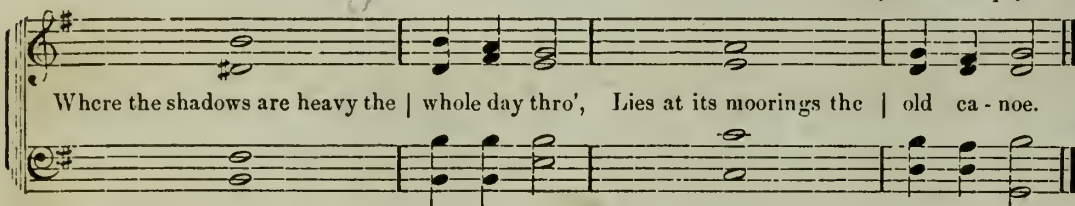
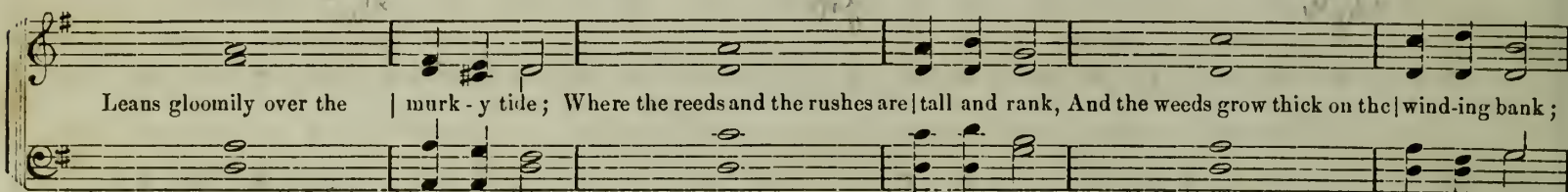
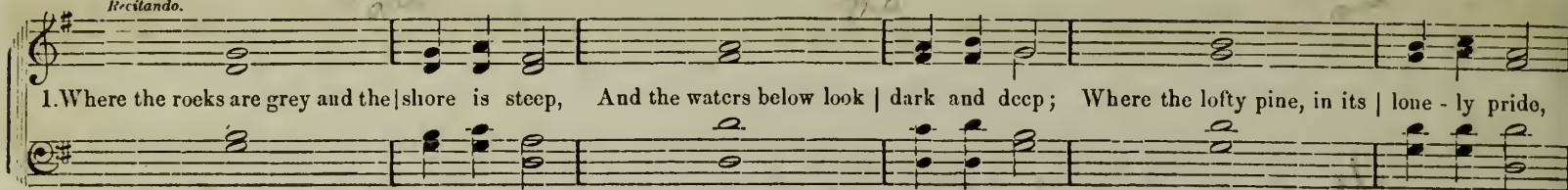
But see him when tem-pest has made him a wreck, And an-y mean bil-low may bat-ter his deck.

And says when as-per-sion un-an-swer'd grows bold, "Wait! one sto-ry's good, till an-oth-er is

THE OLD CANOE.

Words furnished by S. M. GRANNIS, Esq.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Recitativo.*Refrain on next page.*

2. The currentless waters are | calm and still,
And the light winds play with the | boat at
will,
And lazily in and | out again,
It floats the length of its | rusty chain;
Like the weary march of the | hands of time,
That meet and part at the | noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each | turn anew,
By the dripping prow of the | old canoe.

REFRAIN

3. The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wing that the | storm has
lopped,
And crossed on the railing, | one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the | work is done,
While busily back and | forth between,
The spider stretches her | silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with its | dull "to-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the | old canoe.

REFRAIN.

4. O, many a time, with a | careless hand,
Have I pulled it away from its | pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the | stream runs
quick, [thick,
Where its whirls are wild and the | eddies are
And laughed as I leaned o'er its | rocking side,
And looked below in the | broken tide,
To see that the faces and | boats were two,
That were mirrored back to the | old canoe.

REFRAIN.

5. But now, as I lean o'er its | broken side,
And look below in the | murky tide,
The face that I see there has | graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a | sober tone;
And the hands that once lent the | light skiff
wings,
Have grown familiar with | sterner things:
But I love to think of the | hours that flew
O'er my beautiful days in the | old canoe.

REFRAIN

THE OLD CANOE.—CONCLUDED.

101

REFRAIN—After each verse. (*Not too fast.*)

Rock - ing rock - ing, rock - ing ca - noe; Rock - ing, rock - ing, rock - ing ca - noe.

The old ca - noe, the old ca - noe, I loved it when it was new; And tho' no more it dips the oar, I still love the old ca - noe.

Rock - ing, rock - ing, rock - ing ca - noe; Rock - ing, rock - ing, rock - ing ca - noe.

TYROLIENNE.

Allegretto. Words written for this work.

Music from OFFENBACH, by J. R. MURRAY.

Gai - ly let our voic - es ring,

A song for Tyr - ol lan d, Tho' on a for - eign strand,

A song for Tyr - ol land, Gai - ly let our voic - es ring, Tho'

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody with lyrics: "Fond-ly now thy praise we sing, Fond-ly now thy praise we sing, Tra la la,". The middle staff is in treble clef and contains whole rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a bass line with lyrics: "on a foreign strand, Fond-ly now thy praise we sing, Fond-ly now thy praise we sing, Sing, Tra la la,".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a melody with lyrics: "Tra la la la, la, la, la, la, la, Sweet-er far than ev'-ry land be-side, Ev-er with thee do our hopes a-bide,". The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a melody with lyrics: "Tra la la la, la, la, la, la, la, Sweet-er far than ev'-ry land be-side, Ev-er with thee do our hopes a-bide,". The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a bass line with lyrics: "Tra, tra, tra, tra, tra, tra,". Dynamics markings *mp* (mezzo-piano) are present above the first staff and below the second and third staves.

TYROLIENNE—CONCLUDED.

Hap - py home be - yond the o - cean tide, Far a - way, Far a - way, To thee so fond - ly our

Hap - py home be - yond the o - cean tide, Far a - way, Far a - way, Far a - way, Far a - way, To thee so fond - ly our

hearts turn to-day. Tra la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la.

Tra la la la la la, la la la la.

hearts turn to-day. Tra la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la.

SUNBEAMS.

1. The mer - ry lit - tle sun - beams, Are flit - ting here and there, The joy - ous lit - tle sun - beams, Are

2. They kiss a - way the dew - drops That hang up - on the flowers, They lift the ha - zy mist - ing, Up -

3. Kind words are lit - tle sun - beams, That spar - kle as they fall, And lov - ing smiles are sun - beams, A

4. O spread these lit - tle sun - beams, Free as the balm - y air, That all in sor - row's dark - ness Their

dane - ing ev - ery where, They're com - ing with the morn - ing light, And chas - ing far the gloom - y night.

on the syl - van bowers, They bring each one its lit - tle spark, To drive a - way all shad - ows dark.

light of joy to all; In sor - row's eye they dry the tear, And bring the faint - ing heart good cheer.

joy - ous light may share: Their light re - flect - ed on your heart, Will make its shad - ow all de - part.

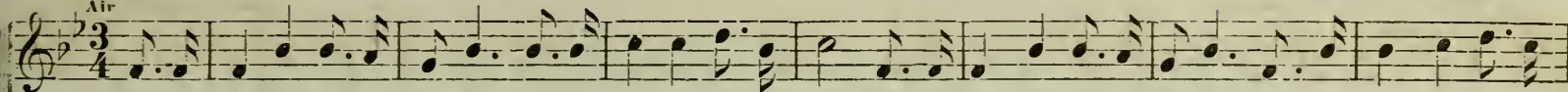
HOME, A SHELTER FROM THE STORM.

105

Moderato.

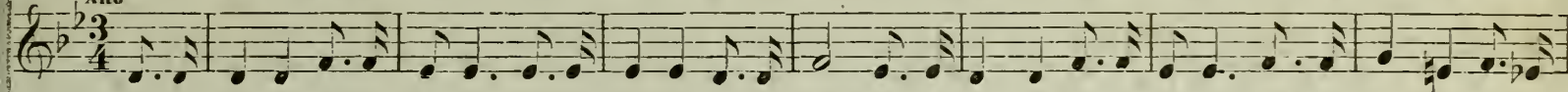
By DR. D. C. ESTES

Air



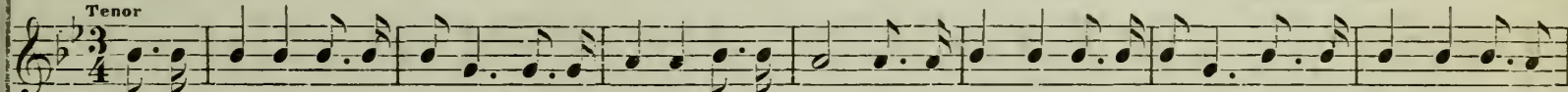
1. Tho' our way is dark and drea-ry, And we toil from day to day; While the heart is sad and wea-ry, Shines at home a cheer-ful

Alto

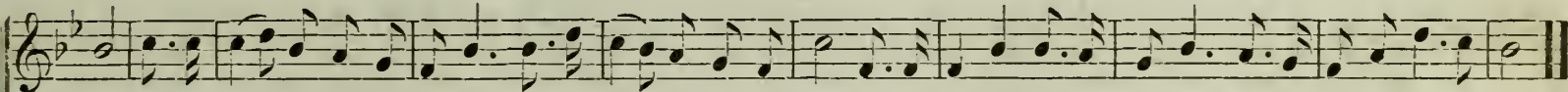
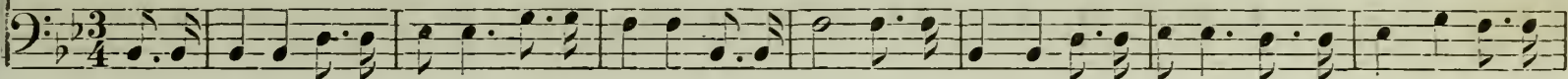


2. Tho' we err, yet in our sad-ness, There's a shel-ter from the storm; Just as in our days of glad-ness Hearts at home are true and

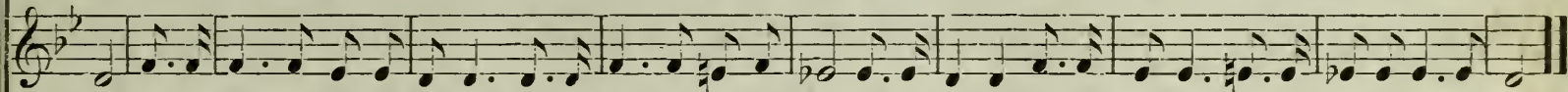
Tenor



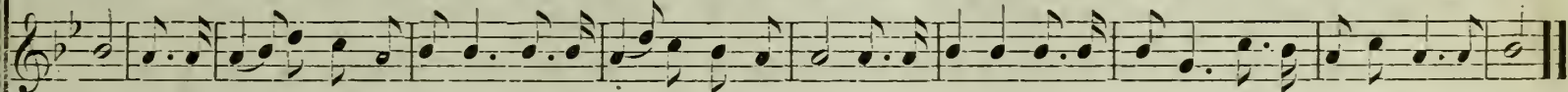
3. Tho' re-ject-ed, love may tear us, With its tortures and its grief; Here are hearts that kind-ly bear us, Thro' af-fec-tions pow'r—re-



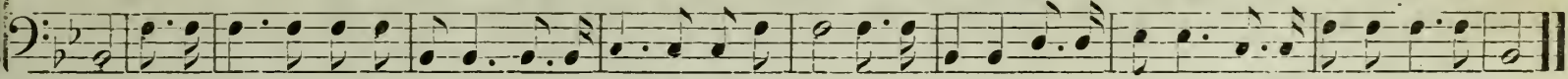
ray; Kind-ly words and smil-ing fa-ces, Gen-tle voi-ces as of yore: Lov-ing kiss-es and em-bra-ces, Ev-er wait us at the door.



warm; Here we turn when all for-sake us, Here we nev-er look in vain; For the sooth-ing tones that take us, Back to hope and peace a-gain.



lief; Here is ref-uge for the faint-ing, Here is health for sick-ly hearts; Here is qui-et bliss past paint-ing, And a joy that nev-er de-parts.



GROVE SONG.

Written for the Musical Festival at Rail Road Grove, Lyndonville, Vermont, August, 1869.

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

1. In aisles o'er-arched with liv-ing green, Be-neath the dome of blue, They come to grace this joy-ous scene, Our

2. Here tones of mirth and songs of glee, And love's sweet strains we'll sing; And pat-riot an-thems of the free Shall

friends, the old and new. While summer song of breeze and bird In eon-cord sweet shall fall, And swell our glad and joy-ous word, Oh!

make the arch-es ring. Oh! while our voices blend, as one, May all our spir-its move, To find the per-feet u-ni-son Of

GROVE SONG—CONTINUED.

107

First system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are written below the staves.

wel-come, wel-come, all! As Na-ture's voic-es sweet-ly blend, In grand, har-mo-nious song, So let the hearts of friend with

friendship, truth and love. And when to dis-tant homes we go, From Mu-sic's fane, so fair, May pure, sweet influence round us

Second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The piano part features a change in time signature to 8/8 in the second measure of the system. The lyrics continue below the staves.

friend, Ac-cord-ant tones pro-long. This peaceful grove shall seem a shrine Where Music loves to dwell; As here, in notes al-

flow, And so at-tend us there. And may the fes-tal songs we raise, As swift the bright hours fly, At-tune our souls for

GROVE SONG—CONCLUDED.

most di - vine, Her songs of praise we swell. Oh, wel - come! 'tis our joy - ous word, Oh, wel - come, wel - come all! While

no - bler praise, In heav'n - ly homes on high. Oh, wel - - come, welcome, welcome all!

Oh, wel - come! 'tis our joy - ous song, Oh, wel - come, wel - come all, While

sum - mer song of breeze and bird, In con - cord sweet shall fall. Oh, welcome all, Oh, welcome all.

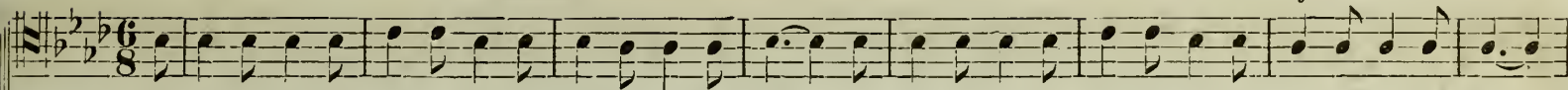
Oh, wel - - come all, Oh, wel - come all, Oh, welcome all, Oh, welcome all

sum - mer song of breeze and bird, In con - cord sweet shall fall. Oh, welcome, welcome all, Oh, welcome, welcome all.

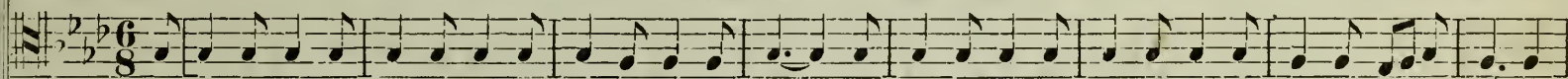
O, IF I HAD TO BE A BIRD.—Quartet for Male Voices.

109

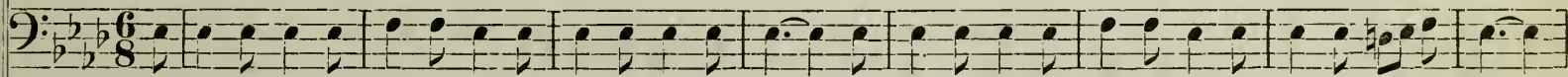
By PRO PHUNDO BASSO



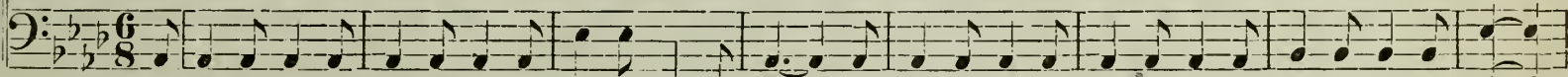
1. O, if I had to be a bird, It would not be a lark, To rise so ear-ly in the morn And go to bed at dark.



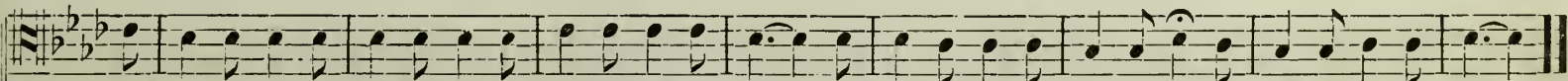
2 I would not be a snipe or quail, It would n't be much fun, To see the no-ble sportsman come A-round with dog and gun.



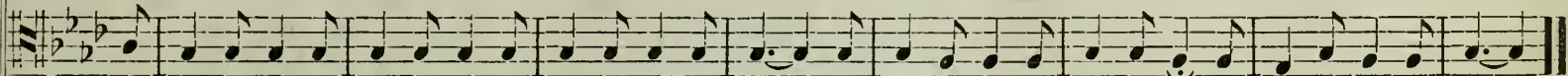
3. But if I had to be a bird Of an-y kind, then I Would be a gay ca-na-ry bird, And now I'll tell you why;



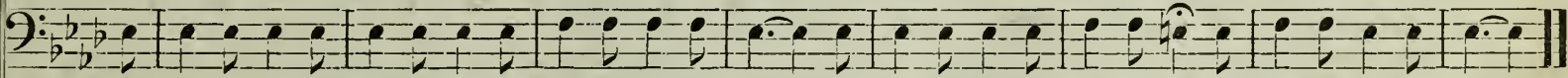
4. And to some charming crea-ture, you Can breathe your love in song, And war-ble out your roun-de-lays Right to her, sweet and strong;



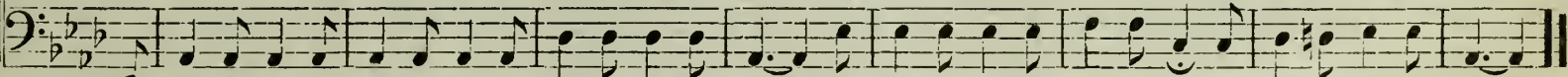
I would not be an ea-gle, no, The king of birds (so called): I would not be his ma-jes-ty For fear I might be bald



Nor would I be a cack-ling chick, For when this mor-tal coil Was shuf-fled off, my qui-et life Might fin-ish in a broil.



Be-cause you'r treated hand-some-ly, And if you on-ly sings, Gets cut-tle fish and chick-a weed, And lots of cake and things



She'll call you all the dear-est names, You'll live in her bou-doir! Now if you had to be a bird, Ain't this worth liv-ing for?

WINTER SONG.

W. J. RAEJOHNS.

1. The gen - tle spring has pass'd a - way, The sum - mer flow'rs are gone..... And not a Rob - in, all the
 2. The chill - ing winds so sad - ly moan, The win - try storms go by..... And o'er the mead - ows brown and

1. The gen - tle spring has pass'd a - way, The sum - mer flow'rs are gone, are gone, And not a Rob - in, all the
 2. The chill - ing winds so sad - ly moan, The win - try storms go by, go by, And o'er the mead - ows brown and

are
go

gone.....
by.....

day Sings in the fields for - lorn..... The with - ered leaves have flown a - way From ev - 'ry for - est, for - est
 lone, The drift - ing snow-flakes fly..... The sing - ing brooks are fro - zen dry, The wa - ter - fall is still, is

day Sings in the fields for - lorn..... The with - ered leaves have flown a - way From ev - 'ry for - est, for - est
 lone, The drift - ing snow-flakes fly..... The sing - ing brooks are fro - zen dry, The wa - ter - fall is still, is

WINTER SONG.---Continued.

111

REFRAIN.

tree; Oh! hast - en back, then, hap - py May, The dear - est month for me! O, love - ly May! re-
still; And not a stream - let spark - les more, Up - on the dis - tant hill.

O, love - ly

tree; Oh! hast - en back, then, hap - py May, The dear - est month for me! Re - turn, O, love - ly
still; And not a stream - let spark - les more, Up - on the dis - tant hill.

turn and ev - er, ev - er stay; My birds and flow'rs and joy - ous hours, Bring back, Bring

May, and ev - er stay; My birds and flow'rs and joy - ous hours, Bring back, Bring back, Bring

May, Re - turn, and ev - er stay; My birds and flow'rs and joy - ous hours, Bring back. Bring

WINTER SONG.—Concluded.

back, Bring back, Oh! dear - est May! Re - turn..... Re - turn..... Re - turn.....

back, Bring back, Bring back, Oh! dear - est May! Re - turn, Re - turn..... Re - turn..... Re - turn, Re - turn.

back..... Bring back, Oh! dear - est May! Re - turn,..... Re - turn,..... Re - turn.

Re - turn..... Re - turn..... Re - turn.....

THANKSGIVING.

B. R. H.

Joyfully.

1. Har-vest fields with gold - en grain, La-den branch es bend - ing low; Crowd - ed gar-ners, clos - ing year, Sing, Thanks-giv-ing - time is here.

2. Lord, we know not how to tell All the thanks our hearts that swell; Hearts that, full of grate - ful cheer, Sing, Thanks-giv-ing - time is here.

3. All we have, Oh, Lord! is Thine, Un - to Thee we all re - sign While Thy chil-dren, Fa - ther dear, Sing, Thanks-giv-ing - time is here.

9. On each gar - ner and each home, Let Thy crown-ing bless - ing come; While we, nigh the clos - ing year. Sing, Thanks-giv-ing - time is here.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

113

Allegro Moderato.

Words by Miss LILLIE A. BROSS.

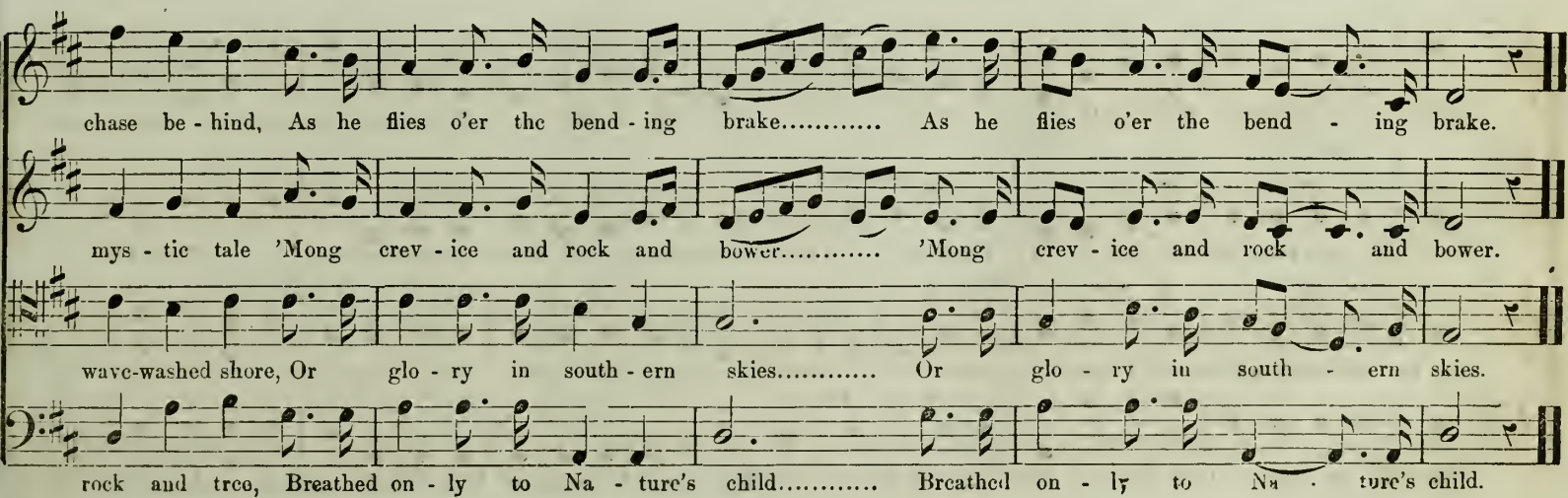


1. There's a wild, free life in the rush - ing wind, And a smile on the sleep - ing lake; The young fawn recks not the

2. There's beau - ty in ev - ery low - ly vale, And a love - dream on each flower; A sol - emn awe and a

3. You may sing of the prai - rie o'er and o'er, With its beau - ty that nev - er dies; You may tread the rock - y

4. But, oh! there's a ho - lier spell for me In the for - est dark and wild There's a language in ev - ery



chase be - hind, As he flies o'er the bend - ing brake..... As he flies o'er the bend - ing brake.

mys - tic tale 'Mong crev - ice and rock and bower..... 'Mong crev - ice and rock and bower.

wave-washed shore, Or glo - ry in south - ern skies..... Or glo - ry in south - ern skies.

rock and tree, Breathed on - ly to Na - ture's child..... Breathed on - ly to Na - ture's child.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Moderato.
Alr.

Words by HORACE GREELEY.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. O, God! our way thro' darkness leads, But Thine is living light; Teach us to feel that Day succeeds To each slow-wearing Night;

2. Too long th' oppressor's iron heel The saintly brow has pressed; Too oft the tyrant's murd'rous steel Has pierced the guiltless breast;

3. We walk in shad-ow! thick-est walls Do man from man di-vide; Our broth-ers spurn our ten-derest calls, Our ho-liest aims de-ride;

4. Wrath clouds our sky; War lifts on high His flag of' erim-son stain! Each mon-strous birth o'er-spreads the earth In Bat-tle's go-ry train;

Make us to know, tho' Pain and Woe Be-set our mor-tal lives, That Ill at last in death lies low, And on-ly Good sur-vives.

Yet in our souls the seed shall lie, Till Thou shall bid it thrive, Of stead-fast faith that Wrong shall die, And on-ly Right sur-vive.

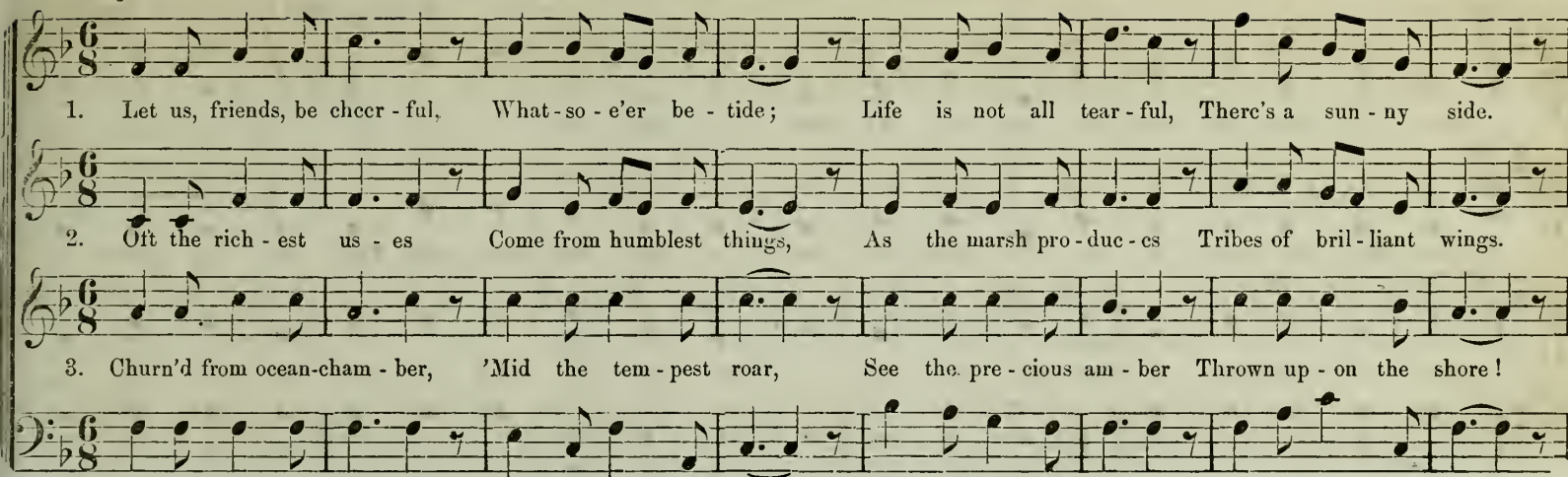
Yet tho' fell Craft, with fiend-ish thought, Its sub-tle web con-trives, Still Falsehood's textures shrink to naught, And on-ly Truth sur-vives

Yet still we trust in God the Just, Still keep our faith a-live, That 'neath Thine eye all hate shall die, And on-ly Love sur-vive.

COMPENSATION.

115

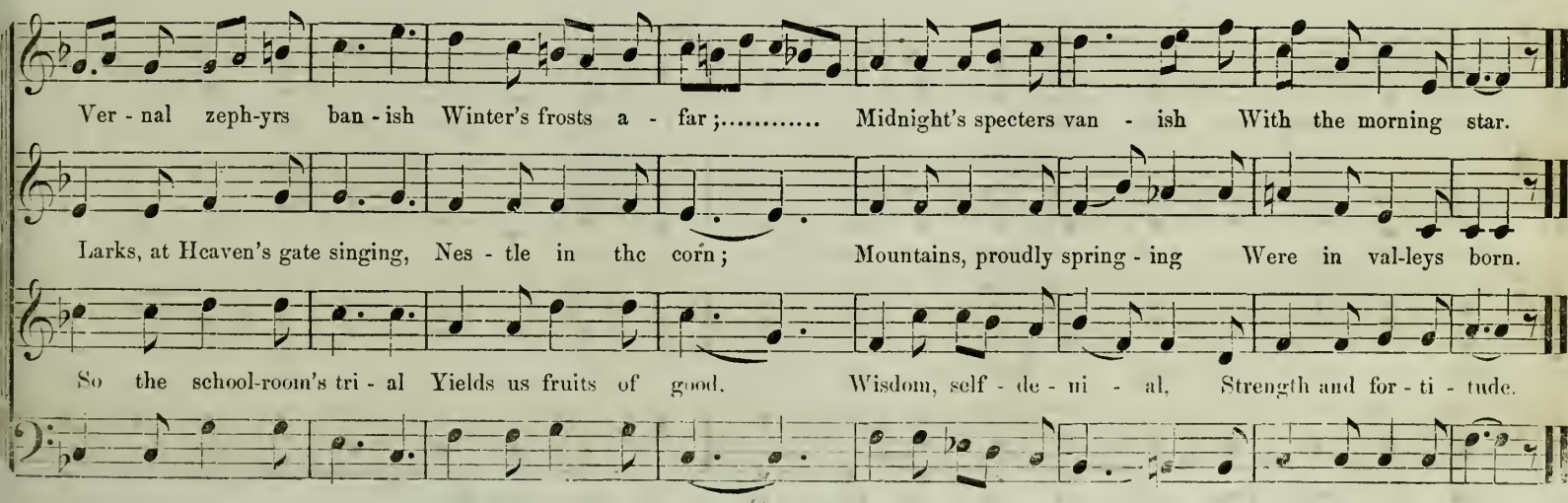
Allegro.



1. Let us, friends, be cheer - ful, What - so - e'er be - tide; Life is not all tear - ful, There's a sun - ny side.

2. Oft the rich - est us - es Come from humblest things, As the marsh pro - duc - es Tribes of bril - liant wings.

3. Churn'd from ocean - cham - ber, 'Mid the tem - pest roar, See the pre - cious am - ber Thrown up - on the shore!



Ver - nal zeph - yrs ban - ish Winter's frosts a - far ;..... Midnight's specters van - ish With the morning star.

Larks, at Heaven's gate singing, Nes - tle in the corn; Mountains, proudly spring - ing Were in val - leys born.

So the school-room's tri - al Yields us fruits of good. Wisdom, self - de - ni - al, Strength and for - ti - tude.

OUR CAUSE SPEEDS ON!---Temperance.

Words and Music by JAMES. R. MURRAY

With energy.

Air

1. Our cause speeds on! our cause speeds on! We shout in glad de - vo - tion, The no - ble cause of

2. We sing the praise of wa - ter pure, That gush - es from the foun - tain That gen - tly glides a

3. Our cause speeds on, it must speed on, Till ev - 'ry son and daugh - ter, Of fa - ther Ad - am

4. O, glo - rious is our bat - tle - field, And glo - rious is our sto - ry; We'll march from win - ning,

Chorus.

Ab - sti - nence; From Pine - land to the o - cean. O, wa - ter pure! O, wa - ter bright! We

long the vale; And rush - es down the moun - tain. O, wa - ter, &c.

shall u - nite To sing in praise of wa - ter. O, wa - ter pure! O, wa - ter bright! We

on to win, From glo - ry un - to glo - ry. O, wa - ter, &c.

OUR CAUSE SPEEDS ON.---Concluded.

117

bleſs, for thee, he ho - ly giv - er, O wa - ter pure! O wa - ter bright! We pledge our - ſelves to thee for - ev - er.

bleſs, for thee, the ho - ly giv - er, O wa - ter pure! O wa - ter bright! We pledge our - ſelves to thee for - ev - er.

PINING FOR THE OLD FIRESIDE.

Words by JOSEPHINE FURMAN.

Copyrighted, and Published in ſheet form by ROOR & Cady. Price 35 cents.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Cantabile.

1. I long for a romp 'neath the old elm's ſhade, A ſtroll where the brook in its beau - ty play'd; A
 2. I long for a roam in the wood - y dell, A hunt for the roſe and the ſweet hare - bell, The
 3. I long for the lark's ev - er glee - ful flight, The bright tran - ſient ſheen of the moon's ſil - v'ry light: I
 4. I long with the lov'd ones a - gain to be there, To build in the fire - light thoſe cas - tles of air; To

skip and a dance o'er the ver - dant plain, And a quaint old song brings me joy a - gain: A - way o'er the past my
 sun's gor-geous dies at the close of day, And a sweet childish dream on the scent - ed hay: My old rus - tic home, my
 gaze at the bil - low - y fields of grain, And I list to my spir - it-harp's low re - frain: O'er life's storm - y sea my
 see but a - gain that once hap - py throng, For my heart's all wea - ry, a wait - ing so long: O, bear me a - way o'er

CHORUS.
 Air

spir - it doth glide, To a song and a smile by the old fire - side. O, bear me a - way o'er old o - cean tide, I'm
 own cher - ished pride, Think's there's noth - ing so dear as thy old fire - side.
 tho'ts ealm - ly ride, The dear eir - cle to join round the old fire - side.
 old o - cean's tide, I am pin - ing for home and the old fire - side.

Alto
 O, bear me a - way o'er old o - cean tide, I'm

Tenor
 O, bear me a - way o'er old o - cean tide, I'm

PINING FOR THE OLD FIRESIDE.---Concluded.

119

Ritard

pin-ing for home and the old fire-side; O, bear me a-way o'er old o-cean's tide, I'm pin-ing for home and the old fire-side.

pin-ing for home and the old fire-side; O, bear me a-way o'er old o-cean's tide, I'm pin-ing for home and the old fire-side.

pin-ing for home and the old fire-side; O, bear me a-way o'er old o-cean's tide, I'm pin-ing for home and the old fire-side.

REFRAIN.
Temp.

Pin-ing, pin-ing, pin-ing for the old fire-side; Pin-ing pin-ing, pin-ing for the old fire-side.

Pin-ing, pin-ing, pin-ing, pin-ing for the old fire-side; Pin-ing, pin-ing, pin-ing, pin-ing for the old fire-side.

Pin-ing. pin-ing, pin-ing, pin-ing for the old fire-side; Pin-ing pin-ing, pin-ing, pin-ing for the old fire-side.

Pin-ing, pin-ing, pin-ing, pin-ing,

SONG OF SPRING.

"BEAU TEMPS."

1. Sweet airs from sun - ny lands Steal to our north - ern elime; We think of bird and bloom, Of
 2. We think of springs that came, And passed, and are no more; We won - der if this year Their
 3. We think of springs to come, When we shall find with tears, Some blos - som lost from sight, That

sum-mer's gold - en prime; Of clouds that pass at dawn, Of night's still mys-tic hour, The pride and glow of
 beau - ty will re - store; We dream un - til the wind That goes so soft - ly by, Seems full of sweet re -
 now our joy ap - pears; We think of that fair spring, Which yet our souls shall see, Those blos - soms can - not

*The small notes are intended for the third verse

SONG OF SPRING.—Concluded

121

CHORUS. Air

noon, Of sun, and shade, and shower. Oh, spring is ev - er sweet, Is ev - er strange-ly fair; And
gret, For all bright things that die.
die, Whose peace will end - less be.

Alto

Oh, spring is ev - er sweet, Is ev - er strange-ly fair; And

Tenor

Oh, spring is ev - er sweet, Is ev - er strange-ly fair; And

thoughts of peace are come, On ev - ery stir - ring air; On ev - ery stir - ring air.

whis - pers from the past, Come with each stir - ring air; Come with each stir - ring air.

thoughts of end - less life, Come with each stir - ring air; Come with each stir - ring air.

"COME, LET US BE MERRY AND GAY."

Words by Mrs. THOMAS DODDS.

PART-SONG FOR FOUR VOICES.

Music by WILLIAM J. YOUNG.

mf *cres.*

Come, let us be mer-ry and gay, be mer-ry and gay, 'Twere i - dle and

mf

Come, let us be mer-ry and gay, be mer-ry and gay, be mer-ry and gay, 'Twere i - dle and vain to de-

mf

Come, let us be mer-ry and gay, be mer-ry and gay, and gay, be mer-ry and gay, 'Twere i - dle and vain to de-plore, The

mf

Come, let us be mer-ry and gay, be mer-ry and gay, be mer-ry and gay, and gay, be mer-ry and gay, 'Twere

dim.

vain to de-plore The dreams of our youth pass'd a-way, a - way, And joys that can cheer us no more. Tho' thorn - y our path some-times

plore The dreams of our youth pass'd a - way, a - way, a - way, And joys that can cheer us no more. Tho' thorn - y our path some-times

dreams of our youth pass'd a-way, the dreams of our youth pass'd a - way, And joys that can cheer us no more. Tho' thorn-y our path some-times be, some-times

i - dle and vain to de - plore, The dreams of our youth pass'd a - way, And joys that can cheer us no more. Tho' thorn - y our paths some-times

"COME, LET US BE MERRY AND GAY."—CONCLUDED.

123

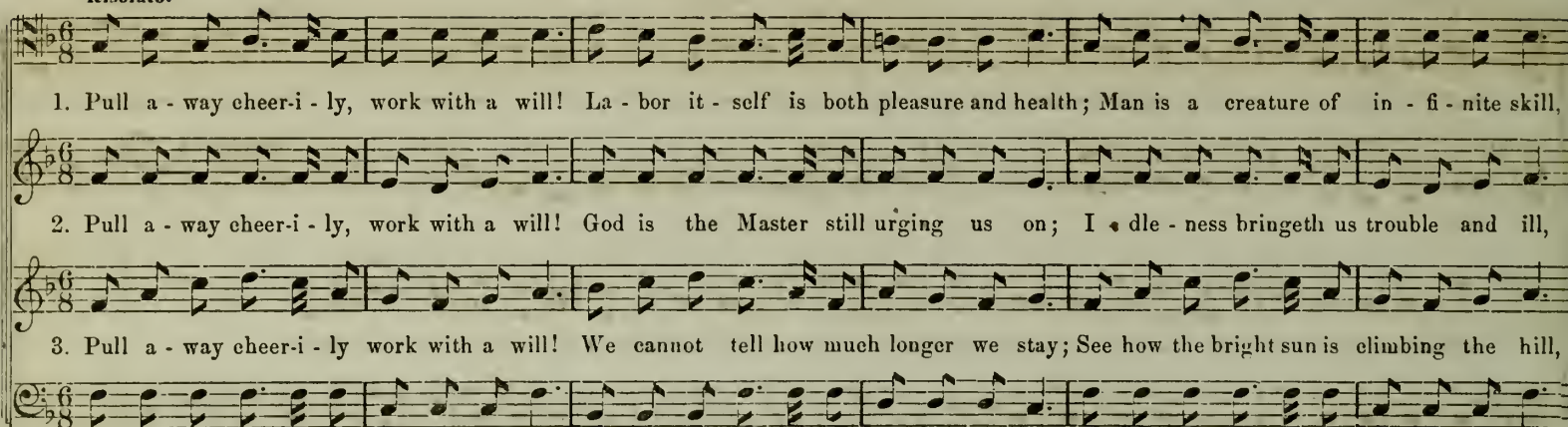
cres. *p* *cres.* *p*

be, We'll seek for life's fair bloom-ing, flow'rs, And oft in our troub-le we'll see Sweet sun shine en liv - en the hours. Come, let us be mer - ry and

cres. *sf* *f Piu mosso.* *cres.* *ff*

gay, mer-ry and gay, Come, let us be mer - ry, be mer - ry and gay, Come, let us be mer - ry and gay, be mer-ry and gay. Come, let us be mer - ry and gay... Come, let us be mer - ry, be mer - ry and gay, Come, let us be mer - ry and gay, be mer - ry and gay.

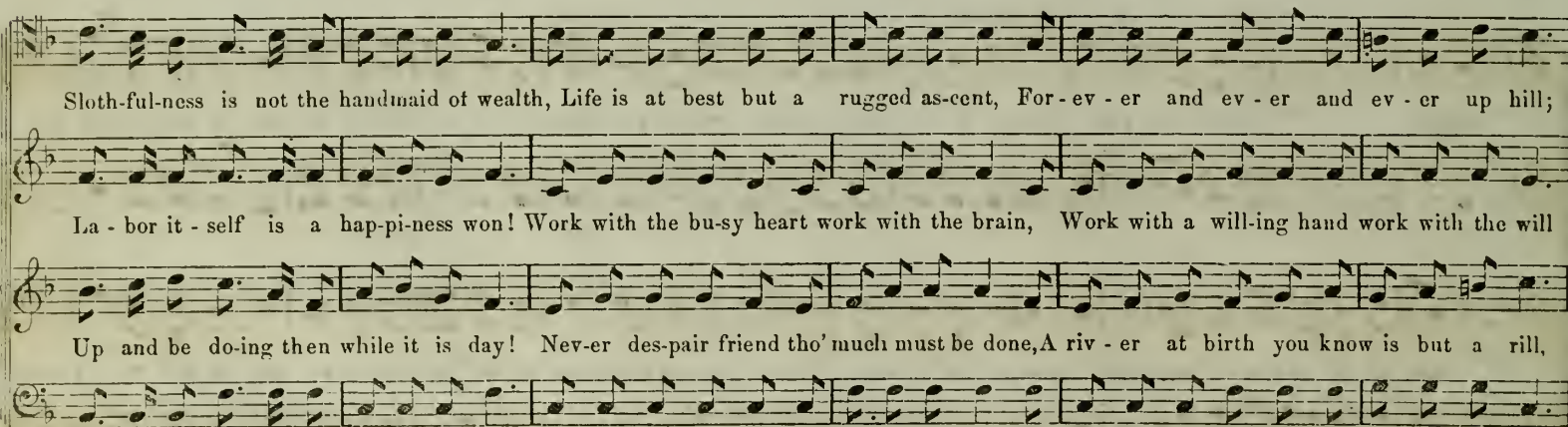
Risoluto.



1. Pull a - way cheer-i - ly, work with a will! La - bor it - self is both pleasure and health; Man is a creature of in - fi - nite skill,

2. Pull a - way cheer-i - ly, work with a will! God is the Master still urging us on; I dle - ness bringeth us trouble and ill,

3. Pull a - way cheer-i - ly work with a will! We cannot tell how much longer we stay; See how the bright sun is climbing the hill,



Sloth-ful-ness is not the handmaid of wealth, Life is at best but a rugged as-cent, For-ev - er and ev - er and ev - er up hill;

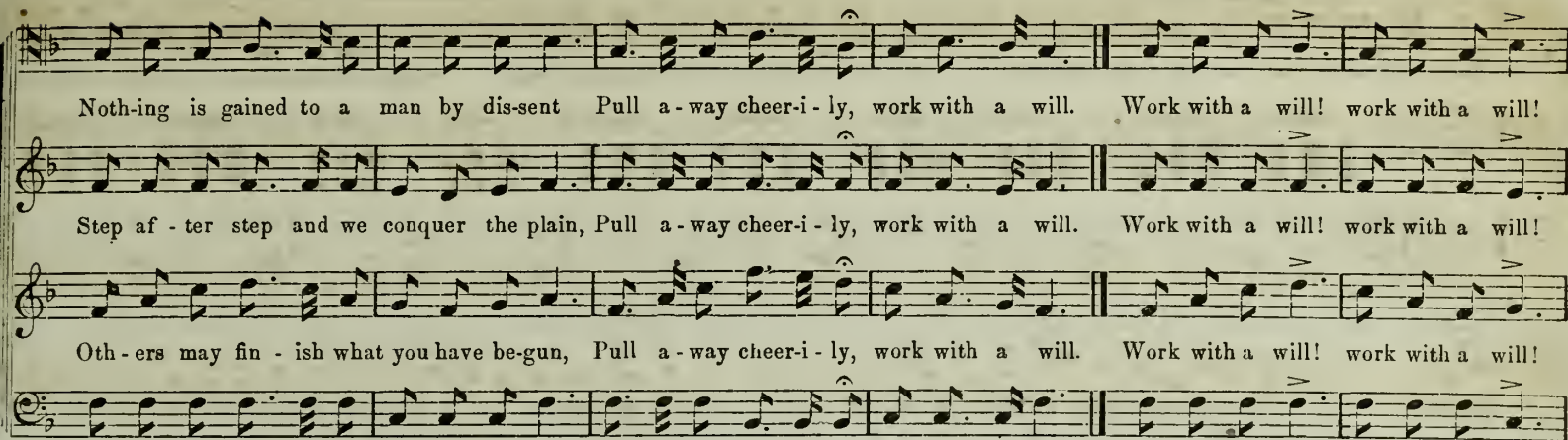
La - bor it - self is a hap-pi-ness won! Work with the bu-sy heart work with the brain, Work with a will-ing hand work with the will

Up and be do-ing then while it is day! Nev-er des-pair friend tho' much must be done, A riv - er at birth you know is but a rill,

WORK WITH A WILL.—CONCLUDED.

125

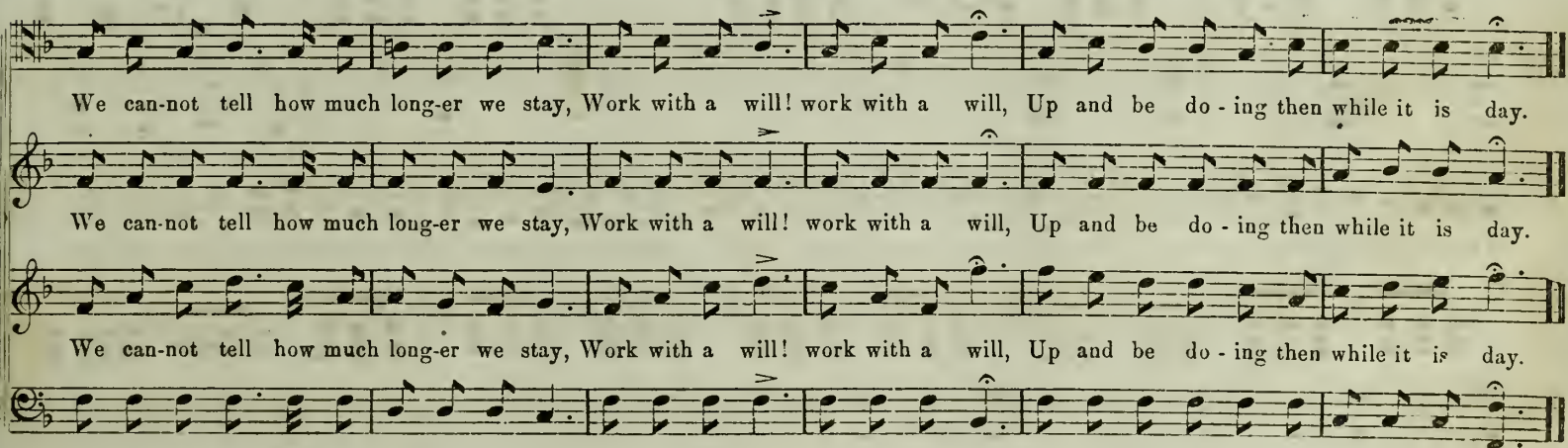
CHORUS *Faster.*



Nothing is gained to a man by dis-sent Pull a-way cheer-i-ly, work with a will. Work with a will! work with a will!

Step af-ter step and we conquer the plain, Pull a-way cheer-i-ly, work with a will. Work with a will! work with a will!

Oth-ers may fin-ish what you have be-gun, Pull a-way cheer-i-ly, work with a will. Work with a will! work with a will!



We can-not tell how much long-er we stay, Work with a will! work with a will, Up and be do-ing then while it is day.

We can-not tell how much long-er we stay, Work with a will! work with a will, Up and be do-ing then while it is day.

We can-not tell how much long-er we stay, Work with a will! work with a will, Up and be do-ing then while it is day.

YOU AND I.

Words and Music by Mrs. J. DARROW SABIN.

(TO MISS JENNIE MASTERS.)

Arranged by J. R. MURRAY.

1. There's a little low-roof'd cottage, you'll remember, In that old dear prairie home so far a - way, Where the roses bloom'd so sweetly, you'll re-

member, And the happy birds were singing all the day. Oh! that dear, dear home of childhood, so pleasant and so fair, With its

old wide-spreading Poplar tree close by, Where we sang our songs together—where we play'd the light guitar, As we sat beneath its branches—you and I.

CHORUS.



Oh! those old hap-py hours we'll re-mem-ber, When we sang our songs to-geth-er o'er and o'er, And in bright, joyous May or De-



ember, We'll not for-get those hap-py days of yore.



2.

There's a summer-shaded pathway, you'll remember,
Where so often with our class-mates we would stray,
And the school-bell's merry chiming you'll remember,
As it echo'd through the wood-land, far away.
But those loving friends are scatter'd—we'll see them there no more,
And the stranger faces now go coldly by,
In that pathway where so often, in those happy days of yore,
We were wont to kindly greet them—you and I.

3.

Though many years have fled, yet we'll remember
All the happy, loving faces that we knew;
And though other friends may fail us, we'll remember
That we ever have been constant, kind, and true.
And although along our journey the way seems sometimes drear,
And beneath life's weary burdens oft we sigh,
Yet the mem'ry of those other days will come our hearts to cheer,
When we lived and loved together—you and I.

HOME OF REST.

1. Faint - ly flow..... thou fall - ing riv - er, Like a dream..... that dies a -
 2. Ro - ses bloom..... and then they with - er, Cheeks are bright..... then fade a -

1. Faint - ly flow, thou fall - ing riv - er, Like a dream that

2. Ro - ses bloom and then they with - er, Cheeks are bright, then

way; Down to o - cean glid - ing ev - er, Keep thy calm..... un - ruf - fled
 way; Shapes of light..... are waft - ed hith - er, Then like vis - ions hur - ry

dies a - way; Down to o - cean glid - ing ev - er, Keep thy calm un -

fade a - way; Shapes of light are waft - ed hith - er, Then like vis - ions

HOME OF REST.---Concluded.

129

way: Time with such a si - lent mo - tion, Floats a - long..... on wings of
 by: Quick as clouds..... at 'eve - ning driv - en, O'er the man - y col - or'd

ruf - fled way: Time with such a si - lent mo - tion, Floats a - long on

hur - ry by: Quick as clouds at eve - ning driv - en, O'er the man - y

air, To e - ter - ni - ty's dark o - cean, Bury - ing all..... its treas - ures there.
 West, Time is bear - ing us to heav - en, Home of hap - pi - ness and rest.

wings of air, To e - ter - ni - ty's dark o - cean, Bury - ing all its treas - ures there.

col - or'd West; Time is bear - ing us to heaven, Home of hap - pi - ness and rest.

9

COME TO THE WOODLAND.

Allegretto.

G. F. R.

1. Come to the wood - land, come with me, The sum - mer morn is bright, And gai - ly the black - bird

2. Far on the mount - ain's crag - gy top We'll breathe the e - ther blue, And care not a whit how

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Come to the Woodland'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The first staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The second and third staves contain the piano accompaniment.

sings on the tree, To wel - come in the light; And fresh and strong the west - ern wind Is

rough be the way, If heart and hand be true; For health and strength, and vig - or too, Are

The second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. It follows the same three-staff format.

blow - ing o'er the lea: Then come, dear com - pan - ions, come a - way, This sum - mer morn, with me.

on the mount - ains free: Then come, dear com - pan - ions, come a - way, This sum - mer morn, with me.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the piece. It follows the same three-staff format and ends with a double bar line.

With simplicity,

Words by J. R. MURRAY.

THE LITTLE LEAF.

Music by E. W. ROOR.

131

1. I am but a lit - tle leaf, What care I? If my life be ver - y brief, What care I?

2. Though I blos - som for a day, What care I? Earth is bet - ter for my stay, What care I?

3. If I've cast a lit - tle shade, What care I? Then in vain I've not been made, What care I?

So I do my mis - sion here, What have I to dread or fear If I ear - ly dis - ap - pear— Fade and die.

Lit - tle child on moth - er's breast, Bloom - ing but a day, hath blessed Her poor heart, though now at rest, So fall I.

Du - ty done or great or small, If I in the Au - tumn fall, God who made me knows it all, He is nigh.

THE OLD YEAR.*

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Glad be the song that we raise to the sky, Let us be hap - py to night, friends, to night,

2. Fa - ces we loved have been hid from our gaze, Hearts we have cher - ished have long ceased to beat,

3. What tho' some days that are gone have been sad, Doubt - less we all have had need of the pain,

Fine.

Why should we weep tho' the old year must die, New ones are com - ing with days just as bright.

Forms ev - er dear have gone out of our ways, Wait we in vain a re - turn of their feet;

Hearts can - not al - ways be mer - ry and glad, Yet af - ter clouds comes the sun - shine a - gain:

*Sing the words in large type as a chorus after each verse.

THE OLD YEAR---Concluded.

133

Wel - come the old friends, and wel - come the new, Trib - ute of love give to friends far a - way,

Yet as we whis - per their names in our song, Thoughts of the dear ones but les - sen the pain,

So let the old year go out to his rest, Cov - er him up in the fast fall - ing snow,

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

D. C.

Wel - come to those whom the year has found true, Par - don to those who went false and a - stray.

For as the years in their flight roll a - long, Com - eth the day when we meet them a - gain.

Wel - come the new year and be it the best, Take we with thanks what it has to be - stow.

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The system concludes with a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

FAREWELL.

Words by W. TELL BARNITZ.

Music by F. W. ROOR.

Andantino.

The dew-drop is nev-er so clear As when morn - ing's first ray sees it glis - ten; And mu - sic is

As when morn - ing's first ray sees it glis - ten;

nev-er so dear As when to its last notes we list - en. We nev-er know how we have loved, Till

what we've most lov'd has de - part - ed; For the truth of af - fec - tion is prov'd..... By the

we have lov'd, Till what we've most lov'd has de - part - ed; For the truth of af - fec - tion is

what we've most lov'd has de - part - ed; For the truth of af - fec - tion is prov'd By the

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. The melody features eighth and sixteenth notes, with a long note on 'prov'd' followed by an ellipsis. The middle staff is in treble clef and continues the melody. The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below each staff, with hyphens indicating syllables across notes.

cheer - less and des - o - late heart - ed. So pleas - ures are born but to die, And are link'd to our

prov'd by the cheer-less and des - o - late heart - ed. So pleas - ures are born but to die, And are link'd to our hearts but to

cheer - less and des - o - late heart - ed. And are link'd to our

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is in treble clef and continues the melody. The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below each staff, with hyphens indicating syllables across notes.

hearts but to sev - er, Like stars shoot - ing 'thwart a dark sky, Shin - ing bright - est when fad - ing for - ev - er,

sev - er, Like stars shoot - ing 'thwart a dark sky..... Shin - ing bright - est when fad - ing for - ev - er,

hearts but to sev - er, Like stars shoot - ing 'thwart a dark sky, Shin - ing bright - est when fad - ing for - ev - er, Shin - ing

Shin - ing bright - est when fad - ing for - ev - er, for - ev - er, for - ev - er, for - ev - er.

Semper dim..... pp

Shin - ing bright - est when fad - ing for - ev - er, for - ev - er, for - ev - er, for - ev - er.

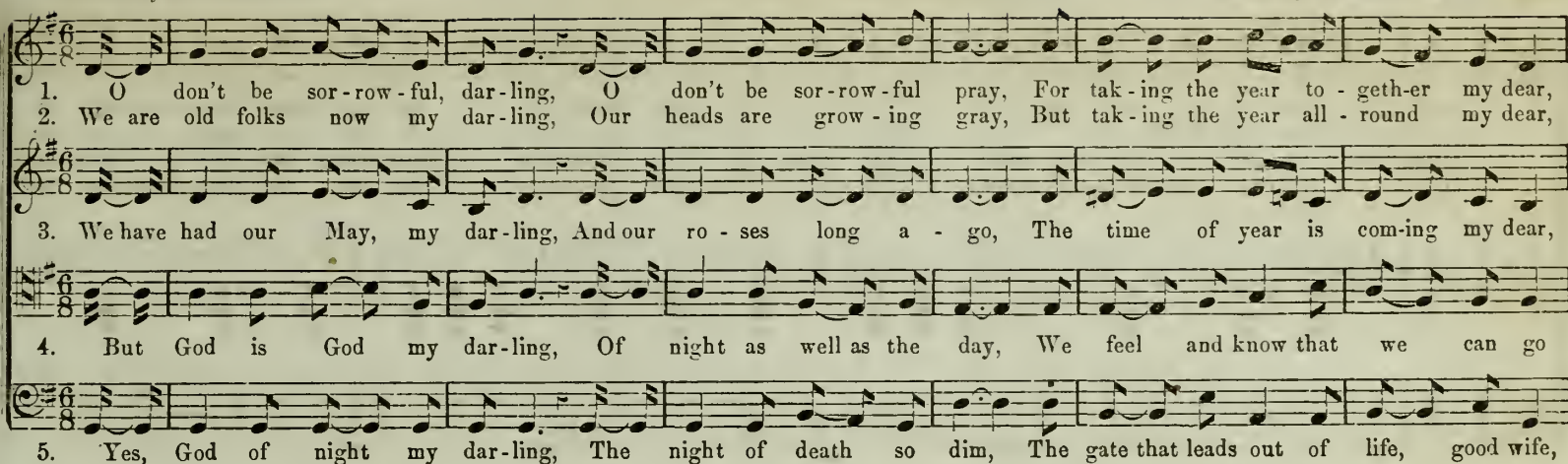
bright - est when fad - ing for - ev - er.

OLD FOLKS.

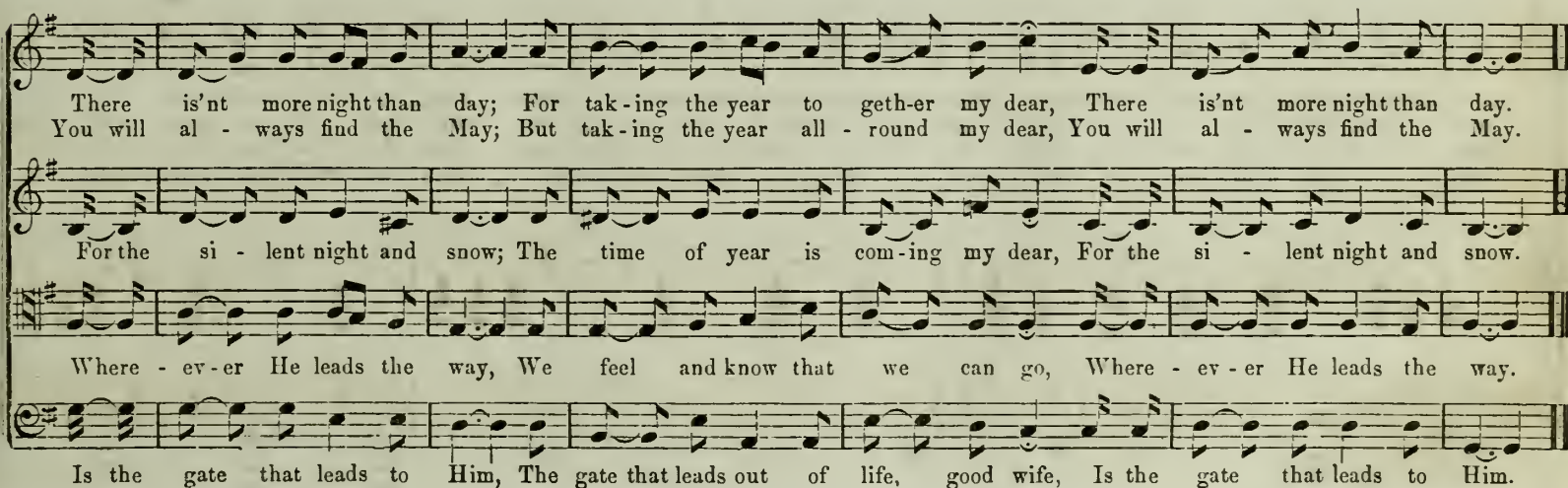
137

Words by A. PROCTOR.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.



1. O don't be sor-row-ful, dar-ling, O don't be sor-row-ful pray, For tak-ing the year to-geth-er my dear,
 2. We are old folks now my dar-ling, Our heads are grow-ing gray, But tak-ing the year all-round my dear,
 3. We have had our May, my dar-ling, And our ro-ses long a-go, The time of year is com-ing my dear,
 4. But God is God my dar-ling, Of night as well as the day, We feel and know that we can go
 5. Yes, God of night my dar-ling, The night of death so dim, The gate that leads out of life, good wife,



There isn't more night than day; For tak-ing the year to-geth-er my dear, There isn't more night than day.
 You will al-ways find the May; But tak-ing the year all-round my dear, You will al-ways find the May.
 For the si-lent night and snow; The time of year is com-ing my dear, For the si-lent night and snow.
 Where-ev-er He leads the way, We feel and know that we can go, Where-ev-er He leads the way.
 Is the gate that leads to Him, The gate that leads out of life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him.

FOES AND FRIENDS.

Moderato.

Words by ELLEN H. FLAGG.

Copyrighted, and Published in sheet form by Root & Cady. Price 35 cents.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Two sol - diers ly - ing as they fell, Up - on the red - dened clay, In day - time foes, at night in
 2. "A - mong New-Hampshire's snow-y hills, There pray for me to night, A wo - man and a lit - tle
 3. Then spoke the oth - er dy - ing man, "A - cross the Geor - gia plain, There watch and wait for me, loved
 4. The dy - ing lips the par - don breathe, The dy - ing hands en - twine: The last ray dies, and o - ver

peace, Breath'd there their lives a - way: Brave hearts had stir'd each man - ly breast, Fate, on - ly, made them foes; And
 girl, With hair like gold - en light;" And at the thought, broke forth at last The cry of an - guish wild; That
 ones I'll nev - er see a - gain; A lit - tle girl, with dark bright eyes, Each day is at the door, The
 all the stars of heav - en shine; And now the girl with gold - en hair, And she with dark eyes bright, On

FOES AND FRIENDS.—Concluded.

139

CHORUS.

Air

ly - ing, dy - ing, side by side, A soft - ened feel - ing rose. They'll go no more to the loved homes here,
would no long - er be re - pressed, "O God! my wife, my child!"
fa - ther's step, the fa - ther's kiss, Will nev - er greet her more."
Hampshire's hills, and Geor - gia's plain, Were fa - ther - less that night.

Alto

They'll go no more to the loved homes here.

Tenor

They'll go no more to the loved homes here.

Base

But to - geth - er both will wait For the sun - ny - haired and bright-eyed ones, Be - yond the gold - en gate.
But to - geth - er both will wait For the sun - ny - haired and bright-eyed ones, Be - yond the gold - en gate.
But to - geth - er both will wait For the sun - ny - haired and bright-eyed ones, Be - yond the gold - en gate.

HOME AGAIN.

Words and Music by W. J. R.

Moderato.

1. Home a - gain! Home a - gain! From the dis - tant lands, where roam - ing Wea - ry heart-ed, sad and lone; Hath the

2. Home a - gain! Home a - gain! Where fond hearts im - pa - tient wait - ing Hold the dis - tant one en - shrin'd In some

3. Home a - gain! Home a - gain! Then when lov - ing arms sur - round him, Lov - ing eyes are on him turn'd, Lov - ing

trav'ler oft be - thought him Of the dear ones in his home; From the scenes of man - y dangers Fraught with

care - ful garnish'd cor - ner Of the heart or of the mind; Where the flow - ers seem the sweetest Ev - er

lips dis - clos - ing fears and hopes In lov - ing hearts that burn'd; Life doth seem some heav'nly vis - ion. And the

HOME AGAIN.—CONCLUDED.

141



grief and filled with pain, Oh! what joy to come and swell the cry of Home! Home a - gain!

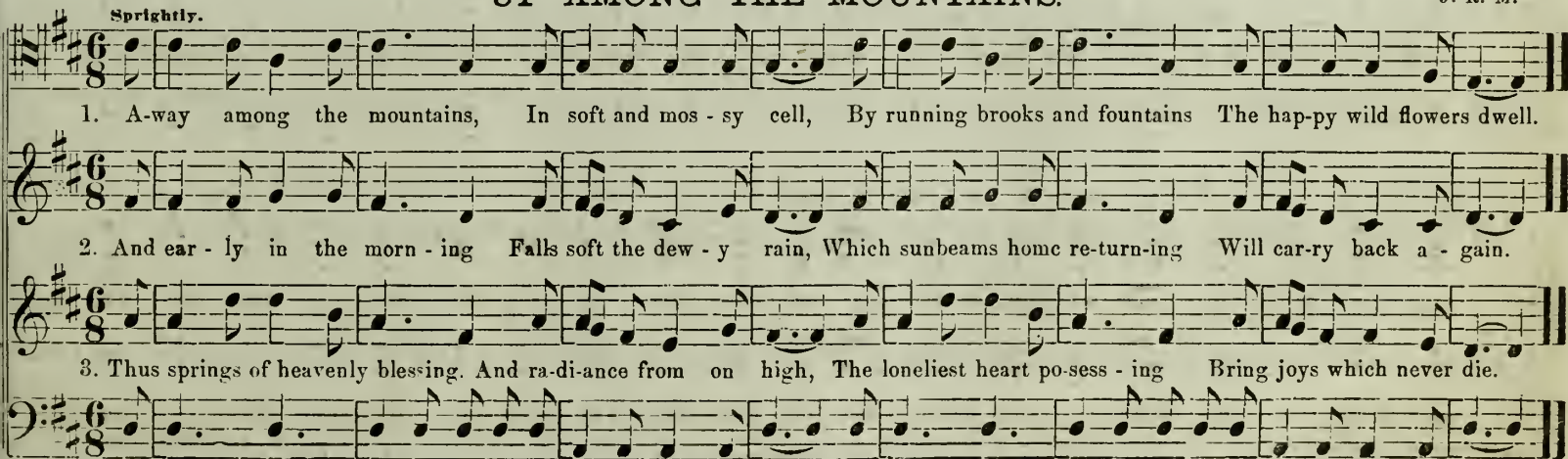
grown on field or plain, And the ver - y trees re - peat the cry of Home! Home a - gain!

wand'rer thinks that pain, Ab - sence, all were naught, to win this joy of Home! Home a - gain!

UP AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

J. R. M.

Sprightly.



1. A-way among the mountains, In soft and mos - sy cell, By running brooks and fountains The hap-py wild flowers dwell.

2. And ear - ly in the morn - ing Falls soft the dew - y rain, Which sunbeams home re-turn-ing Will car-ry back a - gain.

3. Thus springs of heavenly blessing. And ra-di-ance from on high, The loneliest heart po-sess - ing Bring joys which never die.

HAPPY ARE WE.

Respectfully dedicated to the Pupils of the Manchester High School.

Words and Music by N. B. SARGENT.

Allegretto.

1. Hap - py are we, Hap - py are we, In our songs our songs of glee; With hearts that know not

2. Hap - py are we, Hap - py are we, Sail - ing on life's troub - led sea; Tho' storms a - rise that

care or woe, We gai - ly sing where e'er we go: We gai - ly sing 'till for - ests ring, And

dim the skies, The fu - ture bright be - fore us lies: With songs to cheer and con - science clear, O,

man - y joy - ous hours we bring; With songs of glee, Hap - py are we, Hap - py, Hap - py are we.

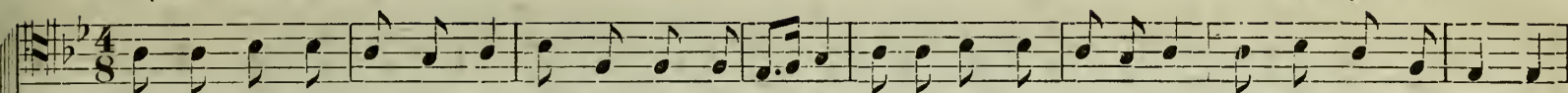
who would not be hap - py here; With songs of glee, Hap - py are we, Hap - py, Hap - py are we.

ALWAYS FRIENDS.

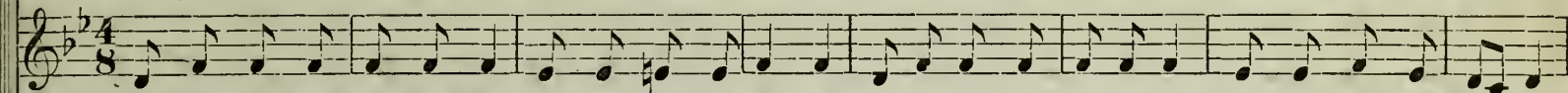
143

Words by MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

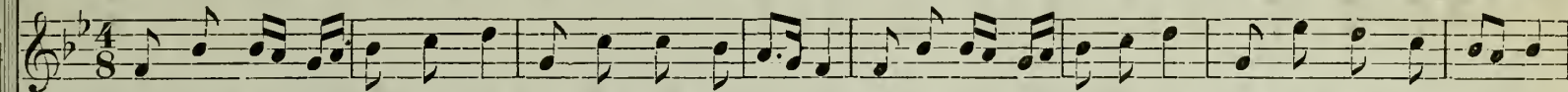
Music by J. E. MERR-Y.



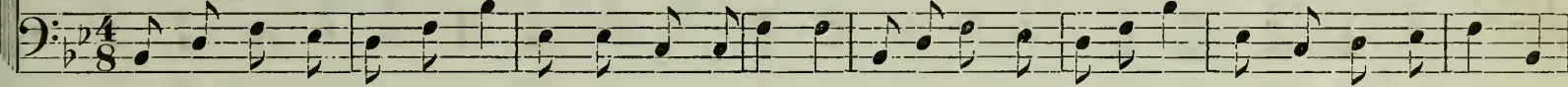
1. Al-ways friends through storm and shine, True and faith-ful ev - er, Sweet-ly shall our hearts en-twine, Naught our faith shall sev - er.



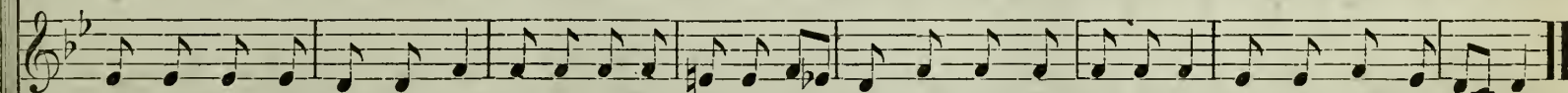
2. Al-ways friends, though far and wide, May our barks be drift - ed, And no long - er side by side, On the waves they're lift - ed;



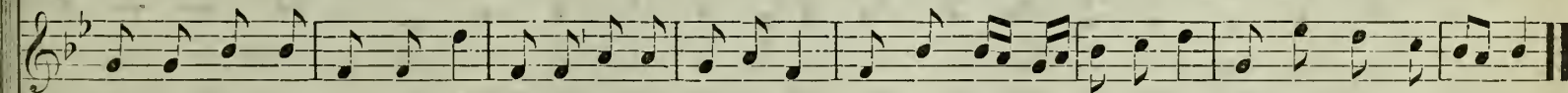
3. Al-ways friends, while life shall last, Let what will be-tide us, Till the storms of earth be past, Friendship's light shall guide us,



So let for-tune come and go, Let the day move fast or slow, Let the winds blow high or low, Love shall fail us nev - er.



Tho' the thick miles lie be-tween, Tho' the o - cean in - ter-vene, Still shall memory's golden sheen O'er the past be rift - ed.



When we reach the far - ther shore, All our toils and conflicts o'er, Those we loved so long be-fore Still shall walk be - side us.



"MY GOOD FOR NOTHING."

H. W. J.

1. What are you good for, my brave lit - tle man? An - swer that ques - tion for me if you can,
2. O - ver the car - pet, the dear lit - tle feet Came with a pat - ter to climb on my seat:

You with your fing - ers as white as a nun, You, with your ring - lets as bright as the sun;
Two mer - ry eyes, full of frol - ic and glee, Un - der their lash - es looked up un - to me:

All the day long with your bu - sy con - triv-ing, In - to all mis - chief and fun you are driv-ing;
Two lit - tle hands, press - ing soft on my face, Drew me down close in a lov - ing em - brace;

MY GOOD FOR NOTHING.---Concluded.

145

See if your wise lit - tle nod - dle can tell What you are good for, now pon - der it well."
Two ro - sy lips gave the an - swer so true, "Good to love you, mam - ma: good to love you."

TOIL ON.

Words by EBEN E. REXFORD.

Music by DR D. C. ESTES.

1. Ho' traveler o'er the moun-tain-steep, Why sink be-side the way? Toil on! there is no time for sleep, Soon will a-rise the day.
2. Ho! ea-gle, soar-ing in the sky, Sink not a-gain to earth, But toward the clouds of heav-en fly, Where had thy spir-it birth;
3. Ho! toil-er on life's bat-tle-field, Strike no-bly in the fight; Should those a-round thee sink and yield, Still bat-tle for the right.

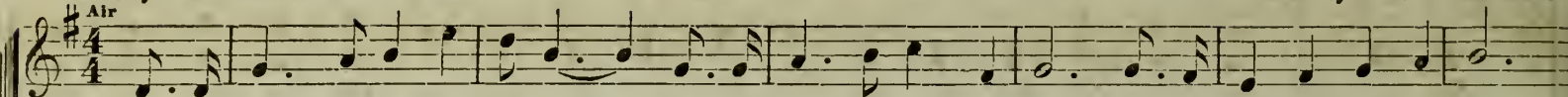
Toil on with firm, un-daunt-ed heart, Un-til the height is won; Toil on, and fill the work-er's part, Un-til the work is done.
Fly on with strong, un-droop-ing wing, And give no look be-low, Un-til you hear the an-gels sing, And see God's ro-ses blow.
Strike on and do a he-ro's part, Un-til the vic-tory's won; Toil on, with strong un-falt'-ring heart, Un-til the toil is done.

THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR LOSSES.

Words by R. H. STODDARD.

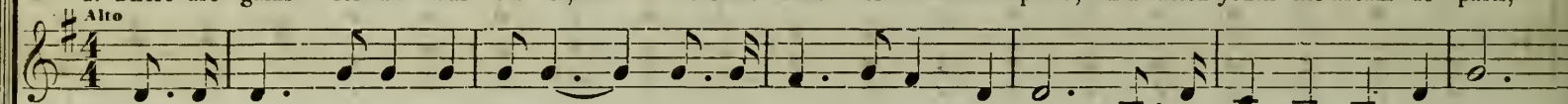
Music by Dr. A. A. SAUNDERS.

Air



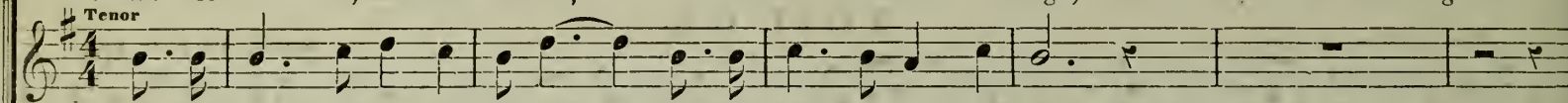
1. There are gains for all our loss - es, There are balms for all our pains; But when youth the dream de - parts,

Alto

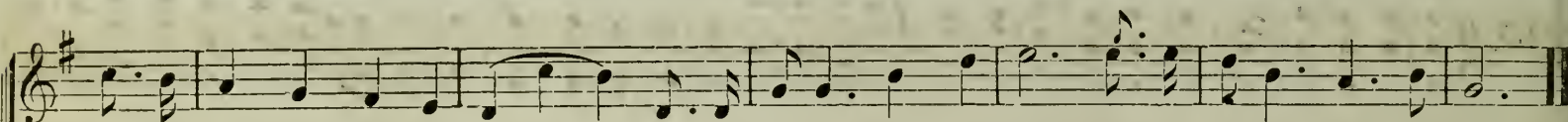
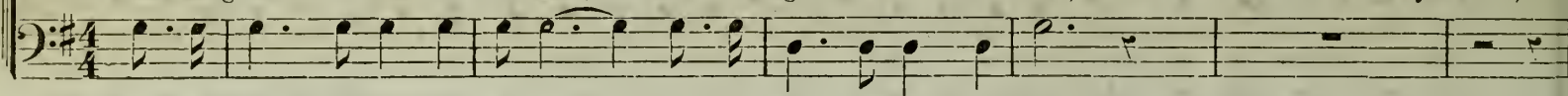


2. We are wis - er, and are bet - ter, Un - der man - hood's stern - er reign; Still we feel that some - thing sweet

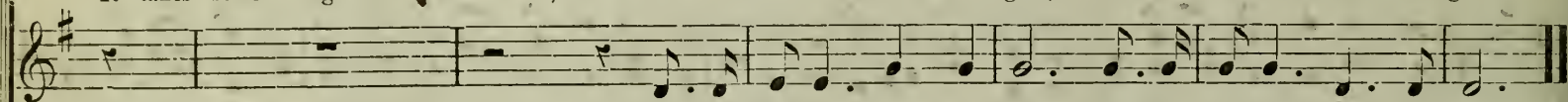
Tenor



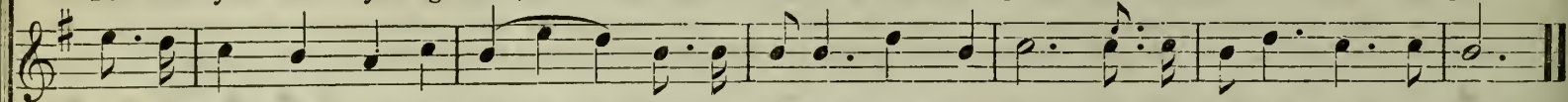
3. Some - thing beau - ti - ful is van - ished, And we sigh for it in vain; We be - hold it ev - 'ry where,



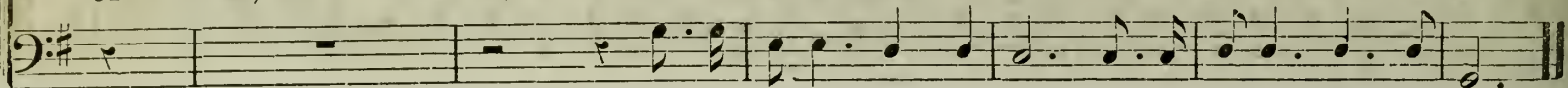
It takes some - thing from our hearts, And it nev - er eomes a - gain, And it nev - er eomes a - gain.



Fol - lowed youth with fly - ing feet, And will nev - er come a - gain, And will nev - er come a - gain.



On the earth, and in the air, But it nev - er comes a - gain, But it nev - er eomes a - gain.



SPHERES.

147

Andante. Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.

Music by H. W. J.

1. When o'er the tran-quil arch of night Go up O - ri - on and his sons; When Her - cu - les, in glo - rious might As - cends a -
2. When ris - ing from the east - ern seas, And calm - ly glid - ing up the skies, The mild and gen - tle Plei - a - des, The seven sweet
3. Up, like the he - roes of the heaven, To zen - ith highs, Oh, youth as - cend! As risc the love - ly sis - ters, seven? Up, maid - ens,

CHORUS.

mong the shin - ing ones. They find their sphere, or high or low, Where God hath called or bids them go.
 star - ry sis - ters rise. They find, &c.
 let your path - way tend. They find, &c.

They find their sphere, Or high or low, Where God hath called or bids them go.

They find their sphere, Or high or low, Where God hath called or bids them go.

NOW WE SAY FAREWELL.—ROUND, IN TWO PARTS.

From the "DOVE."

Now we say fare - well, Our pleas - ant work is done; Good bye then, good bye then all un - til to - mor - row's sun.

MAY MARTIN. Quartet and Chorus.

By M. A. B.

1. I am near to you to night, May Martin, Near-er than I've been for years—And it seem-eth scarce a day, Since I

2. It was twen-ty years a-go, May Martin, Twen-ty years this spring time sweet—When I sought you as my bride, And they

3. I am near to you to night, May Martin, Near-er than for erst be-fore, And my soul doth bless this day, For I'm

went from you a-way, And we par-ted with so ma-ny ma-ny tears, And a-las too, for so ma-ny ma-ny years.

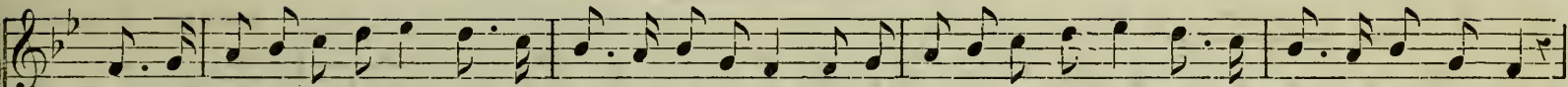
told me you had died, And I've walked them all with wea-ry wea-ry feet, Know-ing that on earth we'd nev-er nev-er meet.

pass-ing fast a-way, Fast to meet you on that bless-ed bless-ed shore, There to dwell in peace for-ev-er ev-er more.

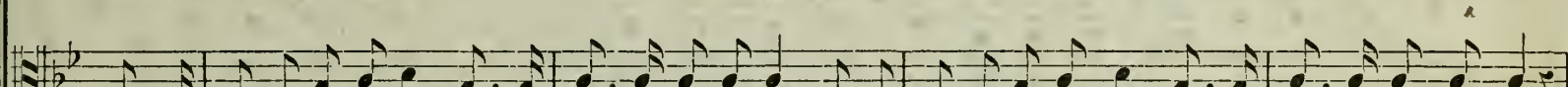
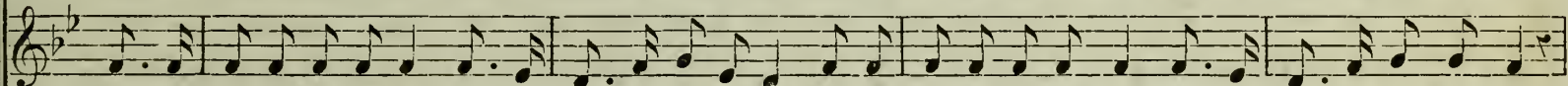
CHORUS.

MAY MARTIN.—Concluded.

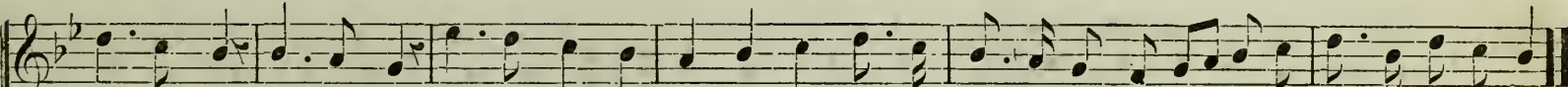
149



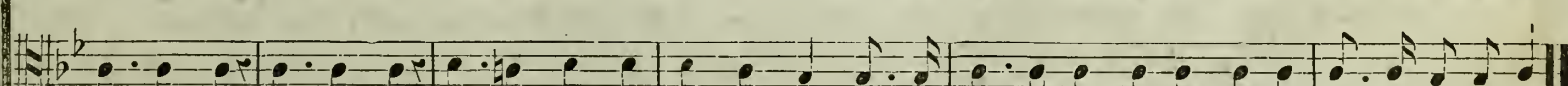
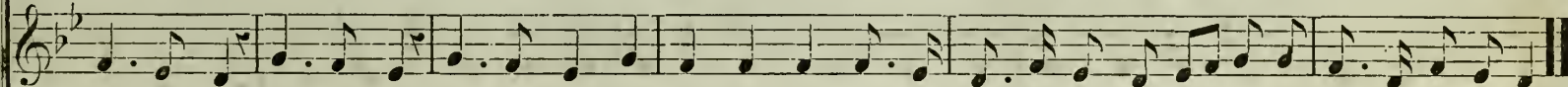
But I'm near to you to night, For a glow of Heav-en's light Falls up-on my way worn sight, And my path-way grow-eth bright.



But I'm near to you to night, For a glow of Heav-en's light Falls up-on my way worn sight, And my path-way grow-eth bright.



No more tears, no more fears, No more long and lone-ly years, For my path-way grow-eth bright I'm so near to you to night.



No more tears, no more fears, No more long and lone-ly years, For my path-way grow-eth bright I'm so near to you to night.

MOONLIGHT.

Words by M. L. STREATOR.

Music by F. W. ROOR.

Moderato e sempre staccato.

1. *pp* The sun had sunk in crim-son west, The twi-light stars were shin-ing, The moon rose full and

2. The pale moon's clear and mel-low light, O'er all the face of na-ture, New beau-ty ad-ded

3. *pp* O, love-ly moon-light! mild and fair, In thy e-the-real o-cean, Deep si-lence, and re-

lov-li-est, With light the hill-tops lin-ing. The gen-tle birds had gone to rest, The

to each sight, By soft'ning ev-ery fea-ture. It smoothed the moun-tain's rug-ged side, With

lent-ing care, Al-lure to true de-vo-tion. May we, from this mild light of love, De

MOONLIGHT.—CONCLUDED.

151

kids had stopped their roam-ing; The ea - gle too, had sought his nest, O'er bil - lows wild - ly foam - ing.
 sil - ver tinged the riv - er; And thro' the for - ests, far and wide, It danced on leaves a - quiv - er.
 part, O! nev - er, nev - er! Then in its bright - er realms a - bove, We'll live and reign for - ev - er.

MORNING.

J. R. MURRAY.

Moderato.

1. O'er the hill - top stream-ing, See the morn-ing's light; Lakes and riv - ers gleam-ing In its beams so bright!
 2. Now be - fore it flee - ing, Sweep the shades of night; Hills and val - leys wak-ing, Greet the glow-ing light.
 3. Ov - er land and o - cean Floods its gold - en streams, Earth in glad com - mo - tion, Wel-comes morning's beams!

SPARKLING WATER.

Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. Come, let us sing of fount and spring, Of brook - let, stream and riv - er, And tune our praise to Him al - ways, The

2. Down fall the show'rs to feed *the flow'rs, And in the sum - mer night - ly, The blos - soms sip, with ros - y lip, The

3. Each lit - tle bird, whose song is heard Thro' grove and mead - ow ring - ing, At stream - let's brink will blithe - ly drink To

CHORUS.

great and gra - cious Giv - er. What drink with wa - ter can com - pare, That na - ture loves so dear - ly? The sweet - est draught that

dew - drops gleam - ing brightly.

tune its voice to sing - ing. What drink with wa - ter can com - pare, That na - ture loves so dear - ly? The sweet - est draught that

SPARKLING WATER.—(CONCLUDED.)

153



can be quaff'd, Is wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, Spark-ling wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, Is wa - ter that spark - les so

Is wa - - ter, sweet wa - - ter, Is

can be quaff'd, Is wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, Spark-ling wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, Is wa - ter that spark - les so



clear - ly, Is wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, spark-ling wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, Is wa - ter that spark - les so clear-ly.

Is wa - ter, sweet wa - ter, Is

clear - ly, Is wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, spark-ling wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, Is wa - ter that spark - les so clear-ly

Words by J. R. MURRAY.

Music by F. W. ROOR.

1. O if it be that one more voice is sing - ing The song whose sweetness earth-life may not know, And

2. O if it be that by the Peace-ful Riv - er She bathes her an - gel brow in cool-ing streams; And

The first system of the musical score for 'O IF IT BE.' It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics '1. O if it be that one more voice is sing - ing The song whose sweetness earth-life may not know, And'. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics '2. O if it be that by the Peace-ful Riv - er She bathes her an - gel brow in cool-ing streams; And'. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'if it be that one more harp is ring-ing With heaven's own har-mo-nies in cease-less flow; If it be true her'.

if it be that one more harp is ring-ing With heaven's own har-mo-nies in cease-less flow; If it be true her

if it be that ev - er and for - ev - er A joy is hers beyond our fond-est dreams; If it be true the

The second system of the musical score for 'O IF IT BE.' It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'if it be that one more harp is ring-ing With heaven's own har-mo-nies in cease-less flow; If it be true her'. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'if it be that ev - er and for - ev - er A joy is hers beyond our fond-est dreams; If it be true the'. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'if it be that ev - er and for - ev - er A joy is hers beyond our fond-est dreams; If it be true the'.

eyes are now be - hold - ing, The King in all His beau - ty fair to - day; And if be - fore her ev - er more un -

Mas - ter ev - er lov - ing Hath blessed her more than our poor hearts could say; If it be true His mer - cy ev - er

fold - ing Its brightest scenes, She walks the shin - ing way;

prov - ing, He gives her Heaven and all its peace to - day;

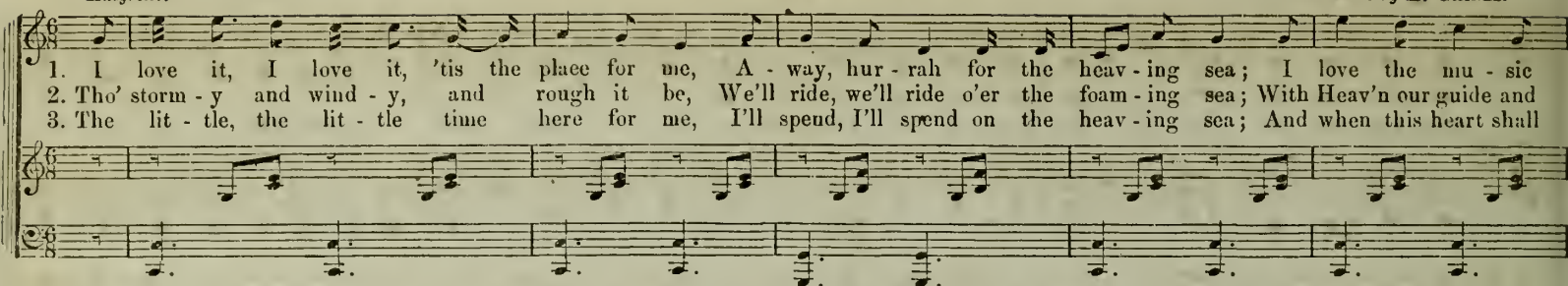
3.
Then let us not forget in bitter grieving,
The dear one's gain which makes our loss so great,
Nor let us ask one single step retrieving,
Of her who walks *within* the pearly gate.
We think too much of all the outer clothing
The true soul wears while on this little earth,
And not enough of how, (this mortal loathing)
It springs with joy to meet its heavenly birth.

4.
She does not sleep beneath the summer daisies,
(O empty faith, that binds us to the ground;)
She walks with angels, and her voice upraises
In victor songs, with brow all victor-crowned.
We close our eyes and say that we must lose her
Forever and forever from our side,
When it was only, that the Lord did choose her
To be our angel minister and guide.

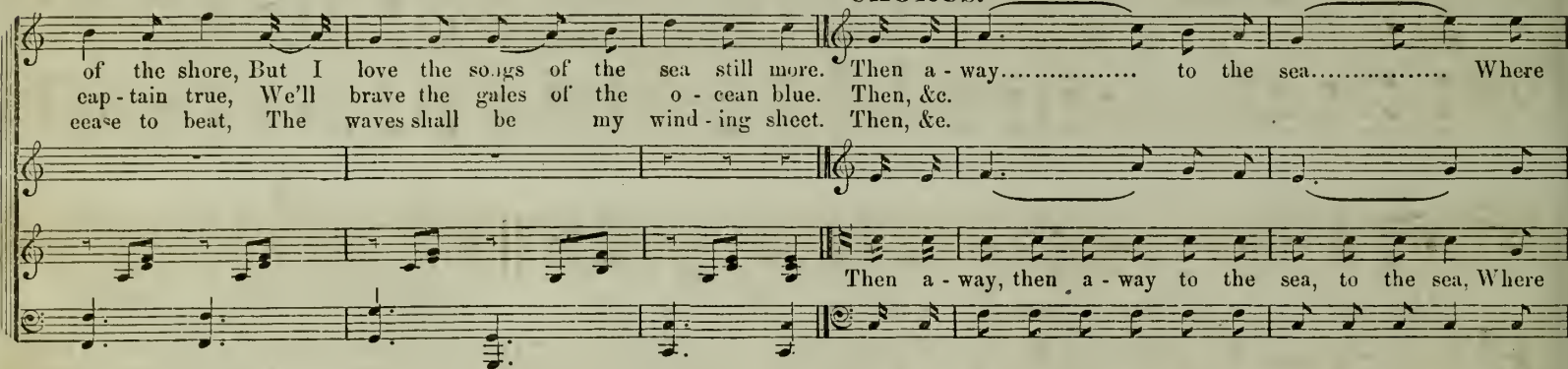
THE FOAMING SEA.

Allegretto.

Words and Music by A. GAINES.

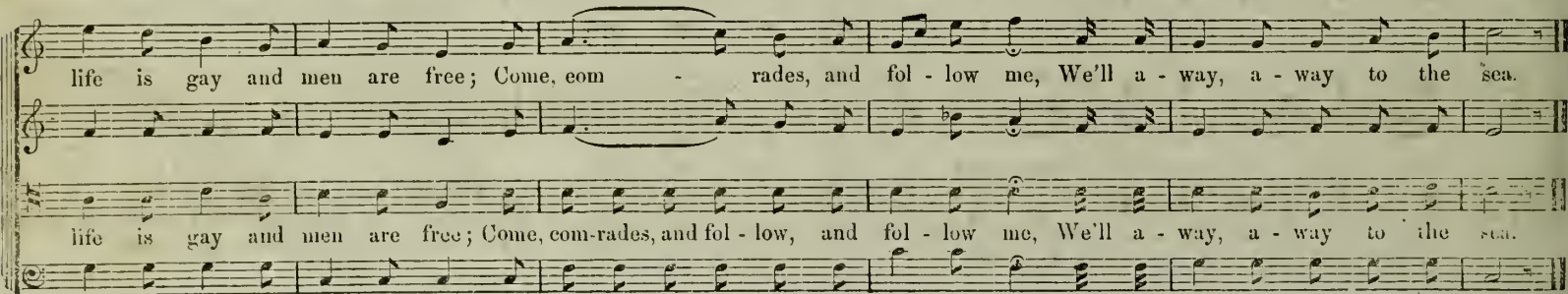


1. I love it, I love it, 'tis the place for me, A - way, hur - rah for the heav - ing sea; I love the mu - sic
 2. Tho' storm - y and wind - y, and rough it be, We'll ride, we'll ride o'er the foam - ing sea; With Heav'n our guide and
 3. The lit - tle, the lit - tle time here for me, I'll spend, I'll spend on the heav - ing sea; And when this heart shall

CHORUS.


of the shore, But I love the songs of the sea still more. Then a - way..... to the sea..... Where
 cap - tain true, We'll brave the gales of the o - cean blue. Then, &c.
 cease to beat, The waves shall be my wind - ing sheet. Then, &c.

Then a - way, then a - way to the sea, to the sea, Where



life is gay and men are free; Come, com - rades, and fol - low me, We'll a - way, a - way to the sea.

life is gay and men are free; Come, com - rades, and fol - low, and fol - low me, We'll a - way, a - way to the sea.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

157

Words from the German.

Music by J. R. MURRAY.

1. There walks a si - lent an - gel Thro' this our earthly home: With com - fort for earth's sor - row Our Lord hath bid him

2. For ten - der - ly he leads thee Thro' all thy earthly care, And cheer - ful - ly he bids thee Hope for a fu - ture

3 To qui - et grief he chang - es The spir - it's bit' rest smart, And bathes in still sub - mis - sion The wild and rest - less

4. When he would soothe, he chides not The tears that fill thine eyes; He sti - fles not thy long - ing, But calms and sanc - ti

come. And in his eyes peace shin - eth, And gen - tle grace a - bides; He is the an - gel Pa - tience: Oh, follow where he guides!

fair. E'en when thy heart fails wholly, He cour - age doth sus - tain; Thy cross—he helps thee bear it, And makes all well a - gain.

heart. His power from out the darkness At last the day re - veals; And sure - ly, tho' so slow - ly, Thy ev - ery wound he heals.

fies. And if, when storms are rag - ing, Thou, mur - mur - ing, askest, Why? He points to heaven, and gently Smiles on thee his re - ply.

BRIGHT DREAMS.

Words by ANGIE V. G.

Music by JOHN MORRISON.

1. Bright dreams of my childhood, fair scenes of my youth, So laden with visions of friendship and truth; With joy mem'ry clings to those
 2. How well I re-mem-ber the brook by the mill, And the old yellow school-house that stood on the hill; The wood paths where oft I have
 3. There's the moss-cover'd rock 'neath the old apple tree; Where I've pass'd many hours in in-no-cent glee; Now list I the wild birds' sweet
 4 O bright dreams of my childhood, fair scenes of my youth, So laden with visions of friendship and truth; When come the dark moments of

Ritard. bright hap - py years, When life was un - cloud - ed by sor - row or tears.
 gath - er'd wild flow'rs, And dear friends who with me be - guil'd the gay hours.
 song in the glade, As in the hor - i - zon the bright sun-beams fade.
 sad - ness and pain, Thy mem - 'ry brings joy to life's path - way a - gain.

CHORUS. Air. Bright dreams, bright dreams of my childhood, fair

Ritard. **Alto.** Bright dreams, bright dreams of my childhood, fair

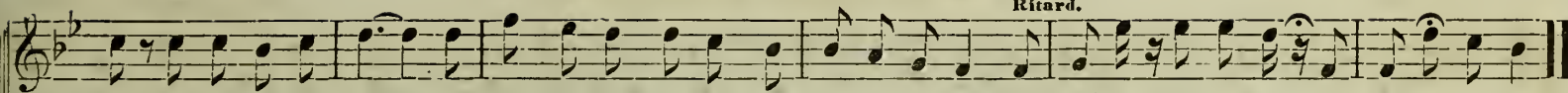
Ritard. **Tenor.** Bright dreams, bright dreams of my childhood, fair

Ritard. **Base.** Bright dreams, bright dreams of my childhood, fair

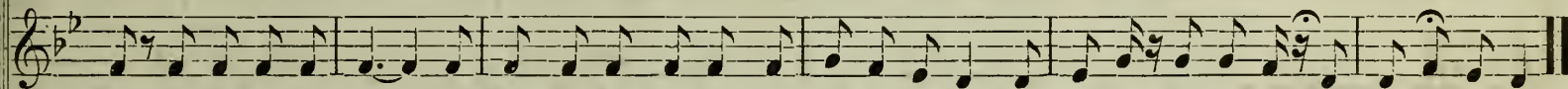
BRIGHT DREAMS.—(CONCLUDED.)

159

Ritard.

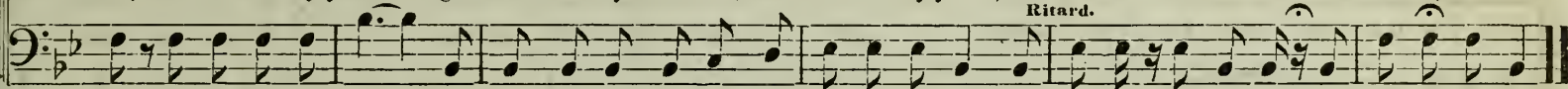


scenes, fair scenes of my youth, Bright dreams of my childhood, fair scenes of my youth, So lad-en with vis-ions of friendship and truth.



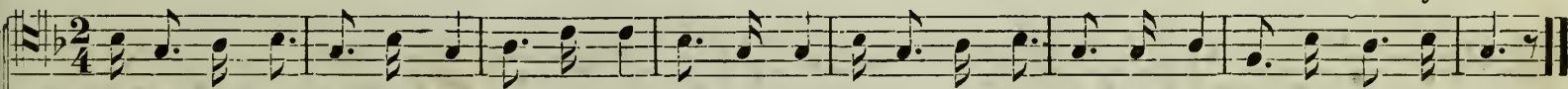
scenes, fair scenes of my youth, Bright dreams of my childhood, fair scenes of my youth, So lad-en with vis-ions of friendship and truth.

Ritard.

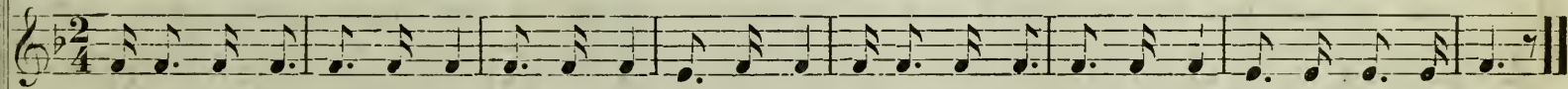


COME AGAIN.

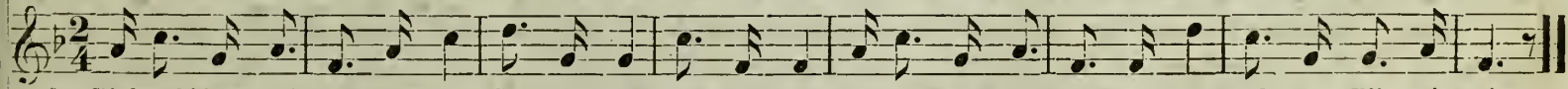
Words and Music by J. R. M.



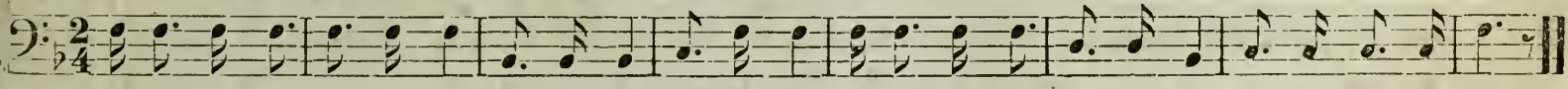
1. Bon-nie bloom of heath-er bells, Come a-gain! come a-gain! I have wait-ed long for you, Must I wait in vain.



2. Bird of gold-en tint-ed wing, Come a-gain! come a-gain! All your mer-ry mu-sic sing, Drive a-way my pain.



3. Bird and bloom shall come to me, Come a-gain! come a-gain! And my heart shall light-er be, Af-ter Win-ter's rain.



THE PEACEFUL REST.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

*Slowly.**p*

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy

2. Go to thy peace - ful rest, For thee we need not weep; Since thou art now a -

3. Go to thy rest, and while, Thy ab - sence we de - plore; One thought our sor - row

Go to thy rest, in peace, And soft be thy re - pose;

cres *dim* *rit*

troub - les cease, From earth - ly cares in sweet re - lease, Thine eye - lids gent - ly close, Thine eye - lids gent - ly close.

mong the blest; No more by sin and sor - row press'd, But hush'd in qui - et sleep, But hush'd in qui - et sleep.

shall be - guile, For soon with a ce - les - tial smile, We meet to part no more, We meet to part no more.

THE KNIGHT'S FAREWELL.*

161

English Version by MARTIN MEYER.

QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.

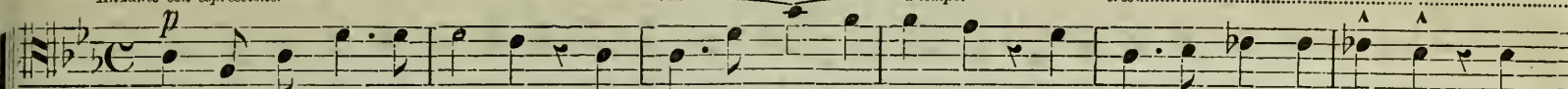
Music by JOHANNA KINKEL.

Andante con espressione.

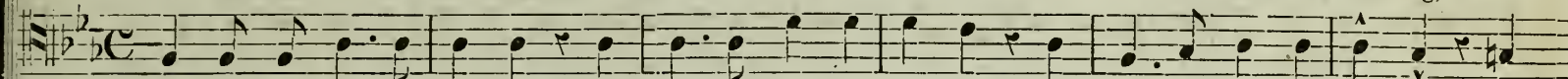
rit.

a tempo.

cres.



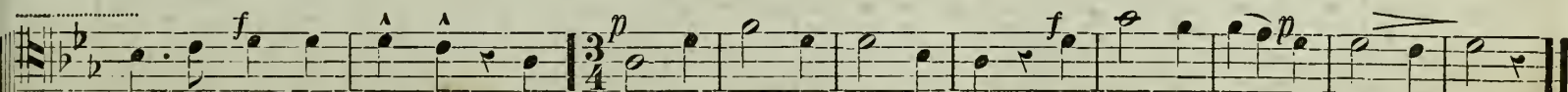
1. Hark! trum-pets far off sound-ing, And war-riors' steeds are bound-ing, May I once more em-brac-ing, With



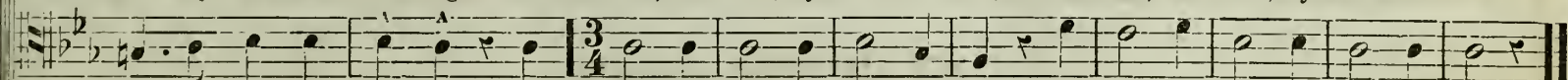
2. Take now this wreath of flow-ers, Plucked from our gar-den bow-ers, Where oft I was re-elin-ing, Thy



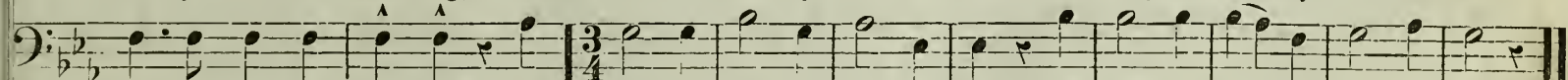
3. I'll think of thee with long-ing; While foe-men round me throng-ing, While sword and lance are gleam-ing, While



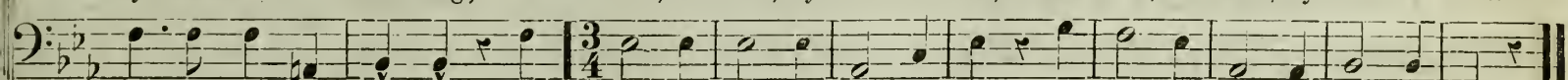
kiss thy tears ef-fae-ing? Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.



fair-y form en-twin-ing; Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.



my life's blood is stream-ing; Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.



GOOD NIGHT.

Andantino

Words by L. H. F.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

p

1. Good night! good night! the world is still, The stars their watch are keep - ing, The hum of day, has lied a - way And all the flow'rs are

p

2, Good night! good night! sweet dreams be thine, And may the an - gels bend - ing, From heaven a - bove, be - hold in love, Thy sleep pro - tec - tion

sleep-ing; Good night! good night! the mountain stream, Is sing-ing to the shore, The fair - ics quaff from lil - y cups, With nec - tar run - ing o'er.

lend-ing; Good night! good night! when thou shalt sleep, The sleep that knows no waking, May an - gel's care, con - duct thee where, Th' e - ter - nal morn is breaking.

MY MOTHER.---Quartet.

Tenderly.

Words by DR. VERNON.

Music by JOHN MORRISON.

1. Gen - tly, gen - tly lay her low, Soft - ly, soft - ly press the sod; Si - lent from the church - yard go, She's with God.

Cres..... Rit.

2. Plant the ros - es on her tomb, Let them bud and blos - som there; Fair are they, and in her bloom She was fair.

3. O'er her form the willows weep,
Thro' their boughs the breezes sigh;
And the pine grove's murmur deep,
Sounding nigh.

4. Hush! sweet music, fill the air,
Summer birds are singing clear;
Warblers, vainly chant ye there,
She'll not hear.

5. Gently, gently come away,
Softly, softly press the sod;
Weep not as ye homeward stray,
She's with God.

WHEN BEAUTY TRIUMPHS, AH BEWARE.—(Male Quartet.)

163

C. H. CARROLL.



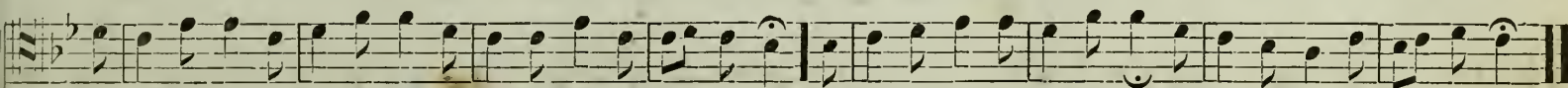
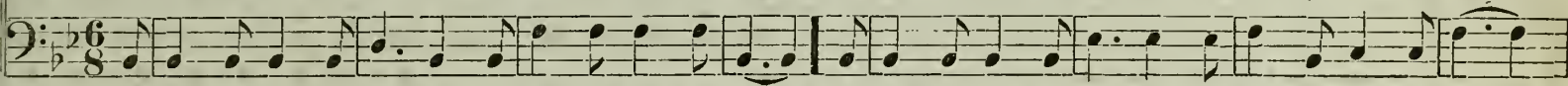
1. Round loves e - lys - ian bow-ers, The fair - est prospects rise, There blooms the fair-est flow - ers, There shine the pur - est skies;



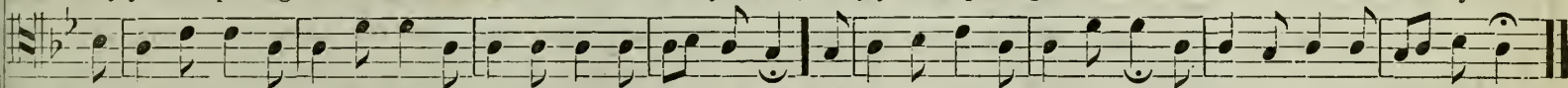
2. Round loves de-sert - ed bow-ers, The heavy dew a - rise; Cold mil-dews blight the flow-ers, And darkness clouds the skies,



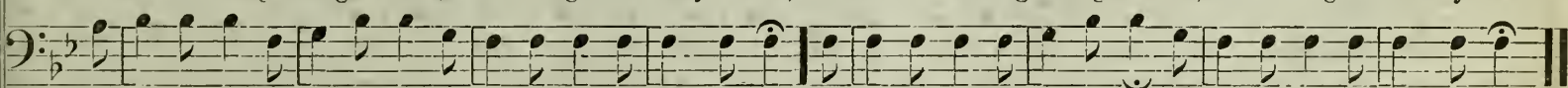
3. Then Youth thou fond be-liev - er, The wi - ley sy - ren shun, Who trusts the dear de - ceiv - er, Will sure-ly be un - done.



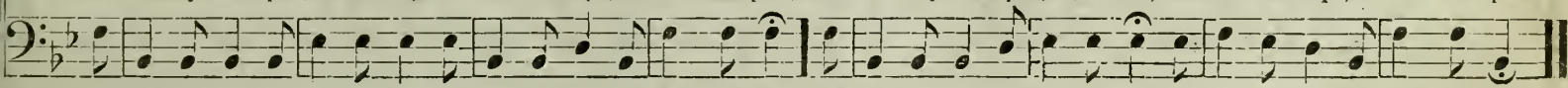
And joy and rapture gild awhile The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile, And joy and rapture gild awhile The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile.



And Pleasure's waning moon goes down, Amid the night of Beauty's frown, And Pleasure's waning moon goes down, Amid the night of Beauty's frown



When Beauty triumphs, ah, beware; Her smile is hope, her frown despair, When Beauty triumphs, ah, beware; Her smile is hope, her frown despair.



Music by MILES MOORE.

Air

1. I'll make me a home, says the sail - or lad, In the ship, as she rides the main, And I'll laugh when the o - cean is

Alto.

2. I'll make me a home, says the sol - dier brave, 'Mid the bat - tle and go - ry fight, When the ea - gles in tri - umph a -

Tenor

3. I wish not a home 'mid the bat - tle's tide, Nor a life on the bri - ny sea; But I'll set - tle me down by my

dark and mad, I'll smile at the driv - ing rain: Let the winds rave on, let the black sky frown, For what

bove me wave I'll shout in a mad de - light; I could die so well in the bat - tle - field, With a

own fire - side, With her who is all to me: I've no wish for death in the bat - tle's strife, Nor a

"I'D FIND ME A GRAVE."---Concluded.

165

care I how bleak it be; When the ves-sel's a wreck I'll go down, down, down, And find me a grave in the sea.

shroud of the star flags fold, On the spot where the trum-pets of vic-t'ry pealed, I'd find me a grave with the bold.

tomb in the o-cean's foam; But I'd find, when my heart beats its last in life, A grave in my boy-hood's home.

THE SHORE OF TIME.

J. R. MURRAY.

Feelingly.

Air.

1. A-lone I walked the o-cean strand, A peb-bly shell was in my hand; I

Alto.

2. And so me-thought 'twill short-ly be With ev-'ry line on earth from me; A

Tenor.

3. And yet with Him who counts the sands, And holds the wa-ters in his hands, I

Base.

THE SHORE OF TIME.—Concluded.

stoo - ped and wrote up - on the sand, My name,—the year,—the day. As on - ward from the spot I passed, One

wave of dark ob - liv - ion's sea Will sweep a - cross the place, Where I have trod the sand - y shore Of

know a last - ing rec - ord stands In - scribed a - gainst my name; Of all the mor - tal part has wrought Of

ling - 'ring look be - hind I cast, A wave came swell - ing high and fast, And washed my name a - way.

time, and been, to be no more. Of me, my day, the name I bore To leave no track nor trace.

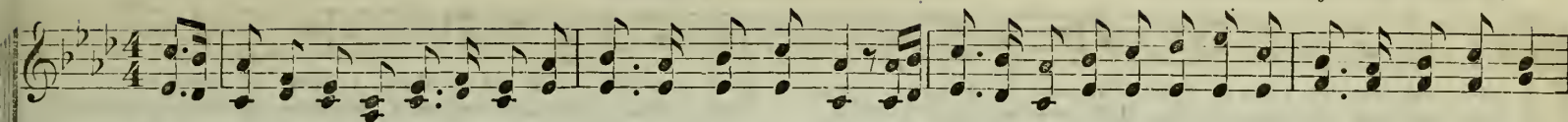
all the sink - ing soul has thought, And from these fleet - ing mo - ments caught, For glo - ry or for shame.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first three staves of the first system are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The second system also consists of four staves, with the first three in treble clef and the fourth in bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music features a variety of note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

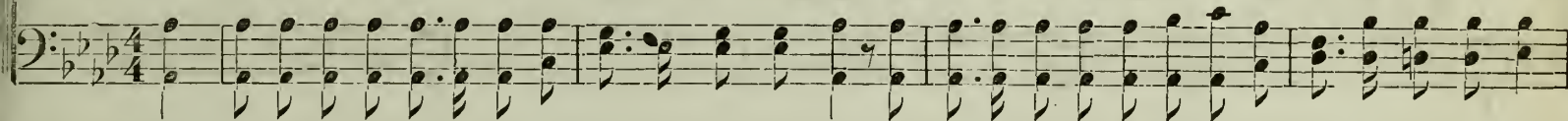
A LONG TIME AGO.

167

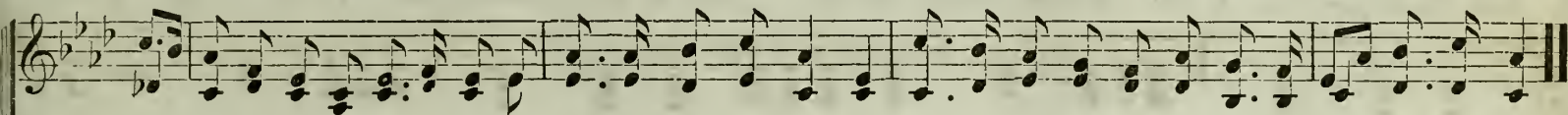
Words and Music by E. DARROW SABIN.



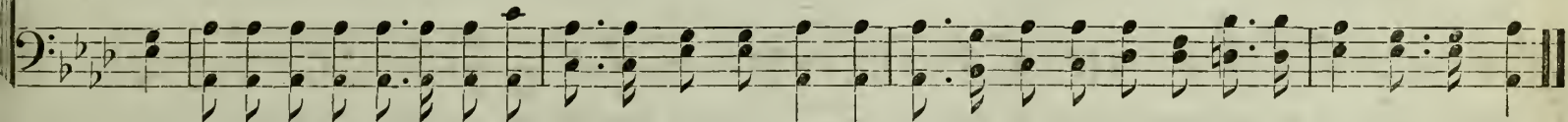
1. Come, sit down close be - side me, love, and clasp your hand in mine; Come once more, let me feel your arms a - round my neck en - twine:
2. I'm think - ing of the time, my love, when, 'neath the church-yard tree, We whiled a - way the hap - py hours, with spir - its light and free;
3. I'm think - ing of our chil-dren, love, of Nel - lie kind and true; I loved her most be-cause 'twas said she most re - sem - bled you:
4. And, there was win-some An-nie, love, with curls of gold - en hair, With ros - y cheeks and laugh-ing eyes, and brow so white and fair:



5. And here comes ba - by Wil - lie, too, I can al - most see him smile, And feel the thrill of his soft lips up - on my cheek the while:
6. And there was Ed - die, no - ble boy! our dar - ling and our pride; E'en now I can - ey I can see him, sport-ing at my side:
7. And now we're left a - lone, my love, all si - lent is our home, And round the home-stead hearth to-night will no bright fa - ces come:
8. And we are grow-ing old, my love, our forms are bent with care; With grief our brows are fur-row'd o'er, all sil - ver'd is our hair:



And let us talk a - bout the past, of friends we used to know, The lit - tle band that gath-er'd here, a long time a - go.
'Twas then you made the prom - ise, love, thro' life with me to go; How blest that prom - ise made me then, a long time a - go.
But dark and deep the o - cean rolls, and chill the breez - es blow O'er that sweet girl who left our home, a long time a - go.
But sor - row dim'd the beam-ing eye and paled the rose's glow, We laid her gen - tly down to rest, a long time a - go.



O, how we loved the pre-cious babe! 'twas hard to let him go; But him we laid by An - nie's side, a long time a - go.
But, ah, he fell in south-ern lands! be - neath a trai - tor's blow, The boy that came to cheer our hearts, a long time a - go.
Not one is left to join the song, or breathe the bless - ing low Of that loved band that gath - er'd here, a long time a - go.
And soon the time will come, my love, when we will have to go, And sleep to - geth - er where we played, a long time a - go.

LOVE ME DEAREST.

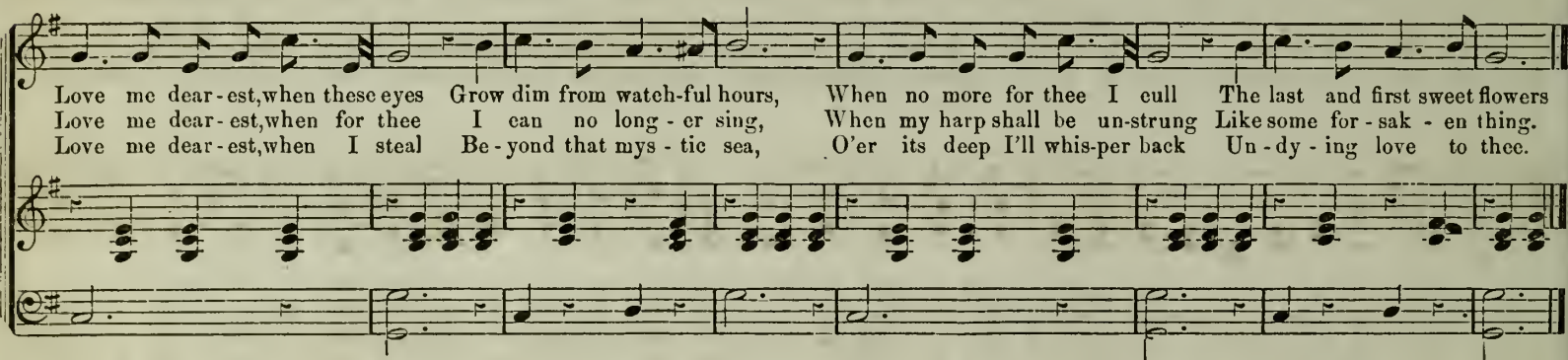
Written by MRS. REV. PANCOAST.

(Inscribed to MRS GEN. FALLOWS, of MILWAUKEE.)

Composed by T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. Love me dear-est, when no more The garb of spring I wear, Love me still as thou didst when I was so young and fair;
 2. Love me dear-est, when old time Hath stole my ring-lets fair, And left naught to deck my brow, But snow-y locks of hair;
 3. Love me dear-est, love me more Than when I was thy bride, Till my pil-grim-age is o'er, And I have quit thy side;



Love me dear-est, when these eyes Grow dim from watch-ful hours, When no more for thee I cull The last and first sweet flowers
 Love me dear-est, when for thee I can no long-er sing, When my harp shall be un-strung Like some for-sak-en thing.
 Love me dear-est, when I steal Be-yond that mys-tic sea, O'er its deep I'll whis-per back Un-dy-ing love to thee.

CHORUS.



Love me dear-est, let thy heart Still fond-ly cling to me, Like a shelt'ring vine a-round, A young and ten-der tree

SONGS HERE AND YONDER.

169

Words by PAULINA.

Music by FRED. W. ROOT.

Allegretto.

pp

1. There is here a strain in a min-or key, On which white lips love to lin-ger; And the hand that wak-ens that har-mo-ny Hath a

2. We sing here of sor-row, of pain and death—Of sin, bring-ing death and sor-row; And the night that floats in the min-strel's breath Hath no

3. We may not ALL sing of the tune-ful strain, This side of the dark-en'd riv-er; And the lips that wak-en the sweet re-frain Have a

thin and wast-ed fin-ger; But the glad "new song" is of blend-ed ties, That the earth may no more sun-der; And the dif-f'rence seem-eth

star and no to-mor-row; And the glad "new song" is of star-less skies, Yet a fa-ther's smile beams un-der; And the dif-f'rence seem-eth

cease-less moan and quiv-er; But the seal-ed lips and the tear-ful eyes Are not in the world of won-der; And the dif-f'rence seem-eth

on this wise, 'Twixt the sweet songs, Here and Yon-der; And the dif-f'rence seem-eth on this wise, 'Twixt the sweet songs, Here and Yon-der.

on this wise, 'Twixt the sweet songs, Here and Yon-der; And the dif-f'rence seem-eth on this wise, 'Twixt the sweet songs, Here and Yon-der.

on this wise, 'Twixt the sing-ers, Here and Yon-der; And the dif-f'rence seem-eth on this wise, 'Twixt the sing-ers, Here and Yon-der.

VOICES OF THE PAST.--A Reverie.

Music by F. W. Root.

Andantino.
Air.

1. There are voi - ces, ho - ly voi - ces Com - ing from a - far a - way; They are al - ways

Alto.

2. There are voi - ces, old - en voi - ces, Which are speak - ing to me now; And they stir the

Tenor.

3. There are voi - ces, ten - der voi - ces, Speak - ing low - er to me now; There are lips whose

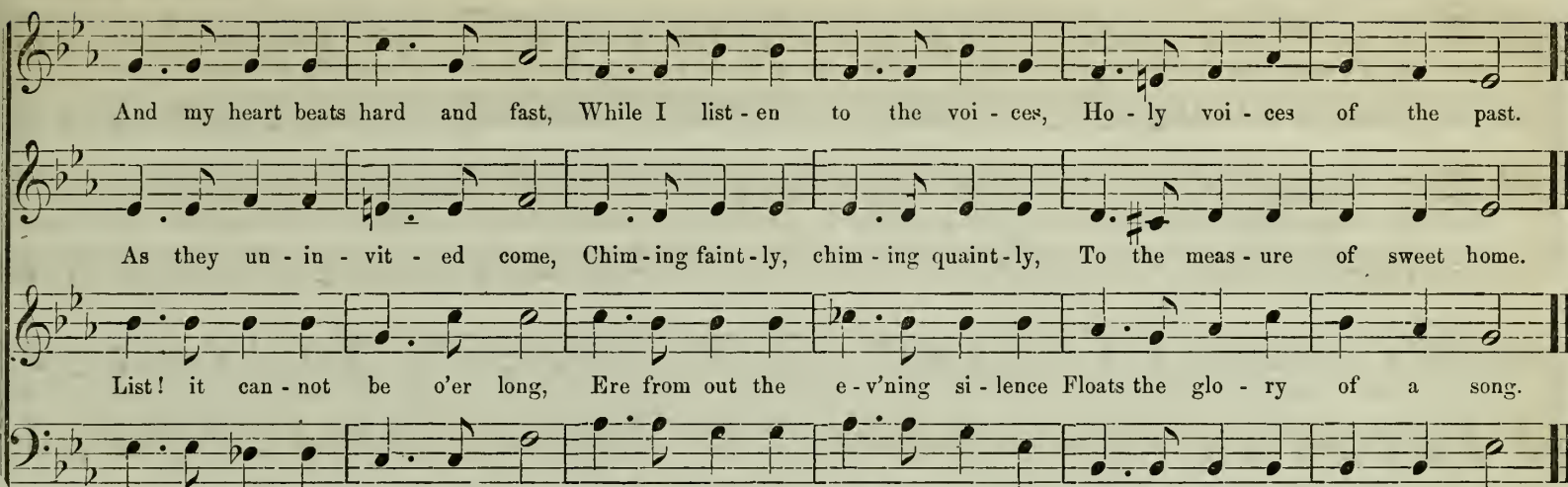
sound - ing near me, And I hear them ev - 'ry day: Yet my eyes with tears are brim - ming,

air so gen - tly, In the qui - et of their flow; That I list - en, as if dream - ing,

warmth is burn - ing On my cheek and on my brow. Hush! night sleeps up - on the high - lands,

VOICES OF THE PAST.--Concluded.

171



And my heart beats hard and fast, While I list - en to the voi - ces, Ho - ly voi - ces of the past.

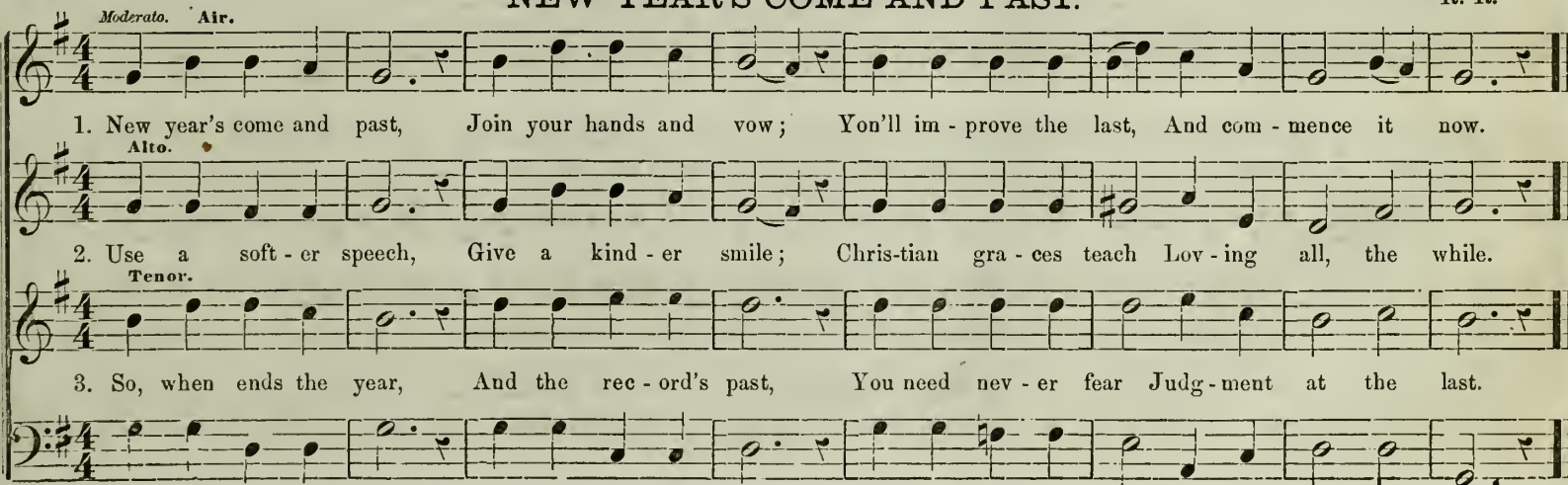
As they un - in - vit - ed come, Chim - ing faint - ly, chim - ing quaint - ly, To the meas - ure of sweet home.

List! it can - not be o'er long, Ere from out the e - v'ning si - lence Floats the glo - ry of a song.

NEW YEAR'S COME AND PAST.

R. R.

Moderato. Air.



1. New year's come and past, Join your hands and vow; Yon'll im - prove the last, And com - mence it now.

Alto.

2. Use a soft - er speech, Give a kind - er smile; Chris - tian gra - ces teach Lov - ing all, the while.

Tenor.

3. So, when ends the year, And the rec - ord's past, You need nev - er fear Judg - ment at the last.

OPEN YOUR EYES.

Words by J. R. MURRAY.

Music by F. W. Root.

Allegretto.

You need not search for the sun-shine bright, You need not grope in the dark-some night, You need not wan - der with-out the light, If you'll

You need not search for the sun-shine bright, You need not grope in the dark-some night, You need not wan - der with-out the light, If you'll

o - pen your eyes and see it; You need not wan-der with-out the light, Just o - pen your eyes and see it: You need not pine for mu - sic sweet,

o - pen your eyes and see it; You need not wan-der with-out the light, Just o - pen your eyes and see it: You need not pine for mu - sic sweet,

You need not pine

And a dole - ful strain of your own re-peat; You need not pine for mu-sic sweet, And a dole-ful strain of your own re-peat, You may know the

And a dole - ful strain of your own re-peat; You need not pine for mu-sic sweet, And a dole-ful strain of your own re-peat, You may know the

for mu - sic sweet, And a dole - ful strain of your own re - peat.....

OPEN YOUR EYES.—CONTINUED.

173

pp *crec.....*

sound of her beau - ti - ful feet, You may know the sound of her beau - ti - ful feet, You may know the sound of her beau - ti - ful feet, Just

..... You may know the sound of her

f *Meno Mo:to.*

o - pen your ears and hear it; You may know the sound of her beau - ti - ful feet, Just o - pen your ears and hear it. You need not

o - pen your ears and hear it; You may know the sound of her beau - ti - ful feet. Just o - pen your ears and hear it. You need not

beau - ti - ful feet, If you'll ope' your ears;

sigh for the van-ished May, Or the cher-ished hopes that have flown a-way; For you is the joy of a bet-ter day, If you'll o - pen your

sigh for the van-ished May, Or the cher-ished hopes that have flown a-way; For you is the joy of a bet-ter day, if you'll o - pen your

OPEN YOUR EYES.—CONCLUDED

heart and love it, If you'll o - pen your heart, if you'll o - pen your heart, and love it: You need not search for the

heart and love it, If you'll o - pen your heart, if you'll o - pen your heart, Just o - pen your heart and love it: You need not search for the

sun-shine bright, You need not grope in the dark - some night, You need not wan - der with - out the light, If you'll o - pen your eyes and see it; Be -

sun-shine bright, You need not grope in the dark - some night, You need not wan - der with - out the light, If you'll o - pen your eyes and see it; Be -

hold..... it, You may now be - hold it, and see it.

O - pen now your eyes and be - hold..... it Just o - pen your eyes and see it.

hold..... it, You may now be - hold it, with - out the light, and see it.

O - pen now your eyes and be - hold..... it, You need not wan - der,

THROUGH THE CLOUDS OF SORROW BEAMING.

175

Words by S. E. GAYLORD.

Music by O. D. ADAMS.

1. Thro' the clouds of sor - row beam - ing, See a lone - ly me - teor gleam - ing, O'er dark e - ther's plain, Slow - ly rolls the

2. View the set - ting sun's bright glo - ry, Tread the war - rior's bed so go - ry, Watch his fad - ed face. A - zure beau - ty

3. See the moonbeams fond - ly play - ing, Trembling, fly - ing, nev - er stay - ing, On the rip - pled stream; Then a - way so

rest - less bil - low, Where it makes its ach - ing pil - low, 'Tis the last sad look, 'Tis the last sad look.

leaves the sky, Weak - ness dulls the sol - dier's eye, 'Tis the last sad look, 'Tis the last sad look.

slow - ly steal - ing, Fare - well stamps a ten - der feel - ing, 'Tis the last sad look, 'Tis the last sad look.

I WOULD NOT DIE EARLY.—Duet and Chorus.

Words by MRS. E. S. KELLOGG.
Soprano. Not too Slow.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. I would not die ear - ly, the har - vest is white, And fain would I la - bor from morn - ing till night.
2. I would not die ear - ly, I long to ful - fil The Sav - ior's com - mis - sion, if such be his will.
Alto. 3. I would not die ear - ly, but, if it be mine, In youth's mer - ry morn - ing this life to re - sign,

I'd fol - low the reap - er and glean what he leaves, And home - ward at ev'n - ing re - turn with my sheaves.
"Go, spread the glad tid - ings, sal - va - tion is free, And none are re - ject - ed who come un - to me."
I know my Re - deem - er will meet me with joy, And give me in heav - en some bless - ed em - ploy.

CHORUS.
I would not die ear - ly, I ask not to go, 'Till I have done some - thing for JE - SUS be - low.
I would not die ear - ly, I ask not to go, 'Till I have done some - thing for JE - SUS be - low.

I WOULD NOT DIE EARLY.—CONCLUDED.

177

To those who are faith-ful, the prom-ise is sure, And rest will be sweet-er to those who en-dure.

To those who are faith-ful, the prom-ise is sure, And rest will be sweet-er to those who en-dure.

UPWARD.

M.

Moderato.

1. The oak-tree's boughs once touched the grass; But every year they grew A lit-tle farth-er from the ground, And nearer to the blue.

2. So live that you each year may be, While time glides swiftly by, A lit-tle farth-er from the earth, And near-er to the sky.

12

THE NEW YEARS SONG.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

1. Come, hearts in whose puls - es the sum - mer is warm, Tho' win - ter be drear - i - ly blow - ing, We'll

2. The Old Year was sad with his bur - dens of care, The New will be tru - er and bright - er; The

3 O, won - der - ful gifts has the hap - py New Year! And smiles at his pres - ence are wak - ing; New

4. And tho' to some heart that is mer - ry and light, He comes with a mes - sage of sor - row; We'll

CHORUS.

greet with a ear - ol the hap - py New Year, To - night, while the Old Year is go - ing. Toll, bells, for the year that has fled!

Old had its griefs for the gay - est to bear, The New Year will make them the light - er. Toll, bells, for the year that has fled!

joys for the lives that are lone - ly and drear, And hopes for the hearts that are break - ing. Toll, bells, for the year that has fled!

laugh as we sing him a wel - come to - night, And trust to our Fa - ther the mor - row. Toll, bells, &c.

THE NEW YEAR'S SONG.--Concluded.

179

Musical score for 'THE NEW YEAR'S SONG' (Concluded). The score consists of four staves. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The second and third staves are in C major (no sharps or flats) and 4/4 time. The fourth staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Toll sor - row - ful chimes at his bier! Then ring for the New in a ju - bi - lant strain, Ring, bells, for the hap - py New Year.'

THE CLOCK.

Moderato.

Words and Music by RAYMUR.

Musical score for 'THE CLOCK'. The score consists of four staves. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The second and third staves are in C major (no sharps or flats) and 4/4 time. The fourth staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. Tick! tock! says the clock, Time is fly - ing swift a - way; Tick! tock! says the clock, La - bor while you have the day. 2. Tick! tock! says the clock, From the past a les - son learn; Tick! tock! says the clock, Mo - ments gone do not re - turn. 3. Tick! tock! says the clock, Rest shall come when work is o'er; Tick! tock! says the clock, Heav'n is on the oth - er shore.'

I'M HAPPY AND I'M GAY.

Allegretto Vivace.

DAVID SIMONS.

1. I'm hap - py and I'm gay, I sing the live - long day; No sad - ness do I know, No mur-m'ring can I

2. I sing of birds and flow'rs, Of soft and gen - tle show'r's; I sing of birds and bees, I sing of meads and

3. I sing of even-ing's breeze, That sighs a - mong the trees; I sing of shad - y nooks, Of gen - tle rip - pling

do, Be - cause I'm hap - py and gay. No murm'ring can I do, Be - cause I'm hap - py and gay.

trees, Be - cause I'm hap - py and gay. I sing of meads and trees, Be - cause I'm hap - py and gay.

brooks, Be - cause I'm hap - py and gay. Of gen - tle rip - pling brooks, Be - cause I'm hap - py and gay.

GLIDING AWAY.—(OLD AND NEW YEAR SONG.)

181

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Espressivo.

1. Glid - ing a - way with our hopes and fears, Glid - ing a - way with our smiles and tears, Glid - ing a -

2. Glid - ing a - way from our mist-y sight, Glid - ing a - way to the si - lent night, Glid - ing a -

3. Ev - er and ev - - er, from shore to shore, Ev - er and ev - - er and ev - er more, Surges Life's

way to the van-ish'd years, Oh, Time, ^{Oh, Time!} how fast you run! A lit - tle babe on its

way from our hearthstones bright, Oh, Friends! ^{Oh, Friends!} how fast you go. A lov - ing kiss and a

Sea as it surg'd be - fore, With sad ^{With sad} and plaintive moan. O Heart of mine! for the

GLIDING AWAY—CONTINUED.

moth-er's knee, A boy at play in his child-ish glee, A youth, a lov-er, a ship at sea, A grave—and his work is done.

gen-tle word, A smile that our in-most be-ing stirr'd, A tho't un-whis-per'd but not unheard, Is all that is left be-low.

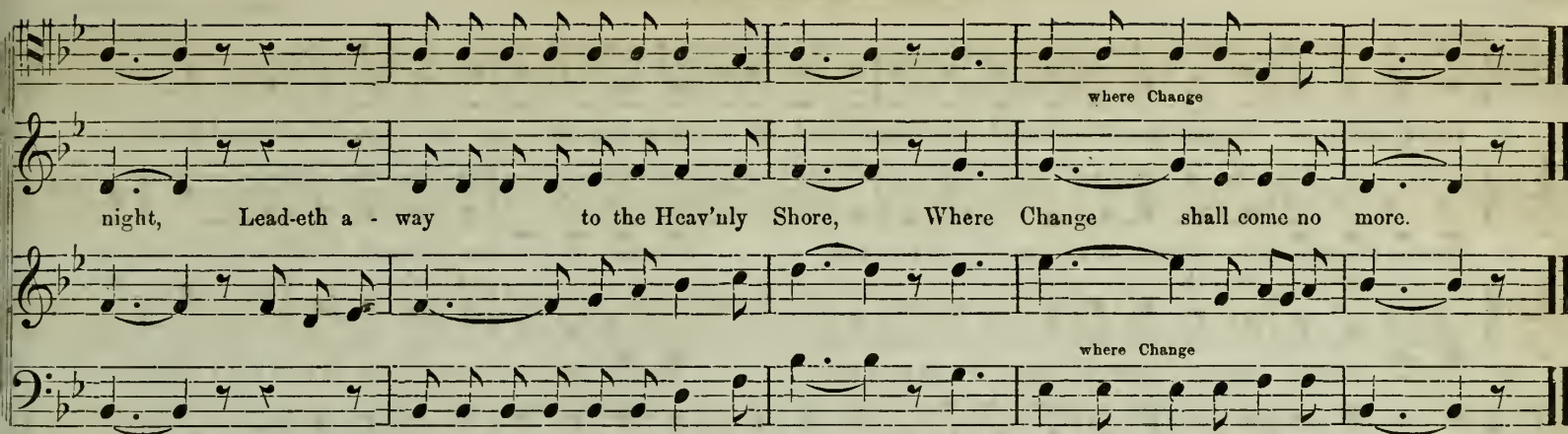
days to be, A bet-ter life there must be for thee, Till thy bark shall float on the calm-er Sea, That's fast by the Fa-ther's Throne.

CHORUS.

Glid-ing a-way, but a Shin-ing Light, Gleam-ing for us in the dark-some

GLIDING AWAY—CONCLUDED.

183




where Change

night, Lead-eth a - way to the Heav'nly Shore, Where Change shall come no more.

where Change

LITTLE BROOKLET.



1. Spark - ling wa - ter, Pur - ling stream, Pass - ing quick - ly, Like a dream.

2. Murm - 'ring mu - sic Low and sweet, Leap - ing gai - ly At my feet.

3. Pure as crys - tal, Clear and cold, Far more dear than Shin - ing gold.

4. Laugh - ing wa - ter, Bright and gay, Why so swift - ly Flow a - way?

WHO'LL BUY?—(TEMPERANCE.)

Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Allegretto.

FINE.

1. For - ty casks of li - quid woe, Who'll buy? :||: Who'll buy? :||: Mur - der by the gal - lon! Oh, Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

2. Foreign death im - port - ed pure, Who'll buy? Who'll buy? War - rant - ed, not slow, but sure, Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

3. Com - pe - ti - tion we de - fy, Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Bar - rels full of pure soul - dye, Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

Ritard

D. C.

Lar - ce - ny and theft made thin, Beg - gar - y and death thrown in; Pack - a - ges of li - quid sin— Who'll buy?

Emp - ty pock - ets by the cask, Tan - gled brains by pint or flask; Vice of an - y kind you ask— Who'll buy?

Dye, to make the soul jet - black, Dye, to make the con - science slack; Noth - ing vile do our casks lack— Who'll buy?

Inst.

THE ONSET. (For Male Voices.)

185

P. P. BLISS.

Vigorous.

1. Sound the a-larum, the foe has come, Hear ye the tramp, the neigh, the hum? Hear ye the blow of his

2. Sound for the blast of our trumpet blown, Car-ries dis-may into hearts of stone. What! shall we shake at a

dar-ing drum? Huz-zah! Huz-zah! Huz-zah!

foe un-known? Huz-zah! Huz-zah! Huz-zah!

3.

Have we not sinews as strong as they?
Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way?
Have we not God on our side to-day?
Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!

4.

See, they are staggered on yon bleak heath.
Steady awhile! and hold your breath!
Now is your time, men, down like death!
Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!

5.

Sound, bid your terrible trumpets bray,
Blow till their brazen throats give away,
Sound to the battle, sound, I say.
Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!

THOSE SWEET BLUE EYES.

Words by Rev. C. HARTLEY.

(To Miss E. A. HOLT, Wheaton, Ill.)

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Those sweet blue eyes, those sweet blue eyes, those sweet blue eyes, those sweet blue eyes, As
 2. How oft will mem - 'ry lin - ger near, How oft will mem - 'ry lin - ger near, To

1. Those sweet blue eyes, blue eyes, those sweet blue eyes, As
 2. How oft will mem - 'ry, mem - 'ry lin - ger near, To

1. Those sweet blue eyes, those sweet blue eyes, Those sweet blue eyes, Those sweet blue eyes, As
 2. How oft will mem - 'ry lin - ger near, How oft will mem - 'ry lin - ger near, To

clear as sum - mer's hap - py skies, They shine in beau - ty
 gem the time, the place, the year, I met thy sweet en-

clear as sum - mer's hap - py skies, as hap - py skies, They shine in beau - ty
 gem the time, the place, the year, the place, the year, I met thy sweet en-

clear as sum - mer's, sum - mer's hap - py skies, They shine in beau - ty
 gem the time, the place, the place, the year, I met thy sweet en-

clear as sum - mer's hap - py skies, as sum - mer's hap - py skies, They shine in beau - ty
 gem the time, the place, the year, the time, the place, the year, I met thy sweet en-

THOSE SWEET BLUE EYES—CONTINUED.

187

like..... the gems..... That gleam in queen - ly di - a - dems, in di - - - a - dems.....
 dear - - - ing smile..... With - in thy peace - ful sea - girt isle, thy sea - - - girt isle.....

like..... the gems..... That gleam..... in queen - ly, queen - ly di - a - dems..... When
 dear - - - ing smile..... With - in..... thy peace - - - ful, peace - ful sea - girt isle..... Long,

like..... the gems..... That gleam..... in queen - - - ly di - - - a - dems..... When
 dear - - - ing smile..... With - in..... thy peace - - - ful sea - - - girt isle..... Long,

like..... the gems..... That gleam in queen - ly di - a - dems, in queen - ly di - a - dems.....
 dear - - - ing smile..... With - in thy peace - ful sea - girt isle, thy peace - ful sea - girt isle.....

I was..... a wea - ry wand - 'rer lone..... With
 Tint fu - ture years..... with bliss..... for you..... And

first..... their light..... up - on..... me shone..... With
 long..... may love's..... most hope - ful blue..... And

first..... their light..... up - on..... me shone..... I was..... a wea - ry wand - 'rer lone..... With
 long..... may love's..... most hope - ful blue..... Tint fu - ture years..... with bliss..... for you..... And

With
 And

THOSE SWEET BLUE EYES—CONCLUDED.

none to cheer, with none to smile, With none to cheer, with none to smile, Or stay the flow of sor - row's Nile, Of sor - row's Nile.
lin - ger ev - er on my skies, And lin - ger ev - er on my skies, The clear sweet light of thy blue eyes, Of thy..... blue eyes.

none to cheer, to cheer..... With none..... to smile..... Or stay the flow, the flow..... Of sor - row's Nile.
lin - ger ev - er, ev - er on..... my skies..... The clear sweet light, sweet light..... Of thy..... blue eyes.

none..... to cheer..... With none..... to smile..... Or stay..... the flow..... of sor - row's Nile.
lin - ger ev - er on..... my skies..... The clear..... sweet light..... of thy..... blue eyes.

none to cheer, with none to smile, With none to cheer, with none to smile, Or stay the flow of sor - row's Nile, Of sor - row's Nile.
lin - ger ev - er on my skies, And lin - ger ev - er on my skies, The clear sweet light of thy blue eyes, Of thy blue eyes.

GIVE.

Words by DUFF PORTER.

Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Give as gives the hap - py riv - er, Where its ring - ing rip - ples glide, By the trees and flow'rs and grasses, Lean - ing o'er its peace - ful side.

2. Give as dews give ben - c - dic - tion To the lil - ies' shi - ning bells, Si - lent by the sleep - ing wa - ter In the hush of star - lit dells.

3. Give to souls, that, faint and fam - ish'd, Fall up - on the des - ert sand, Tho' but few small loaves and fish - es God hath giv - en to thy hand.

4. And, as God's good an - gel, stand - ing By the sad heart's hun - gry door, He will give thee rich - est bless - ing From the full - ness of his store.

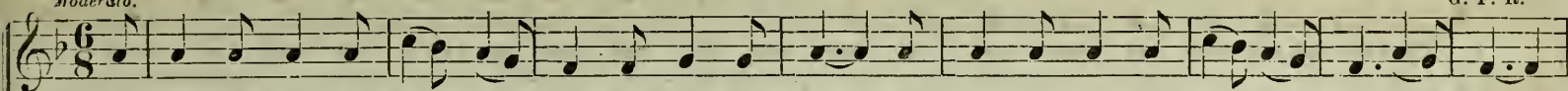
"I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

189

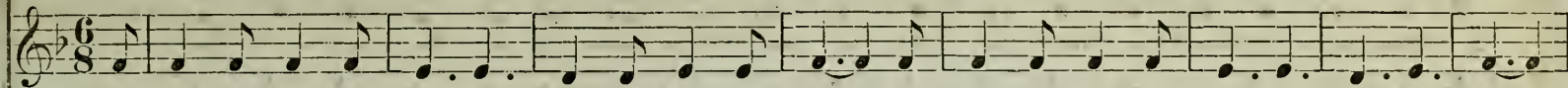
[These beautiful lines were found among the papers of a young soldier, who died in one of our hospitals during the late war. What volumes they speak of suffering and patience.]

Moderato.

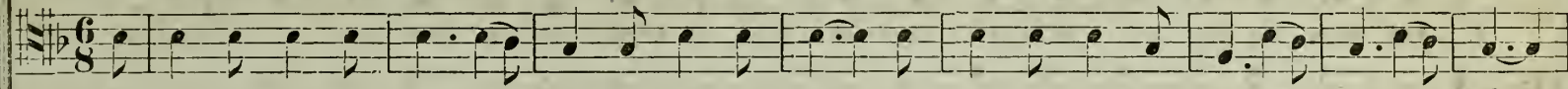
G. F. R.



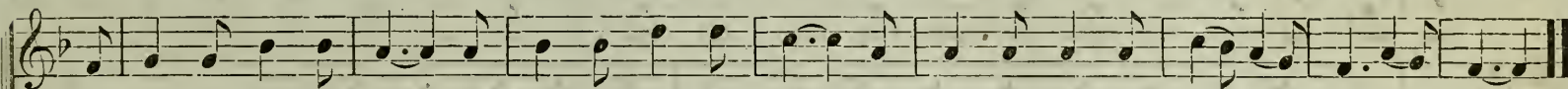
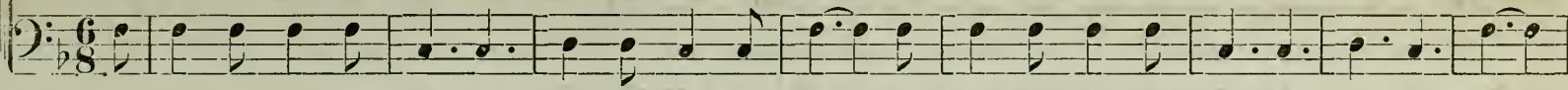
1. I lay me down to sleep, With lit - tle thought or care, Wheth - er my wak - ing find Me here or there;



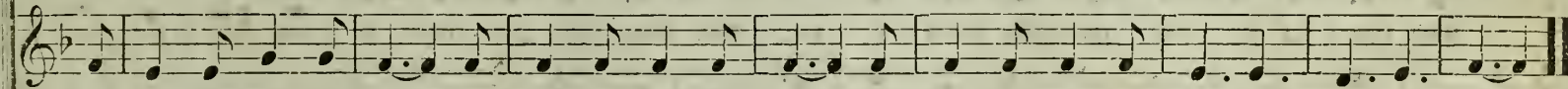
2. My good right hand for - gets Her skill and cun - ning now, To march the wea - ry march I know not how;



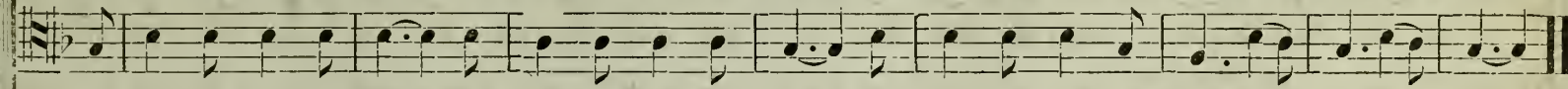
3 My half day's work is done, And this is all my part; I give a pa - tient God My pa - tient heart;



A bow - ing, bur - den'd head, That on - ly asks to rest, Un - ques - tion - ing up - on A lov - ing breast.



I am not ea ger, bold, Nor strong—all that is past; I'm rea - dy, *not to do*, At last, at last.



I grasp his ban - ner still, Though all its blue be dim; These stripes, no less than stars Lead af - ter him.



THE MINOR KEY.

Words by S. B. GOOKINS.

Music by O. D. ADAMS.

1. When through the deep re - cess - es of my soul, Soft, sad, sweet mu - sic's ten - der ac - cents roll;

2. When pen - sive thought un - locks the gold - en store, Where treas - ur'd lie the mem - o - ries of yore,

3. And when the glor - ies of ce - les - tial day, To heights sub - lime shall bear my song a - way,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Minor Key'. It consists of three staves: a soprano staff (treble clef), an alto staff (treble clef), and a bass staff (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the three parts.

Like bur - ied waves be - neath the throb - bing sea, My spir - it an - swers to the Mi - nor Key.

With tear - ful joy the pre - cious hoard I see, And chant their glo - ries to the Mi - nor Key.

Its deep - est, ten - d'rest, sweet - est chord shall be The tremb - ling ech - oes of the Mi - nor Key.

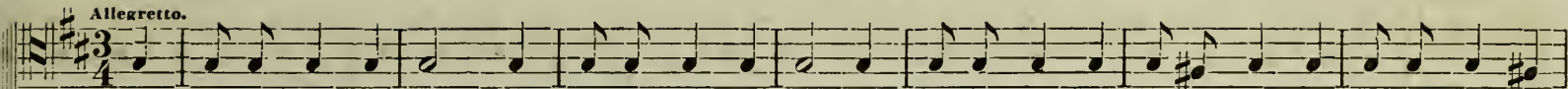
The second system of the musical score. It continues with the same three staves (soprano, alto, and bass). The lyrics are numbered 4, 5, and 6, corresponding to the three parts. The system concludes with double bar lines.

THERE'S BEAUTY IN THE SKIES.

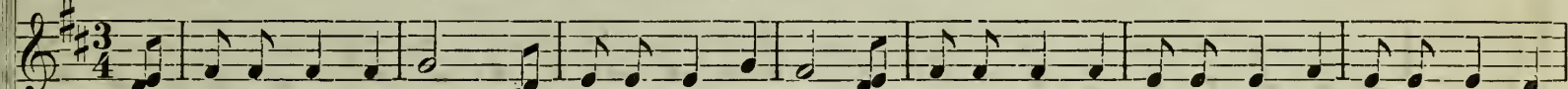
191

G. F. R.

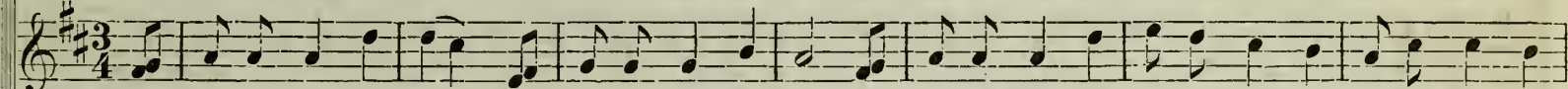
Allegretto.



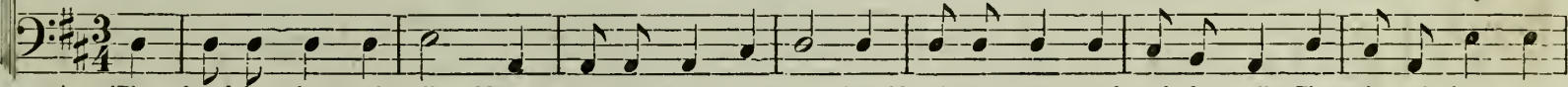
1. There's beau-ty in the skies, When noon-day suns are bright— It glanc-es with ten thou-sand eyes Thro' shad-ows of the



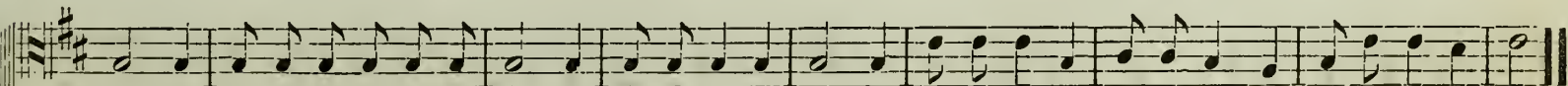
2. Old o - cean's swell - ing tide, The plac - id lake and still, The riv - ers, roll - ing in their pride, The ev - er - spark - ling



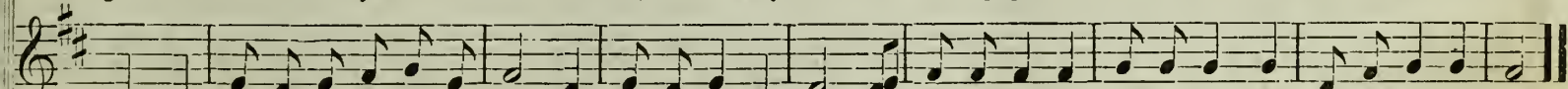
3. The op'n - ing buds of spring, Its chor - al hymns of praise, The vel - vet bloom on sum - mer's wing, Its bright and cloud - y



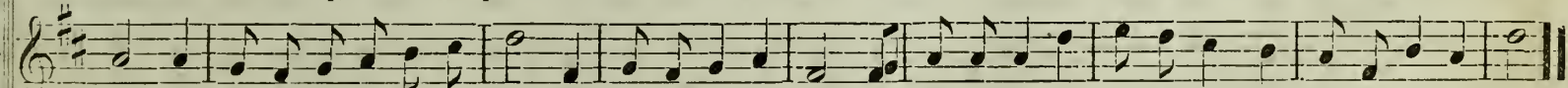
4. 'Tis found in hut and hall, Where sweet con - tent-ment dwells—Should sci - ence move or knowl - edge call, The voice of beau - ty



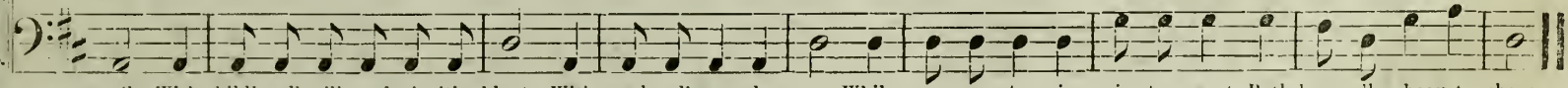
night. When morn with ros - y blush is seen To wake, there's beauty there, And ev'n-ings gold-en clouds pro-claim, We, too, of beau - ty share.



rill: The moun-tain top, the verd-ant plain, The des - ert rude and bare, At - test, by ev - 'ry var - ied scene, That beau - ty dwell-eth there.



days; The au-tumn clad in rus - set shroud, With treas-ures rich and rare, Old hoar - y win - ter shouts a - loud, There's daz-zling beau-ty here



swells. With childhood's silk-en locks 'tis blent, With manhood's proud career, While age ma - ture in vir - tue spent, Both heavn-ly beau-ty share.

REST, BUT NOT HERE.—Quartet.

Words by LENA.
Con Espressione.

To Frank Wood, Esq., of St. Paul.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. There are groves where the cool shad - ows lin - ger, Where the breez - es are freight - ed with calm, And the streams thread the

2. No, not here, where life's bat - tle is rag - ing, And shad - ows drift in - to our way—Where suc - cess or de -

3. There are wan - der - ing feet to be guid - ed From sin to the beau - ti - ful way; And sad, lone - ly

4. Then scat - ter the sun - light—what mat - ter Though you have but lit - tle of light— Your words and your

plain with their sil - ver, Each rip - ple the note of a psalm; A land where life's tu - mult is

feat must be writ - ten At the close of ev - er - y day. The cry of the great world is

eyes to be light - ed By gleams from a per - fect - ed day. Our own lives each day to be

deeds may out - blos - som, As stars in an - oth - er's dim light. At the end of life's rock - waste is

REST, BUT NOT HERE.—CONCLUDED.

193

o - ver— Its sor - row, and long - ing, and grief— A land where the spir - it, un - rest - ing, Is
on - ward, And on with - out paus - ing to rest; But toil - ing will one day be o - ver, And the
chis - el'd To sym - me - try, God - like and pure. So the work which in time we are do - ing, Shall
ly - ing, A won - der - ful, beau - ti - ful land; The rest, and the peace, and the glo - ry, Will
bathed in a won - der - ful peace. But not here—no, no! 'tis not here! But not here! 'tis not here.
heart of the wea - ry be blest. But not here—no, no! 'tis not here! But not here! 'tis not here.
on thro' the ag - es en - dure. Rest not here—no, no! 'tis not here! Rest not here! 'tis not here.
come to your spir - it like balm. 1 Rest up there—yes, yes! 'tis up there! Rest up there! 'tis up there.

THINGS WE CAN NEVER FORGET.

Words by P. MILLS, Esq.

Music by R. S. TAYLOR.

Moderato.

1. In our pas - sage thro' life, 'Mid its chan - ges and strife, With its ills and its trou - bles be - set,

2. When re - mem - brance of sin Goads the con - science with - in, O, how oft fall the tears of re - gret;

3. So the good that we do Has a per - ma - nence too; Nei - ther sea - sons nor change can e - rase;

We are of - ten made glad, Or our hearts ren - der'd sad, By the things we can nev - er for - get.

But our wish - es are vain, The dark tho'ts to re - strain, Of the sins we can nev - er for - get.

But old Time in his flight Makes the pic - ture more bright, As in mem - 'ry those scenes we re - trace.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

DAILY GUIDE.

Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Allegretto.

1. Work, and earn what you eat, Do not lie, steal or cheat; Keep your heart free from sin, Ev - 'ry day look with - in.

2. Are you rict? do not hoard; Have you health? praise the Lord; Are you poor? work, and trust; Are you proud? you're but dust.

3. Are you wrong? live and learn; Are you right? do not turn: Ev - 'ry day of the seven, Let your pray'rs rise to heav'n.

IN HEAVEN THEY ARE WAITING FOR ME.

195

Andante.

WM. W. BENTLEY

1. In heav - en bright heav - en, the home of the blest, Where sor - row's un - known I am long - ing to rest; To

2. To heav - en sweet heav - en, I'm hop - ing to go, When I have ac - com-plished my mis - sion be - low; The

gain its fair por - tals my ef - forts shall be, For loved ones are wait - ing, in heav - en for me. Wait - ing, wait - ing,

Bi - ble for - ev - er my stand - ard shall be, For loved ones are wait - ing, in heav - en for me. Wait - ing, wait - ing,

wait - ing for me, In heav - en, bright heav - en, They are wait - ing for me.

wait - ing for me, In heav - en bright heav - en, They are wait - ing for me.

3. For heaven I'm striving and ne'er will give o'er,
Till safely I stand on the beautiful shore;
Beyond the dark waters of life's stormy sea,
With loved ones now waiting in heaven for me.

CHORUS.

Waiting, waiting, waiting for me,
In heaven, bright heaven, they are waiting
for me.

HAPPINESS IS EVERYWHERE FOR HIM WHO WILL.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Cheerily.

1. Mer - ri - ly the sun - beam shim-mers o'er the mead - ow, Fit - ful - ly the wa - ter spar-kles by the mill,

2. When the fall-ing snow-flakes cov - er up the flow - ers, When the wa - ter - rip - ples in ice are froz - en still,

Cheer - i - ly the bumble-bee hums a - mid the flow - ers, "Hap - pi - ness is ev - ry - where for him who will."

Then the lit - tle snow - bird whis - tles on the fence - rail, "Hap - pi - ness is ev - ry - where for him who will."

HAPPINESS IS EVERYWHERE FOR HIM WHO WILL.—Concluded.

197

Out in the school-yard see the chil-dren play - ing, On the this - tle yon - der hear the bob'-link trill;

Out in the snow-storm see the chil-dren play - ing, Build-ing lit - tle snow - forts—slid - ing down the hill;

Bum - ble - bee and bob - o - link and chil - dren bright are say - ing, "Hap - pi - ness is ev - 'ry - where for him who will."

Mer - ri - ly they climb a - gain up to the hill - top, say - ing, "Hap - pi - ness is ev - 'ry - where for him who will."

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Mel - o - dy! mel - o - dy! list and ye'll hear; An - gels are sing - ing, the loved ones are near,

2. Can ye not hear it? then lis - ten a - gain, Let thy glad heart catch the mu - sic - al strain,

3. Sweet - er and sweet - er that strain still shall grow, When they shall join us, the loved ones be - low;

Har - mo - ny! har - mo - ny! songs of pure love, Float - ing to greet thee from bright ones a - bove.

An - thems sweet an - thems are ris - ing to God, Join in those an - thems, and shout them a - broad.

Loud - er, still loud - er our pæ - ans shall be, When from her dark - ness Earth ri - ses all free.

HOPE.

199

Words by E. F. CUSHMAN.

Music by J. MORRISON.

1. A lit - tle star doth twink - le bright, A - bove the winds that gent - ly blow, And peep - ing thro' the
 2. When cold mis - for - tune fills our hearts, With thoughts as dark and drear as night, A lit - tle star its
 3. O, wel - come! wel - come! star of Hope, Twink - ling a - bove with light of bliss; Come, gent - ly glide down

door of night, It cheers life's wea - ry path be - low; Though blessed with - in its ho - ly home, Where
 ray im - parts, To guide our foot - steps in its light, It comes like sleep to wea - ry eyes, It
 heav - en's slope, And share with me a home in this: And make the dark night of our care, Bright -

life and light e - ter - nal dwell, Yet thro' night's dark - en'd hours will roam, To cheer us like a mar - riage bell.
 falls like snow at mid - night's hour; Or as the soft dew from the skies, Kiss - es the sweet lips of the flower.
 en be - neath thy gold - en eye, That he may of thy beau - ty share, And live be - neath a cloud - less sky.

LET THE ANGELS IN.

E. G. T.

1. Go o - pen wide the door, moth - er, And let the an - gels in, They are so bright and

2. I know that death has come, moth - er, His hand is on my brow, You can - not keep me

3. I now must say fare - well, moth - er, For I am go - ing home, Now o - pen wide the

fair, moth - er, So pure and free from sin: I hear them speak my name, moth - er, They soft - ly whis - per,

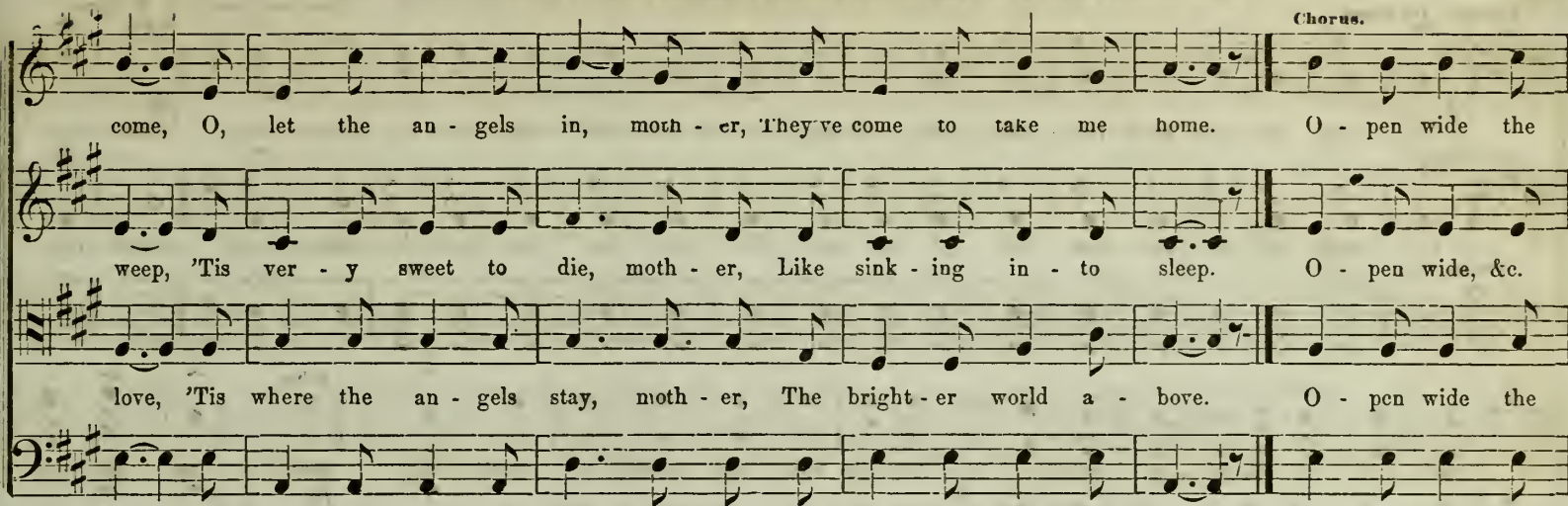
here, moth - er, For I must leave you now: The room is grow - ing dark, moth - er, I thought I heard you

door, moth - er, And let the an - gels come, And let them bear me far moth - er Up in the world of

LET THE ANGELS IN.—Concluded.

201

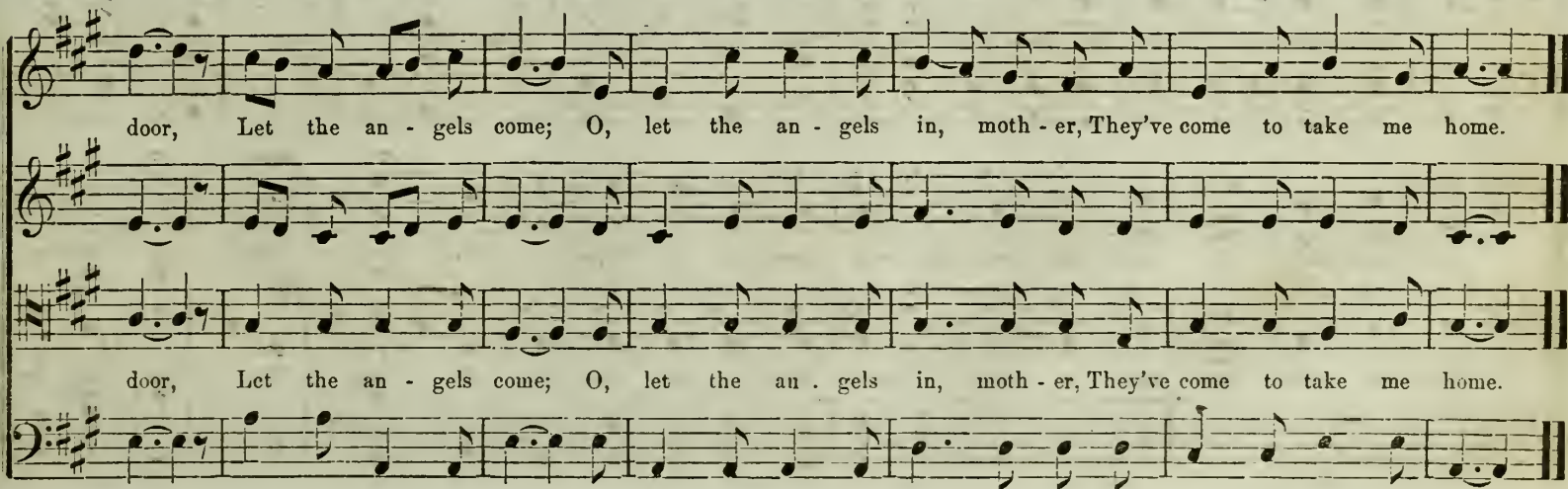
Chorus.



come, O, let the an - gels in, moth - er, They've come to take me home. O - pen wide the

weep, 'Tis ver - y sweet to die, moth - er, Like sink - ing in - to sleep. O - pen wide, &c.

love, 'Tis where the an - gels stay, moth - er, The bright - er world a - bove. O - pen wide the



door, Let the an - gels come; O, let the an - gels in, moth - er, They've come to take me home.

door, Let the an - gels come; O, let the an - gels in, moth - er, They've come to take me home.

OH HASTE TO THE WOODLAND. Trio for male voices.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

Allegro. 1st Tenor.

Echo.

1. Oh, haste to the wood-land, has - ten a - way, Our hearts with rap - ture are bound - ing, bound - ing,

2. Oh, bright on the dis - tant hill of the west, The gold - en sun - light is stream - ing, stream - ing,

Base.

And list to the mer - ry round - e - lay, And the ech - oes sweet - ly sound - ing, sound - ing, See the

So bright from the eyes that we love best See the love light mild - ly beam - ing, beam - ing, List, the

joy - ous birds on bush and tree, Gent - ly swung by the breez - es blow - ing, blow - ing. While

joy to - day all eare a - way When the hours are swift - ly fly - ing, fly - ing. List, the

203

[illegible]

FALLING LEAVES.

J. R. MURRAY.

Andante non troppo.

FINE.

1. They are falling, slow-ly fall - ing, Thick up-on the forest side, Severed from the noble branches, Where they waved in beauteous pride.

2. They are falling, sad-ly fall - ing, Close be-side our cot-tage door; Pale and fa-ded, like the loved ones, They have gone for-ev-er more.

3. They are falling on the streamlet, Where the sil-very wa-ters flow, And up - on the pla-cid bos-som Onward with the wa-ters go.

D. C.

They are fall - ing in the val - leys, Where the early violets spring, Where the birds in sun - ny spring-time For us dul - cet, mu - sic sing.

They are fall - ing, and the sunbeams Shine in beau-ty soft a - round: Yet the fa - ded leaves are fall-ing, Fall-ing on the mos-sy ground.

They are fall - ing* in the church-yard, Where our kindred sweetly sleep, Where the idle winds of sum-mer Soft-ly o'er their ash-es sweep.

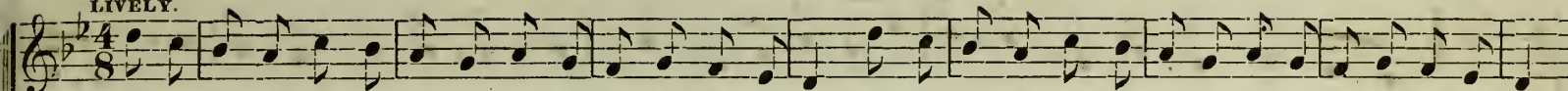
"WE ARE COMING."

205

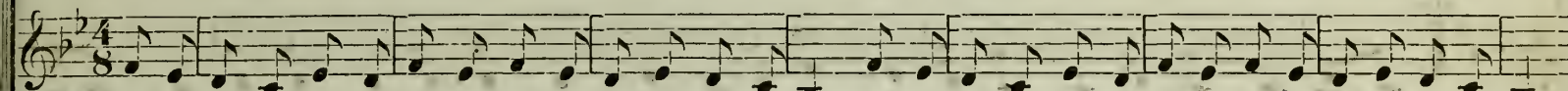
JAMES R. MURRAY.

"Lethé."

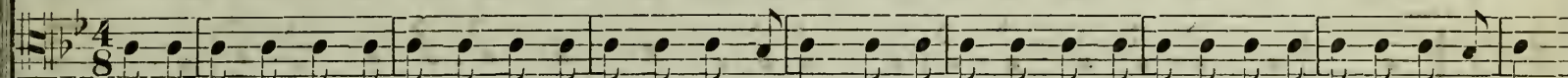
LIVELY.



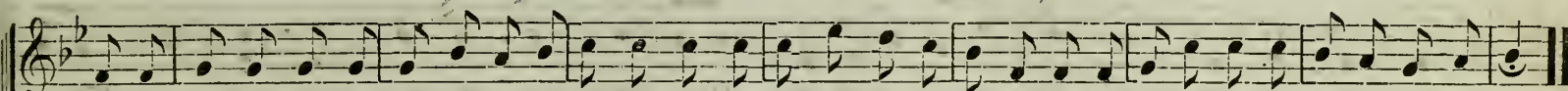
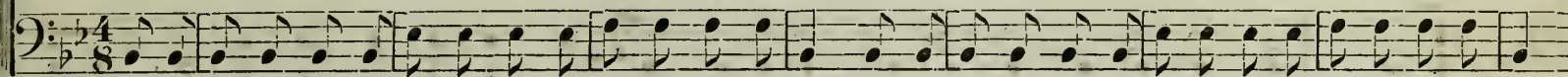
1. We are com-ing gen-tly com-ing, said the snow-flake at its birth, Com-ing down to clothe with soft-ness and with beau-ty all the earth;



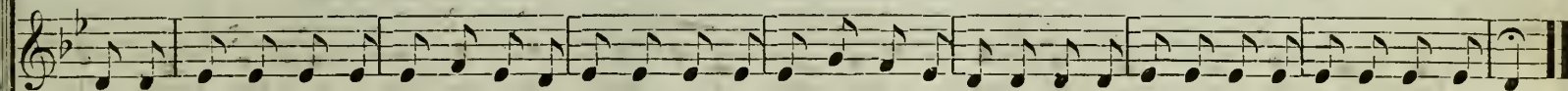
2. We are com-ing, soft-ly com-ing, said the mild re-fresh-ing rain, Man-y months a-go we left the earth but now we come a-gain;



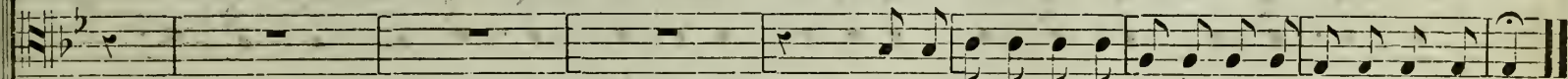
3. We are com-ing, see us com-ing, said the grass, the fruit, the grain, Sun has warm'd us, rain has strengthen'd, breezes blown but not in vain;



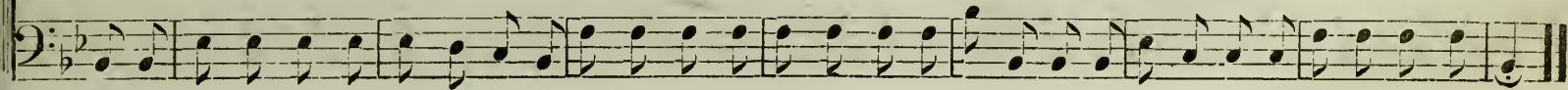
For it seems so bare and drear-y, Ev-'ry eye of it must wea-ry, So we hast-en at the bid-ding of the Ho-ly One on High.



Ver-y soon shall glad-den mor-tals, Choicest buds from spring's gay por-tals, For we hast-en at the bid-ding of the Ho-ly One on High.



Look from land or sea or riv-er, From the gift to bless the Giv-er, For we hast-en at the bid-ding of the Ho-ly One on High.



A TEAR FOR THE COMRADE THAT'S GONE.

Words by CAPT. T. F. WINTHROP.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

Air

1. We laid him to rest 'neath the wild laur-el tree, Far, far from his dear northern home, Where

Alto

2. The ro-ses will come in the gar-den of home, And sum-mer will glad-den the earth. But the

Tenor

3. To- geth- er we've stood in the thick of the fray, To- geth- er we've stemm'd the red tide, He was

Base

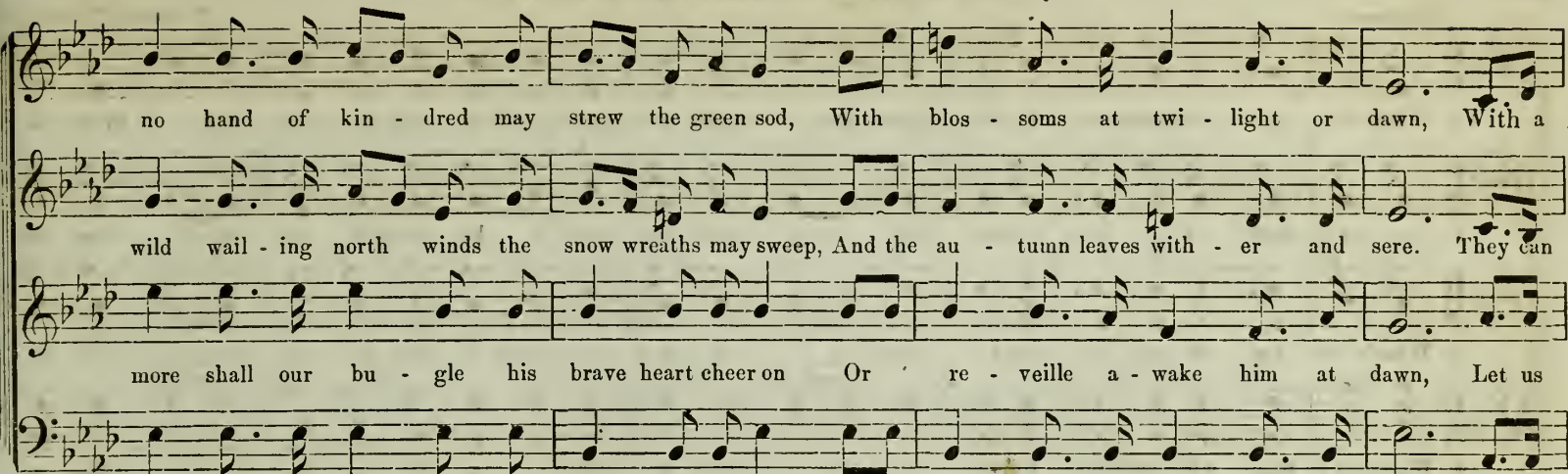
nev-er a sound of it's wild moan-ing sea, Or a scent of it's ro-ses may come, Where

form of our loved one ah, nev-er may come, To cheer up our des-o-late hearth. The

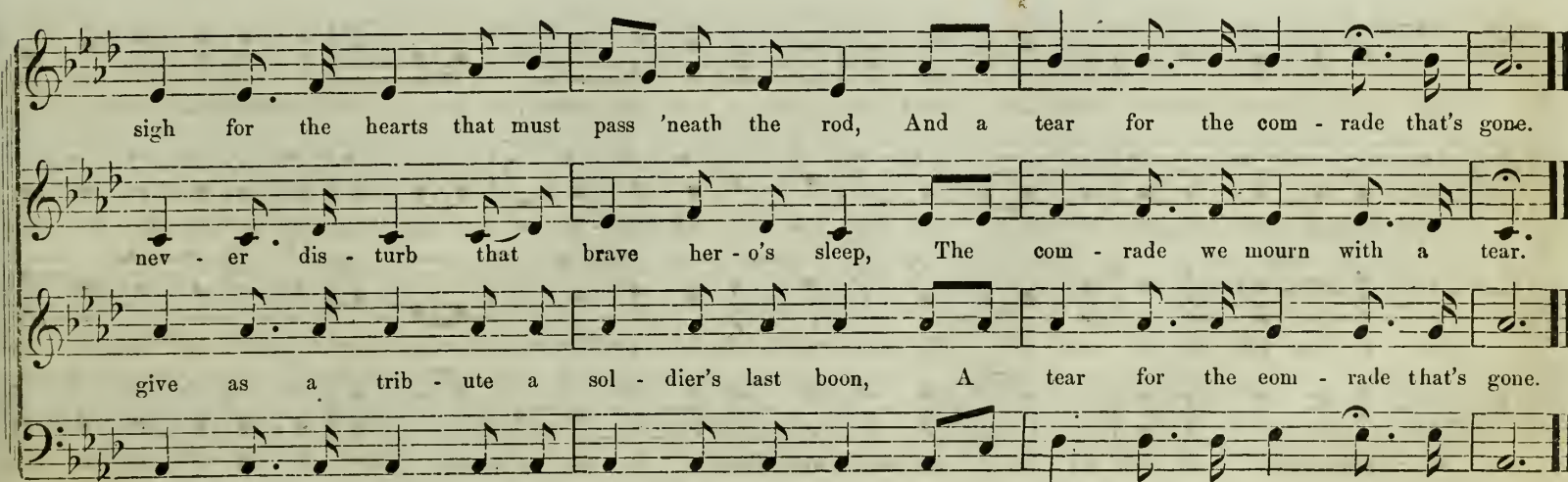
true to the laws he had sworn to o-bey For the flag of his love he has died, No

A TEAR FOR THE COMRADE THAT'S GONE—Concluded.

207



no hand of kin - dred may strew the green sod, With blos - soms at twi - light or dawn, With a
wild wail - ing north winds the snow wreaths may sweep, And the au - tumn leaves with - er and sere. They can
more shall our bu - gle his brave heart cheer on Or re - veille a - wake him at dawn, Let us



sigh for the hearts that must pass 'neath the rod, And a tear for the com - rade that's gone.
nev - er dis - turb that brave her - o's sleep, The com - rade we mourn with a tear.
give as a trib - ute a sol - dier's last boon, A tear for the com - rade that's gone.

KICK HIM WHEN HE'S DOWN.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Moderato.

1. When the sun of pros-per - i - ty's shin - ing, And a man's grow-ing rich - er each day, When in

2. Let a man get po - si - tion or rich - es, Mat - ters not if by intrigue or fraud, See! the

3. What's the use of our be - ing so mor - al, Ei - ther up - right, or "hon - est and true;" For un -

4. When, oh! when will mankind be less self - ish, Will it ev - er in fu - ture be thus? That we

ease and con - tent - ment re - clin - ing, And a gold - en suc - cess crowns his way, How friends will then flock round a -

world nods ap - prov - ing - ly at him, And his acts it will loud - ly ap - plaud, What tho' he may be a great

less a man has "lots of mon - ey" The whole world's bound to "put him right through," They'll "go for him" cer - tain and

al - ways will do to each oth - er As we'd wish them to do un - to , us. And if in "ad - ver - si - ty's

THE THINGS WE LOVE.

Words by RICHARD HINCHCLIFF.
MODERATO.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. The things we love how beau - ti - ful They ev - er seem to be, The gen - tle voice that
 2. Like pure and sun - ny foun - tains, That in the des - ert spring, Bright robes of joy and
 3. In the mur - m'ring of the wa - ters As they gen - tly glide a - long, And in the wind's soft

bles - eth us, How sweet its mel - o - dy; The heart can nev - er whol - ly break The
 glad - ness, o'er Earth's wil - der - ness they fling; They bring sweet thoughts of hap - py days, And
 voice is heard, The mu - sic of their song: Bright things! the dear - est treas - ures The

mag - ie of their spell, And tho' the past o'er - shad - ow them, They still with mem - 'ry dwell.
 bliss like that a - bove, O, earth would be a par - a - dise Did all its crea - tures love!
 heart may ev - er bear; O, how can sor - row blight the soul While ye are smil - ing here!

THE THINGS WE LOVE---Concluded.

211

Chorus **Slower**.....

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful things we love; How dear are they! How dear are they!

Tempo **Rit.**.....

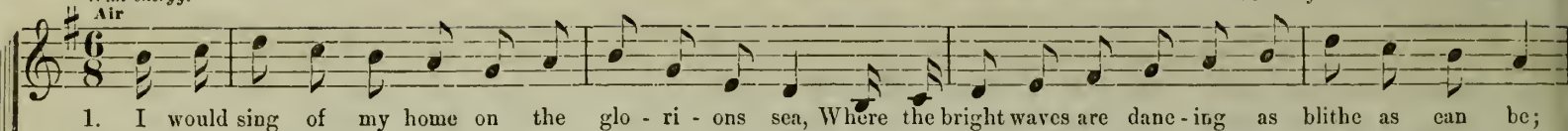
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful things we love, Ye will live in our mem - 'ry long.

THE SONG OF THE BEACON.

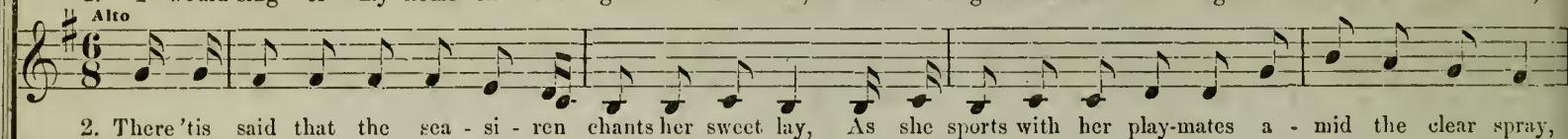
Words by LOUISE O. HUNTER.

With energy.

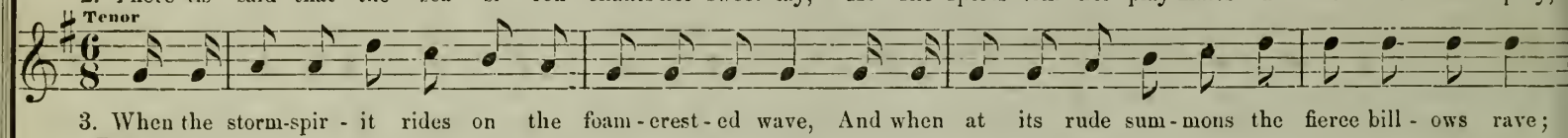
Air



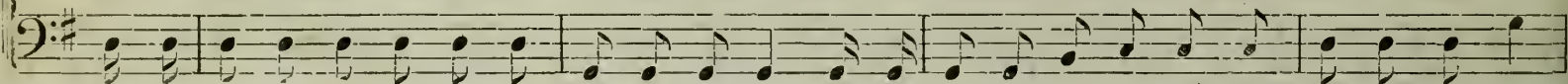
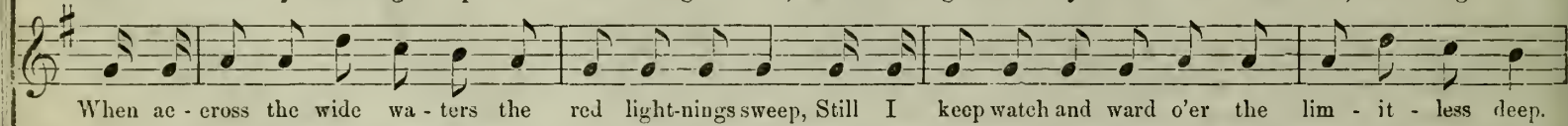
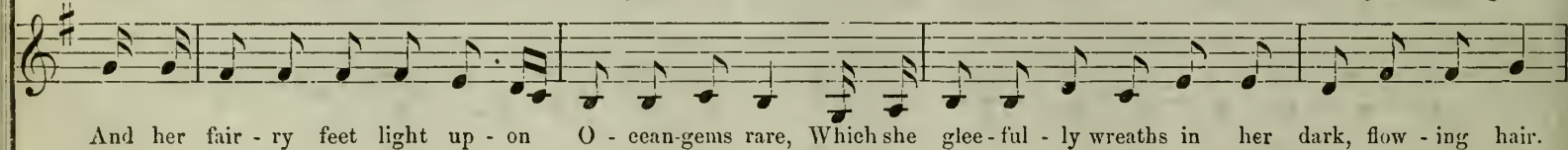
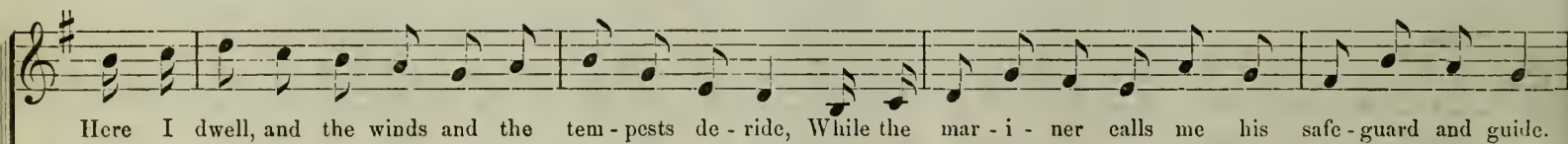
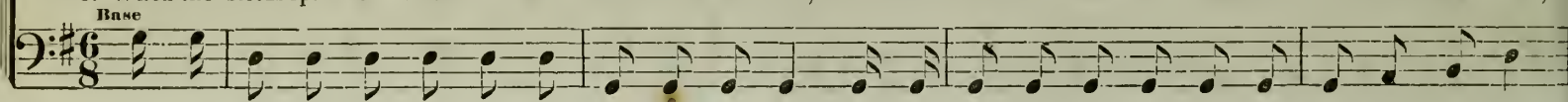
Alto



Tenor

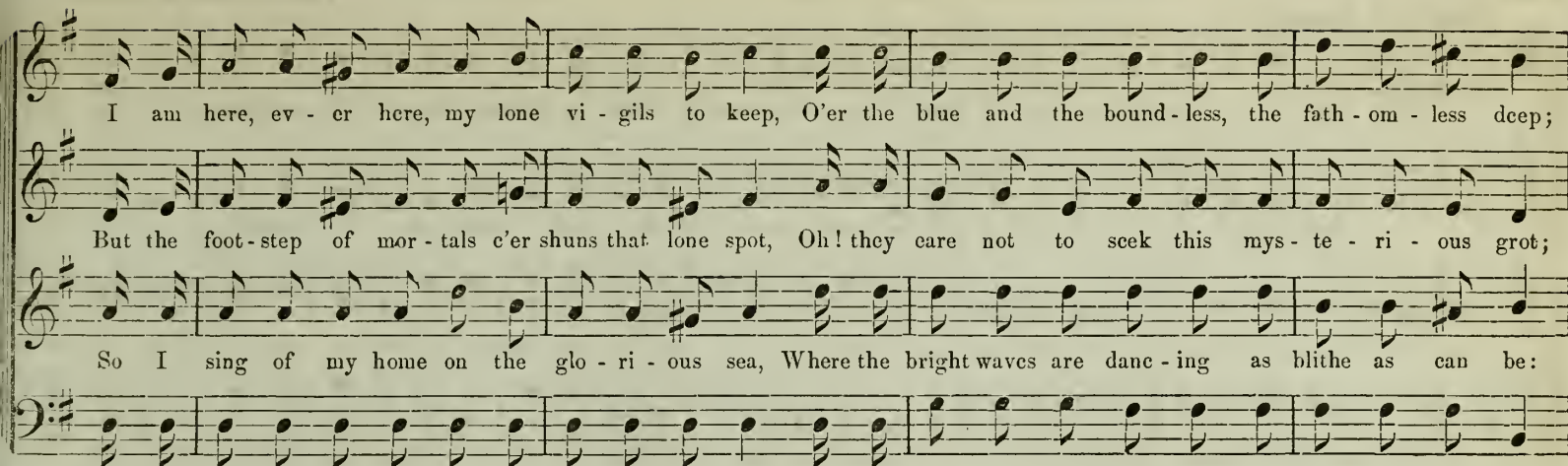


Bass



THE SONG OF THE BEACON.---Concluded.

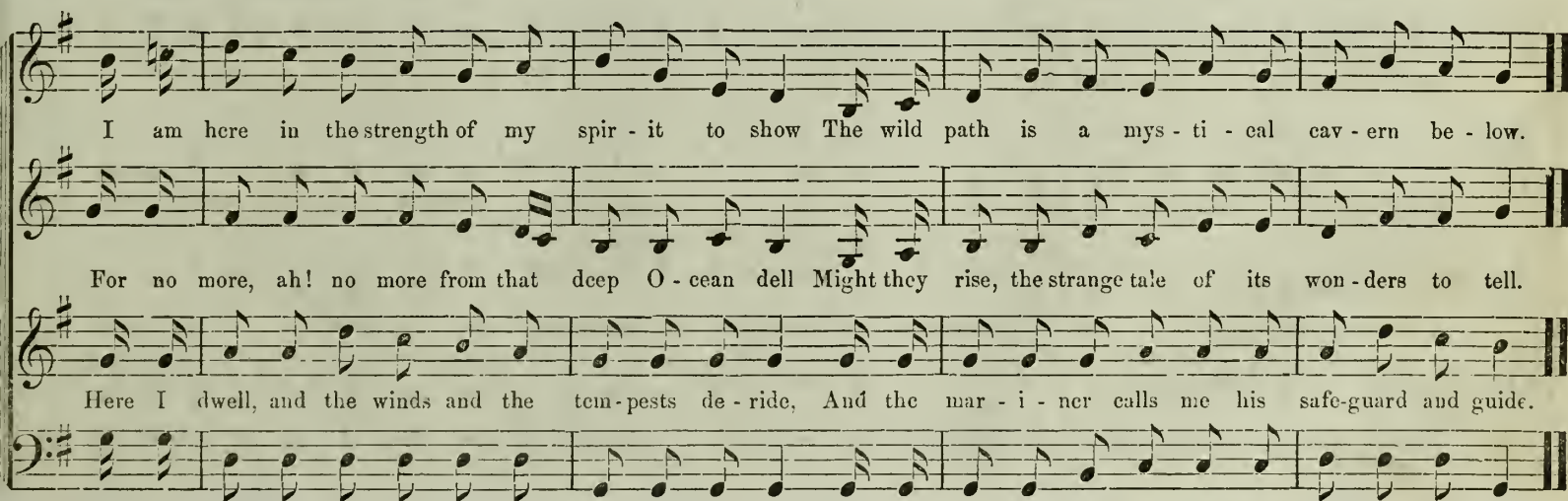
213



I am here, ev - er here, my lone vi - gils to keep, O'er the blue and the bound - less, the fath - om - less deep;

But the foot - step of mor - tals c'er shuns that lone spot, Oh! they care not to seek this mys - te - ri - ous grot;

So I sing of my home on the glo - ri - ous sea, Where the bright waves are danc - ing as blithe as can be:



I am here in the strength of my spir - it to show The wild path is a mys - ti - cal cav - ern be - low.

For no more, ah! no more from that deep O - cean dell Might they rise, the strange tale of its won - ders to tell.

Here I dwell, and the winds and the tem - pests de - ride, And the mar - i - ner calls me his safe-guard and guide.

AT THE THRESHOLD.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

With much expression.

1. I'm kneel-ing at the thresh-old, oh! so wea-ry, faint and sore— Wait-ing for the dawn-ing, for the open-ing of the door; I'm

2. A wea-ry path I've traveled, a-mid dark-ness, storm and strife; Bear-ing man-y bur-dens, ev-er strug-gling for my life; But

3. My friends who started with me, they have entered long a-go,— One by one they left me here to struggle with the foe; Their

4. With them are blessed an-gels, that know no grief or sin, Stand-ing by the port-als, and pre-pared to let me in; Oh,

wait-ing till the Mas-ter shall bid me rise and come To the glo-ry of His pres-ence, to the glad-ness of His home.

now the storm is break-ing, my toil will soon be o'er—I'm kneel-ing at the thresh-old, and my hand is on the door.

pil-grim-age was short-er, their tri-umph soon-er won; How lov-ing-ly they'll hail me when my toil-ing is all done.

Lord, I wait thy pleas-ure— Thy time and way are best; But I am worn and wea-ry— O my Fa-ther! bid me rest.

OUR LITTLE ONE.

215

Music by CHAS. E. BETTICHER.

1. There's a fresh lit - tle mound 'neath the wil - low, Where at ev'n - ing I wan - der and weep; There's a dear va - cant spot on my
 2. Do I dream, when in sleep I be - hold her, With a beau - ty so fresh and di - vine, And so close in my arms I en -
 3. There's a still ness in par - lor and cham - ber, There's a sad - ness in ev - er - y room; We know that the Fa - ther hath

pil - low, Where a sweet lit - tle face used to sleep; There are pret - ty blue eyes, but they slum - ber In
 fold her, I can feel her soft cheek up - on mine? Oh! so lov - ing those gen - tle eyes glis - ten, That my
 claim'd her, Yet all things seem bur - den'd with gloom; But I'll not be a com - fort - less mourn - er, Nor

si - lence be - neath the dark mould; And the lit - tle pet lamb of our num - ber Has gone to the heav - en - ly fold.
 vis - ion is lost in my ears, And be - wil - dered, en - rap - tured, I list - en To a voice from the spir - its' bright sphere.
 long - er brood o - ver my pain, For I know where the an - gels have borne her, And soon I shall see her a - gain.

BLESSED DREAMS.

Words by FLORENCE PERCY.

Music by E. HENRY NOURSE.

1. The sun-set's smile had left the sky, The moon rose ealm and fair, As low a lit - tle maid - en
 2. O, I have stood in tem - ples grand, Where in the rain - bowed gloom Rose pom-pous prayers from priest-ly
 3. Ah, lit - tle maid - en, kneeling there, Be-neath the sun - set skies, What need have we of oth - or

knelt To breathe her nightly prayer; And thus her brief pe - ti - tion rose, In sim - ple words and few: "Dear Lord, please
 lips, Thro' clouds of dense perfume; But nev - er one has seemed to me So guileless, pure, and new—"Dear Lord, please
 prayer Than yours, so sweet and wise? Henceforth I breathe no studied plea, But bow and pray with you—"Dear Lord, please

BLESSED DREAMS.—CONCLUDED.

217

CHORUS.

Air.

send us bless-ed dreams, And let them all come true."

1. And thus her brief pe - ti - tion rose, In sim - ple

Alto.

2. But nev - er one has seemed to me So guileless,

Tenor.

3. Henceforth I breathe no stud - ied plea, But bow and

Base.

words and few: "Dear Lord, please send us bless - ed dreams, And let them all come true."

pure, and new— "Dear Lord, please send us bless - ed dreams, And let them all come true."

pray with you— "Dear Lord, please send us bless - ed dreams, And let them all come true."

NOT A BIT OF IT HARRY!

Spiritoso.

Words and Melody by G. H. THROOP. Arr. by J. R. M.

1. Not a bit of it Har-ry; the world's well enough! 'Tis a eap-i-tal world af-ter all, Not a word of complaint ev-er

2. Not a bit of it Har-ry! the world's well enough! In our trou-ble the Help-er is nigh; The Sa-mar-i-tan comes to the

3. Not a bit of it, Har-ry! the half is not told Of the gen-er-ous deeds that are done! And the ills we complain of are

fell from our lips, Not a murmur, but we should re-call, Not a sun-shin-y day; not a mountain or stream; Not a flow-er, tho' blushing un-

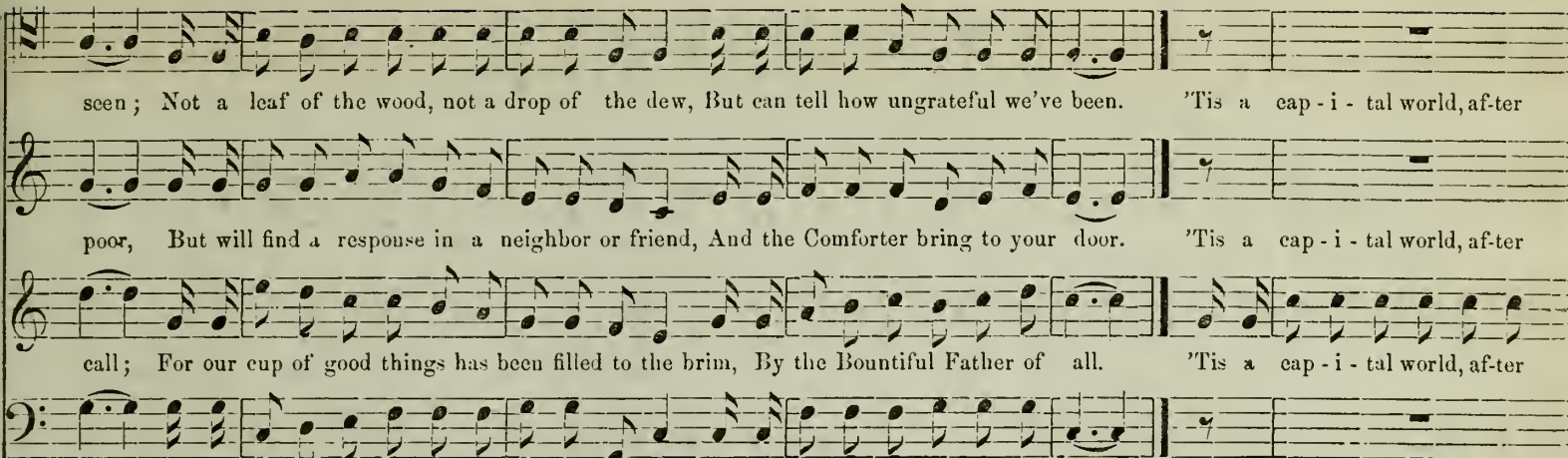
trav-el-er, still, Tho' the Priest and the Levite pass by, Not a sigh of the sad; Not a groan of the sick; Not a tear of the humble and

merely the clouds, For a moment ob-seur-ing the sun, O! for shame! let us low-er our heads to the dust, And our words of re-pin-ing re-

NOT A BIT OF IT HARRY!—CONCLUDED.

219

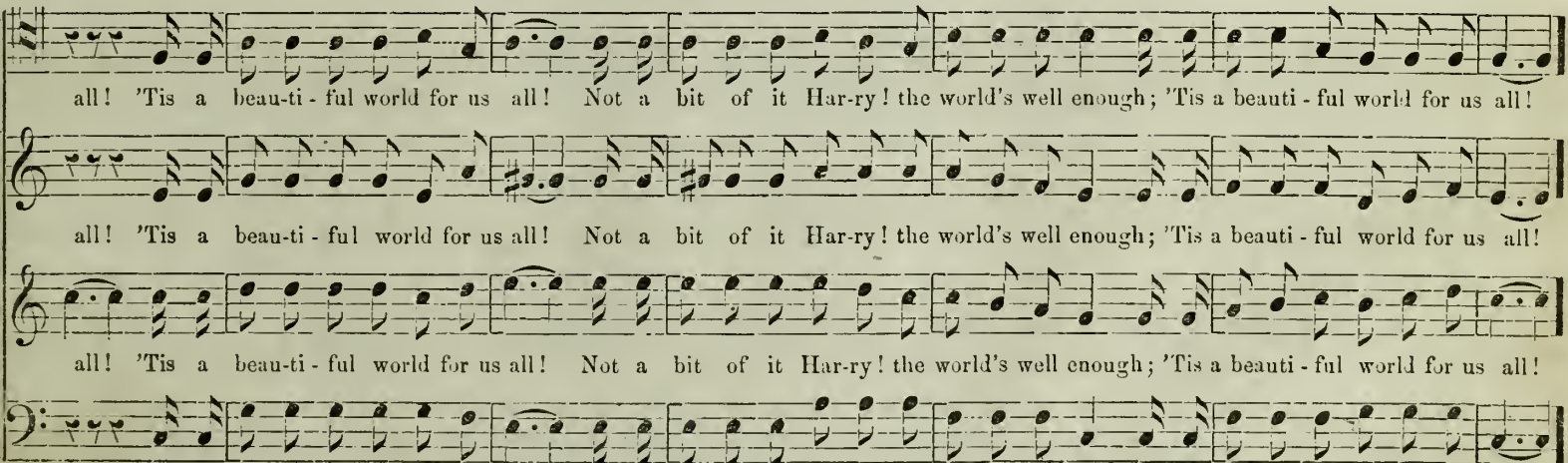
CHORUS.



seen; Not a leaf of the wood, not a drop of the dew, But can tell how ungrateful we've been. 'Tis a cap-i-tal world, af-ter

poor, But will find a response in a neighbor or friend, And the Comforter bring to your door. 'Tis a cap-i-tal world, af-ter

call; For our cup of good things has been filled to the brim, By the Bountiful Father of all. 'Tis a cap-i-tal world, af-ter



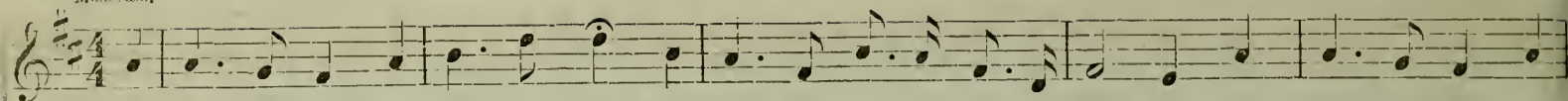
all! 'Tis a beau-ti-ful world for us all! Not a bit of it Har-ry! the world's well enough; 'Tis a beau-ti-ful world for us all!

all! 'Tis a beau-ti-ful world for us all! Not a bit of it Har-ry! the world's well enough; 'Tis a beau-ti-ful world for us all!

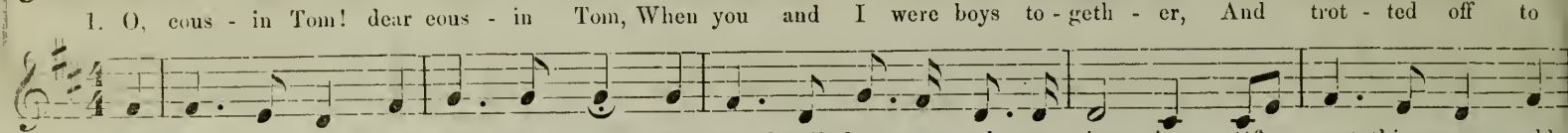
all! 'Tis a beau-ti-ful world for us all! Not a bit of it Har-ry! the world's well enough; 'Tis a beau-ti-ful world for us all!

COUSIN TOM.

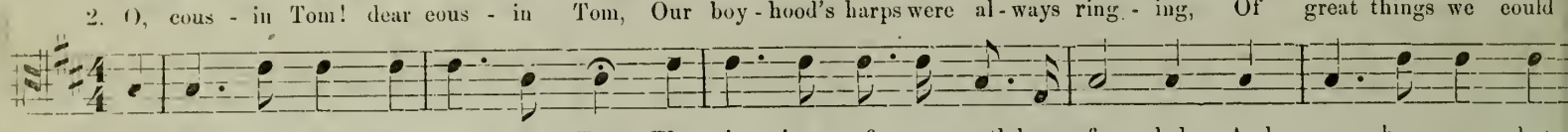
Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

Moderato.


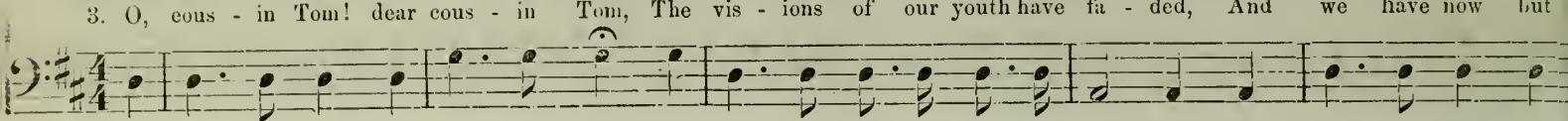
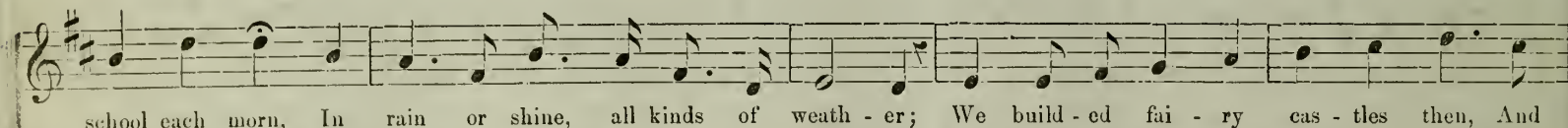
1. O, cous - in Tom! dear cous - in Tom, When you and I were boys to - geth - er, And trot - ted off to



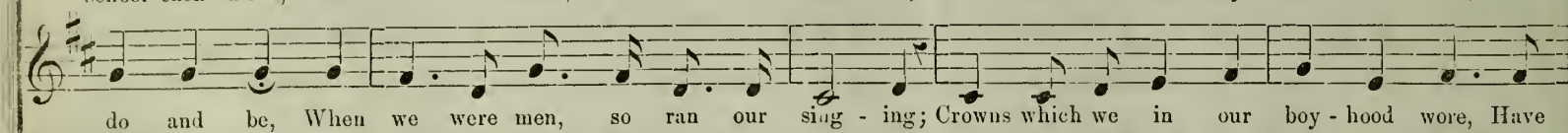
2. O, cous - in Tom! dear cous - in Tom, Our boy - hood's harps were al - ways ring - ing, Of great things we could



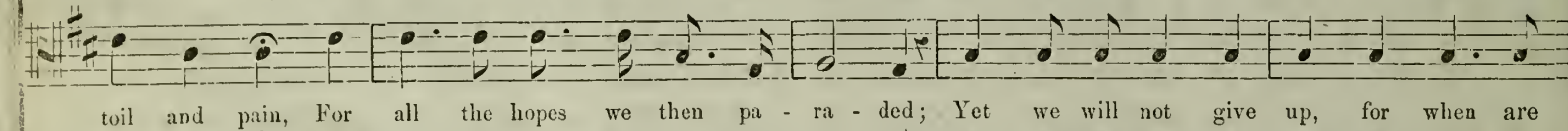
3. O, cous - in Tom! dear cous - in Tom, The vis - ions of our youth have fa - ded, And we have now but

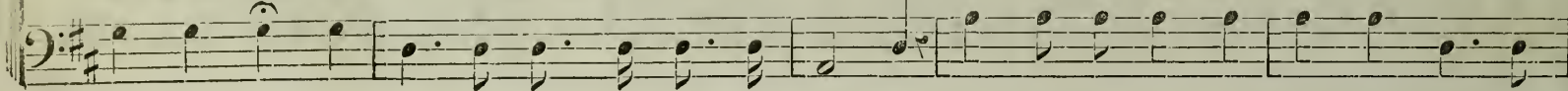
school each morn, In rain or shine, all kinds of weath - er; We build - ed fai - ry cas - tles then, And



do and be, When we were men, so ran our sing - ing; Crowns which we in our boy - hood wore, Have



toil and pain, For all the hopes we then pa - ra - ded; Yet we will not give up, for when are



all our hopes were of the bright - est, And as we romp'd o'er hill and glen, Our hearts of all hearts were the light - est.

fa - ded with our boyhood's pleas - ures, And all our plans of great things there, Are now a - mong our bur - ied treas - ures.

gone these years of toil and fast - ing, We'll tune our harps to heav'n - ly songs, And wear the crown that's ev - er - last - ing.

MAY SONG

W. J. ROBJOHN.

1. Come let us sing with mer - ry hearts, For May is come! May is come! Fick - le spring now quite de - parts, For May, May is come!

2. Up in the trees the twit - t'ring birds Sing, May is come! May is come! Ev - 'ry chirp says plain as words That, May, May is come!

3. Yes, ev - ry liv - ing thing de - clares That, May is come! May is come! Bring - ing balm - y, sum - mer airs, Dear May, May is come!

MAY SONG.---Concluded.

Quartet

While be-neath the bud-ding trees, Ev - 'ry op-'ning flower we seize; Gay hearts tell with joy - ful shout Of each new prize found out:
Build-ing nests, and seek-ing food, To sup-port the com-ing brood; Friends, dont let us have to own We let them sing a - lone:
Ice is gone, and snow is past, Trees are grow-ing green at last, Flow'-rets bud a-mong the leaves, And earth Heav'n's smile receives:

Chorus

Come let us sing with mer-ry hearts, For May is come! May is come! Fick-le spring now quite de-parts, For May, May is come.
Come let us sing with mer-ry hearts, For May is come! May is come! Fick-le spring now quite de-parts, For May, May is come.
Come let us sing with mer-ry hearts, For May is come! May is come! Fick-le spring now quite de-parts, For May, May is come.

MOONBEAMS.

223

G. F. R.

Con Dolcezza.

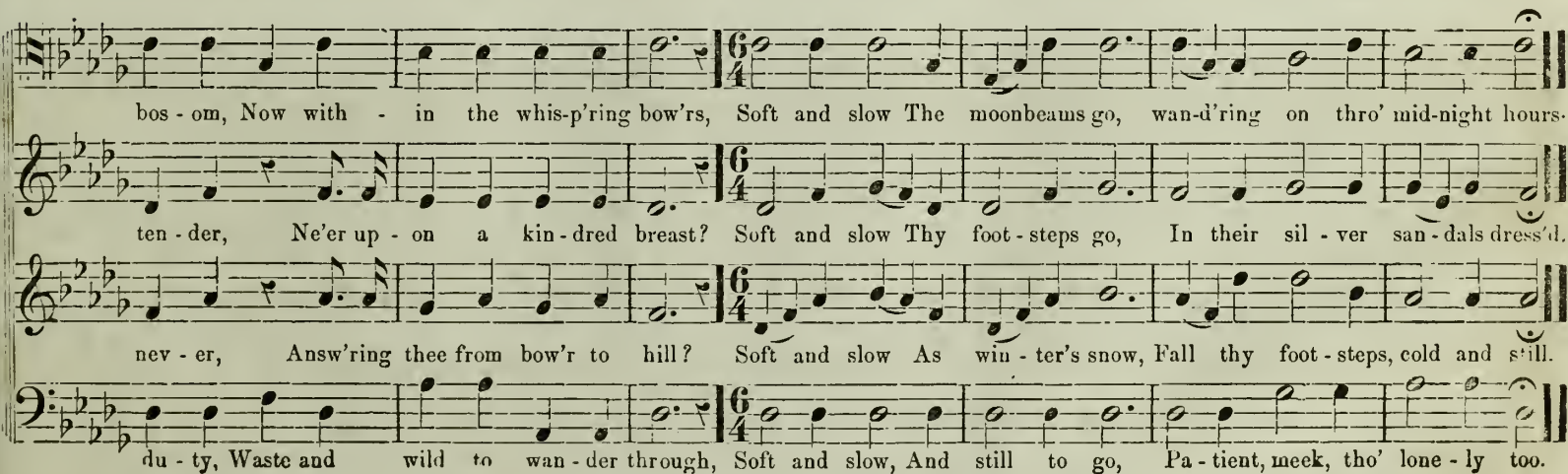


1. O - ver fields of thym - y blos - soms, O - ver beds of dew - y flow'rs, Now up - on the stream-let's

2. Queen of beau - ty robed in splend-or, Find thy si - lent feet no rest? Looks thy smile, so soft and

3. Queen of beau - ty! canst thou ev - er Thus thy lone - ly task ful - fil? Sis - ter voic - es, nev - er,

4. Si - lent moon! thy smile of beau - ty Faint-ing hope will oft re - new; Teach me, then thy ho - ly



bos - om, Now with - in the whis-p'ring bow'rs, Soft and slow The moonbeams go, wan-d'ring on thro' mid-night hours.

ten - der, Ne'er up - on a kin-dred breast? Soft and slow Thy foot - steps go, In their sil - ver san - dals dress'd.

nev - er, Ans-w'ring thee from bow'r to hill? Soft and slow As win - ter's snow, Fall thy foot - steps, cold and still.

du - ty, Waste and wild to wan - der through, Soft and slow, And still to go, Pa - tient, meek, tho' lone - ly too.

O YE RAIN!

Words by Miss E. J. FLANDERS.

To Miss Nellie Temple, of Winona.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. O ye rain, ye fran-tie rain. Beating 'gainst the window pane, How ye sweep with rush and roar, All the fields and woodlands o'er.

2. O ye soft - ly dripping rain, Trickling, tinkling, sil - ver rain, How ye pat - ter on the leaves! How ye trip a - bout the eaves!

3. Solemn rain, O soft-ly fall, Do not beat or dash at all On the fall - en soldier's head, On the lone and turf-less bed;

How ye bend the grass and grain; Rushing, sweeping, crystal rain! How ye bend the grass and grain, Rushing, sweeping, crystal rain!

How I love your gen-tle tread On the roof-tree ov - er - head! How I love your gen-tle tread On the roof-tree ov - er head.

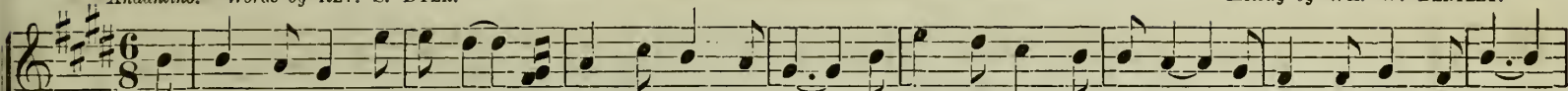
With your tend'rest murmur lave Ev-'ry he - ro's unknown grave, With your tend'rest murmur lave Ev-'ry he - ro's unknown grave.

DREAMS OF MY YOUTHFUL DAYS.

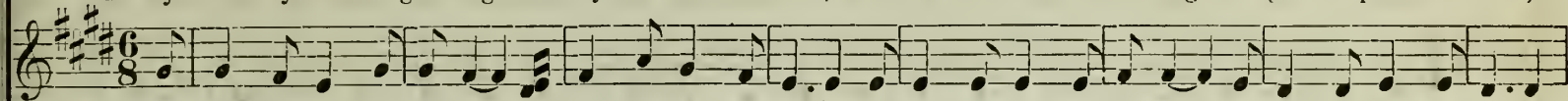
225

Andantino. Words by REV. S. DYER.

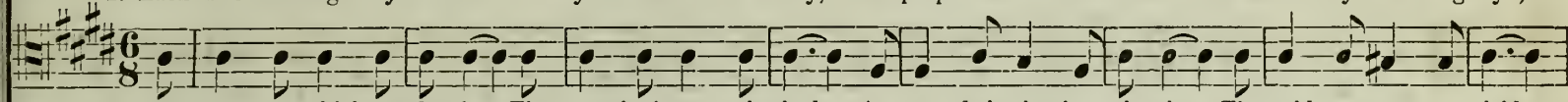
Melody by WM. W. BENTLEY.



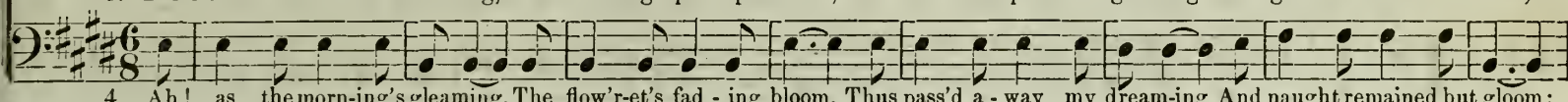
1. My mem-'ry back is glance-ing .To days a - las! no more, When all to me ad-vanc-ing The garb of pleas-ure wore;



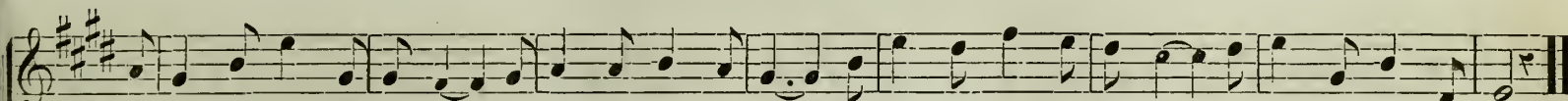
2. Each star that night-ly twink-les In yon-der az - ure sky, And peeps from o - cean's wrink-les With mild - ly beam - ing eye;



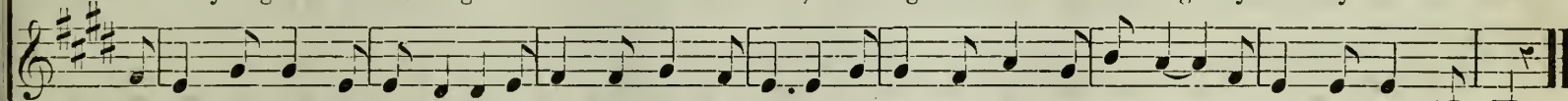
3. The clouds o'er which was flow-ing, The eve-ning's pur - ple shade, As on their pin - ions glow-ing The gold - en sun - set laid;



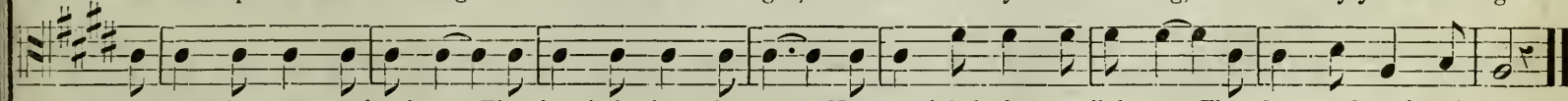
4. Ah! as the morn-ing's gleaming, The flow'r-et's fad - ing bloom, Thus pass'd a - way my dream-ing And naught remained but gloom:



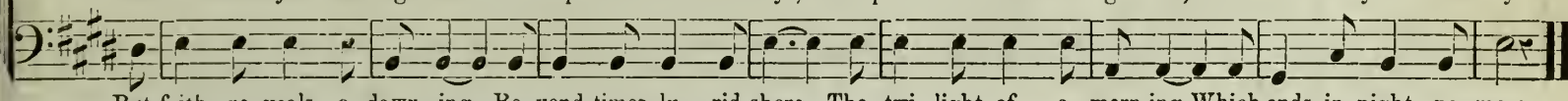
When life's young morn was beam-ing All cloud-less and se - rene, And bright as in-fant's dream-ing Lay on my heart the scene.



Was ne'er up - on me bend-ing A soft - er ho - lier light, Than life's first rays as-cend - ing, Dawn'd on my youth - ful sight.



Come to mine eye no bright - er Than hope's de - lus - ive rays, Nor passed their shad-ows light - er; Than dreams of youth - ful days.



But faith re-veals a dawn-ing Be-yond times lu - rid shore, The twi-light of a morn-ing Which ends in night no more.

SLUMBER ON.—Serenade.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Slum - ber on, be - lov - ed one, All the night is lone and still; Slum - ber on, thou all my own, May my

2. Slum - ber on, be - lov - ed one, May thy rest be calm and deep; In thy dreams all care be gone, May thy

The first system consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple melody with lyrics underneath.

im - age thy dreams fill, Like pale moon-beams o'er thy bed; May my love that vig - il keeps, O'er thy soul a ha - lo

life be as thy sleep, O, for - ev - er be it mine, Thus to guard thee dear - est one, Sor - row la - bor, all toil

The second system also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with two flats and 3/4 time. The melody continues with lyrics underneath.

SLUMBER ON.---Concluded.

227

Rit.

shed, Guard thy spir - it is it sleeps, Slum - ber on, Slum - ber on Be - lov - ed one.

Slum - ber on be - lov - ed one, Slum - ber on be - lov - ed one.

mine, Thine the joy and thine the rest; Slum - ber on, Slum - ber on, Be - lov - ed one.

The musical score for 'Slumber On' is written for four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Rit.' (Ritardando). The lyrics are: 'shed, Guard thy spir - it is it sleeps, Slum - ber on, Slum - ber on Be - lov - ed one. Slum - ber on be - lov - ed one, Slum - ber on be - lov - ed one. mine, Thine the joy and thine the rest; Slum - ber on, Slum - ber on, Be - lov - ed one.'

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

Words by J. G. WHITTER.

Music by J. R. M.

1. I mourn for house-hold voi - ces gone, For van-ish'd smiles I long; But God hath led my dear ones on, And He can do no wrong.

2. And so be - side the si - lent sea I wait the muf - fled oar; No harm from Him can come to me, On o - cean, or on shore.

3. I know not where His Isl - ands lift, Their fron-ded palms in air; I on - ly know I can - not drift Be - yond His love and care.

The musical score for 'The Eternal Goodness' is written for four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/4. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/4. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/4. The lyrics are: '1. I mourn for house-hold voi - ces gone, For van-ish'd smiles I long; But God hath led my dear ones on, And He can do no wrong. 2. And so be - side the si - lent sea I wait the muf - fled oar; No harm from Him can come to me, On o - cean, or on shore. 3. I know not where His Isl - ands lift, Their fron-ded palms in air; I on - ly know I can - not drift Be - yond His love and care.'

A LAST FAREWELL.

Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. Take a last fare - well Now the heart doth swell..... With de - sire for thy well - do - ing, Cheer - ful - ly go

2. Broth - er, now a - diu!..... Part - ings should be few..... Part - ings cause such sor - row ev - er; But where friendship

3. Broth - er, here's a hand..... To - ken that our band..... Shall re - main true and u - ni - ted; From all en - vy

forth Hap - pi - ness on earth, Comes to thee thy hope re - new - ing; Wand - 'ring e'er mid joy and

reigns, Still the friend re - mains; Dis - tance no true hearts can sev - er. May heaven's bless - ing still at -

free Let our path - way be, By truth's stead - y bea - con light - ed; Let us look for fu - ture

A LAST FAREWELL—CONCLUDED.

229

p sor - row, Mirth to - day and pain to - mor - row; *f* So life's course doth flow, Ev - er here be - low,
p tend thee, And from ev - ry ill de - fend thee! *f* Should good for - tune come, Think of us at home,
p meet - ing, When once more, each oth - er greet - ing, *f* We our vows re - new; Till that time a - dieu,

p Mid the haunts of joy and sor - row, *f* Mid the haunts of joy and sor - row.
p Think of what the past did send thee, *f* Think of what the past did send thee.
p Fare - well till an - oth - er meet - ing, *f* Fare - well till an - oth - er meet - ing.

IS A MAN A WHIT THE BETTER?---Duet.

FIRST VOICE.

Words furnished by Messrs. PIXLEY & GRANNIS.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. I a man a whit the bet-ter For his rich-es and his gains? For his a-cres and his pal-ace, If his in-most heart is cal-lous?
 2. Is a man a whit the worse For a low-ly dress of rags? Tho' he owns no lord-ly rent-al, If his heart is kind and gen-tle,

SECOND VOICE.

Is a man a whit the bet-ter, Is a man a whit the bet-ter? No, a man's no whit the bet-ter For his rich-es and his gains, For his
 Is a man a whit the worse, Is a man a whit the worse? No, a man's no whit the worse For a low-ly dress of rags, Tho' he

a-cres and his pal-ace, If his in-most heart is cal-lous; No, a man's no whit the bet-ter, No, a man's no whit the bet-ter.
 owns no lord-ly rent-al. If his heart is kind and gen-tle; No, a man's no whit the worse, No, a man's no whit the worse.

IS A MAN A WHIT THE BETTER?--Concluded.

231

Then if a man's no whit the bet-ter For his cof-fers and his mines, For his pur-ple and fine lin-en, For his vine-yards and his vines;
Then if a man's no whit the worse, For a poor and low-ly stand, For an emp-ty, e-ven poek-et, For a brawn-y, work-ing hand,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3'. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Why do thou-sands bend the knee, And cringe in mean ser-vil-i-ty, If a man's no whit the bet-ter, If a man's no whit the bet-ter?
Why do thou-sands pass him by, With a cold and scorn-ful eye, If a man's no whit the worse, If a man's no whit the worse?

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

Words by LONGFELLOW.

From Mendelssohn. Furnished by O. D. ADAMS.

1. O gift of God! O per - feet day: Where-on shall no man work or play, Where-on it is e - nough for

2. O hear the wind a - mong the trees Play - ing Ce - les - tial sym - pho - nies; I see the branches down - ward

3. Blow, winds! and waft thro' all the rooms The snow - flakes of the eher - ry - blooms! Blow, winds! and bend with - in my

me, Not to be do - ing but to be! Through ev - 'ry fi - bre of my brain, Through ev - 'ry

bent Like keys of some great in - stru - ment, And ov - er me un - rolls on high The splen - ded

reach The fi - ery blos - soms of the peach. O life and love! O hap - py throne Of thoughts, whose

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.—CONCLUDED.

233

ritard.

nerve, through ev - ery vein I feel the e - lee - trie thrill the touch Of life that seems al - most too much.

scene - ry of the sky, When through a sap-phire sea the sun Sails like a gold - en gal - le - on.

on - ly speech is song! O heart of man! eanst thou not be Blithe as the air is, and as free.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of four staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a 'ritard.' marking. The lyrics are written below the staff. The second staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music ends with a double bar line.

BEYOND THE STARS.

J. R. MURRAY.

Quietly.

1 Be - yond the stars that shine in gold-en glo - ry, Be - yond the ealm sweet moon, Up the bright lad - der

2. Oh! it is sweet to watch the world's night wear-ing, The Sab - bath morn come on. And sweet it were the

3. Patience! then, pa - tience! soon the pang of dy - ing Shall all for - got - ten be, And thou, thro' roll - ing

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of four staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staff. The second staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music ends with a double bar line.

saints have trod be-fore thee, Soul! thou shalt ven - ture soon. Se - cure with Him who sees thy heartsick yearn - ing,
 midnight la - bor shar - ing—Sweeter the la - bor done. All finished! all the con-flict and the sor - row,
 spheres re - joice-ing, fly - ing Be - yond the wave-less sea, Shall know hereaf - ter where thy Lord doth lead thee,

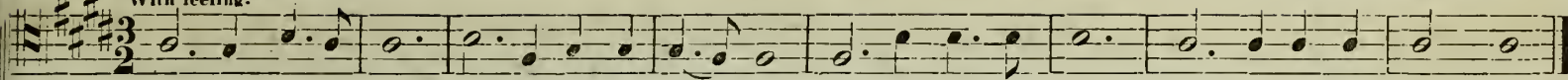
Safe in His arms of love, Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning, And thy fair home a - bove.
 Earth's dream of an-guish o'er; Deathless there dawns for thee a nightless morrow, On Ed - en's bliss - ful shore.
 His dark-est deal-ings trace! And by those fountains where His love will feed thee, Be-hold Him face to face!

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

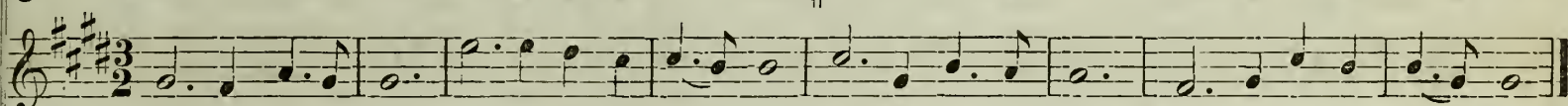
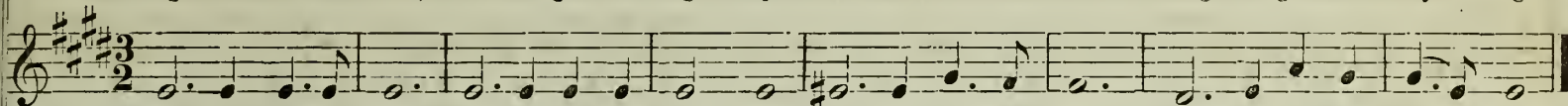
235

Words by FELICIA HEMANS.
With feeling.

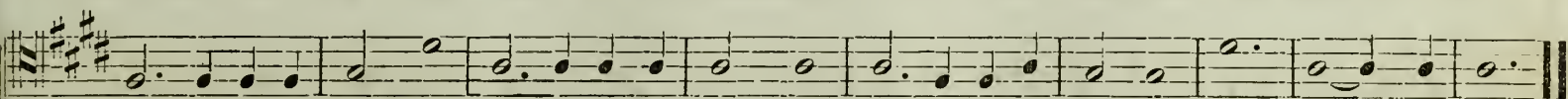
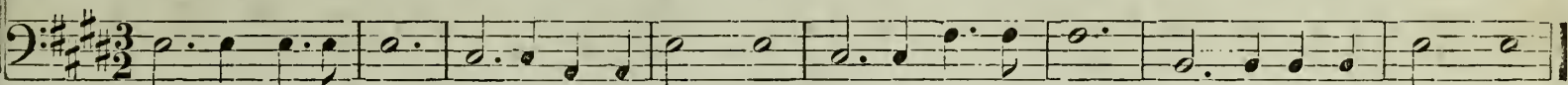
Music by E. H. BAILEY.



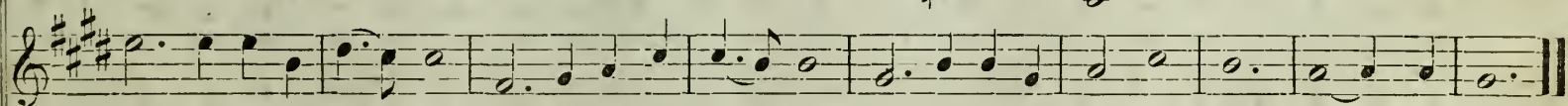
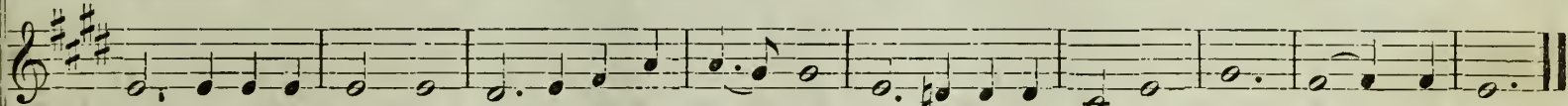
1. Night sinks on the wave, Hol - low gusts are sigh - ing, Sea - birds to their caves Through the gloom are fly - ing.



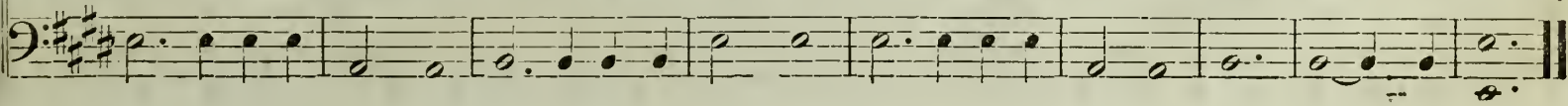
2. Stars look o'er the sea, Few, and sad, and shroud - ed! Faith our light must be, When all else is cloud - ed.



Oh! should storms come sweep - ing, Thou, in heav'n un - sleep - ing, O'er us vig - il keep - ing. Hear, hear, and save.



Thou, whose voice came thrill - ing, Wind and bil - low still - ing, Speak! our pray'r ful - fill - ing,— Pow'r dwells with thee.



EVENING PARTING SONG.

Words by I. E. S.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Sweet peace! de - scend with noise - less wing, And seek each hu - man breast, And thro' the night in

2. Smooth ev - 'ry ach - ing brow of pain, Till bus - y thought shall sleep; Till morn - ing light shall

3. Good night! O, eyes that look on mine, Hopes gold - en dreams for thee! May morn - ing's hour bring

4. Good night! my soul pours out its prayer, That heaven's e - ter - nal light, May be the man - tle

sweet-ness sing, And soothe to qui - et rest; And thro' the night in sweet-ness sing, And soothe to qui - et rest.

come a - gain, Do thou thy vig - ils keep; Till morn - ing light shall come a - gain, Do thou thy vig - ils keep.

joy to thee, As day-break to the sea; May morn - ing's hour bring joy to thee, As day-break to the sea.

thou shalt wear, Good night! dear love! good night! May be the man - tle thou shalt wear, Good night! dear love! good night!

GENTLE WORDS.

237

Words by WILLIE WARE.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

Allegretto.

1. Gen - tle words, O, gen - tle words, How ye lin - ger in the mind, Like the songs of hap - py birds, Float - ing on the sum - mer wind;

2. Gen - tle words, O, gen - tle words, Ye are pow - ers sent to bless; Rich - er gems than di - a - dems, Treas - ures that we all pos - sess:

Like the peal of mer - ry bells, Heard a - cross some sun - ny plain, O'er the brooks and thro' the dells, Loft - y, sweet, then loud a - gain:

Ye are tones from bright - er spheres, An - gel voi - ces, sooth - ing pain, Thrill - ing ech - oes that for years In the heart re - sound a - gain:

Gen - tle words, O, gen - tle words, How ye lin - ger in the mind, Like the songs of hap - py birds, Float - ing on the sum - mer wind.

Gen - tle words, O, gen - tle words, How ye lin - ger in the mind, Like the songs of hap - py birds, Float - ing on the sum - mer wind.

POOR JILTED JONATHAN.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Oh Dear! Mi-ran-da has gone! The joy of my bo-som has flown; 'Tis *fort-nite* to-day, Since
 2. Ah me! She went not a-lone, These Sad-dle-bags sad-ly I see. The Young Doc-tor Stiles Was
 3. But oh! The worst is not told, Those jew-els I gave her last fall.— Her ab-sence I'm sure I'd
 4. Oh dear! Mi-ran-da has gone, The Doc-tor was duped by her smiles, But I'll ped-dle his pills, And

Tenor. CHORUS.

she went a-way. And left me, and left me a-lone. O Jon-a-than! poor Jon-a-than!
 duped by her smiles, Ah, Doctor— dear Doc-tor! Ah me!
 try to en-dure, But she's ta-ken, she's ta-ken them all!
 bring in his bills, Tho' I'm sor-ry, I'm sor-ry for Stiles!

Alto.

Alr.

Base.

O Jon-a-than! poor Jon-a-than!

POOR JILTED JONATHAN.—CONCLUDED.

239

Jonathan.

We would assuage your sor - row, Per - haps she'll re - turn to - mor - row. Per - haps

Tenor.

Air.

We would assuage your sor - row, Per - haps she'll re - turn to - mor - row. Jon - a - than

Alto.

She may, Oh dear, Ho hum!

Last Verse. I fear, She may.

Ah! Jon - a - than Ah! Jon - a - than Ah! Jon - a - than Ah!

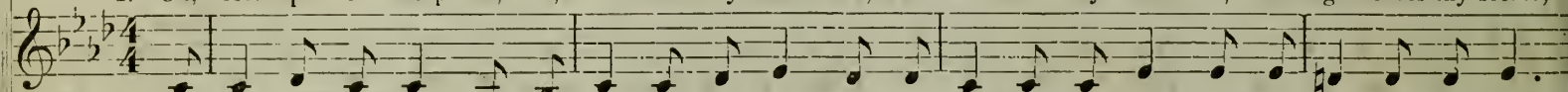
THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

Words by REV. MR. KENYON, N. Rutland, Ill.

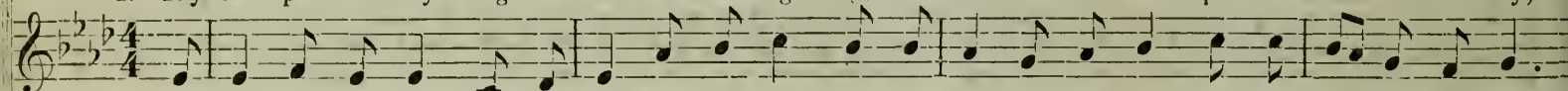
Music by P. P. BLISS.

Softly.

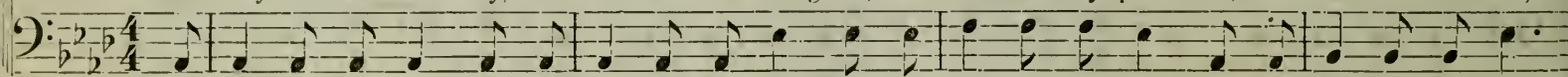
1. Oh, rest qui - et sleep - er, oh, rest from thy sor - row, No tears dim thy vis - ion, no sigh heaves thy breast;



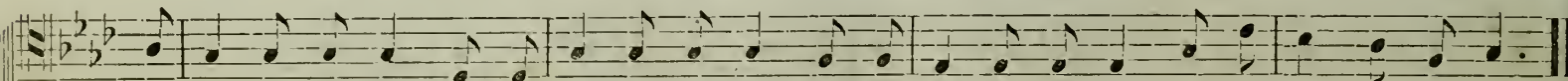
2. Thy earth part is ly - ing where lake winds are sigh - ing, And birds their sweet re - qui - em chant in their lay;



3. But way-worn and wea - ry, on earth I'm a strang - er, Be - reft of thy pres - ence, the sun - shine of love;



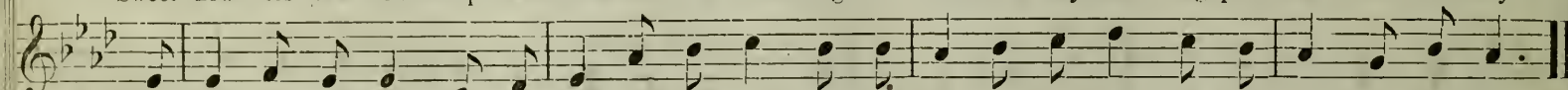
4. Fare - well to the spot where thy ash - es are sleep - ing, I go to the prai - ries to make me a home;



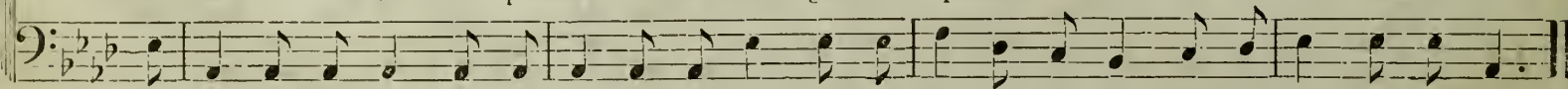
Not cares of to - day, no, nor fears of to - mor - row, Cast a gloom o'er thy pros - pects, or break on thy rest.



Sweet flow - ers and dew - drops all seem to be vie - ing To drive from thy rest - ing place sor - row a - way.



Yet faith in the Sav - ior pro - tects from all dan - ger And hope waits a un - ion in heav - en a - bove.



But when I shall cease from earth's sor - rows and weep - ing I'll fly to thy bo - som; oh yes, love, I'll come.

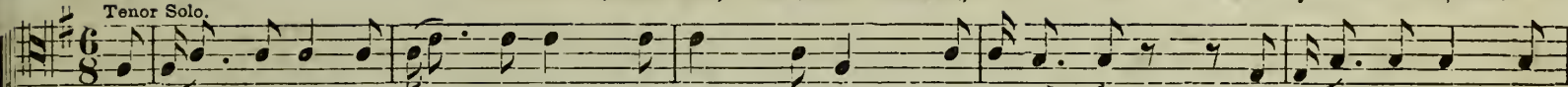
HAVE PATIENCE.

(TENOR SOLO, WITH CHORUS OBLIGATO.)

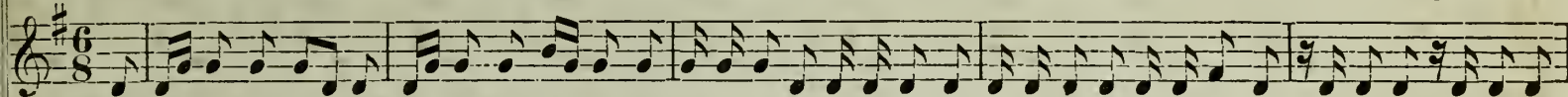
Music by JOHN HANDLE, 1868.

241

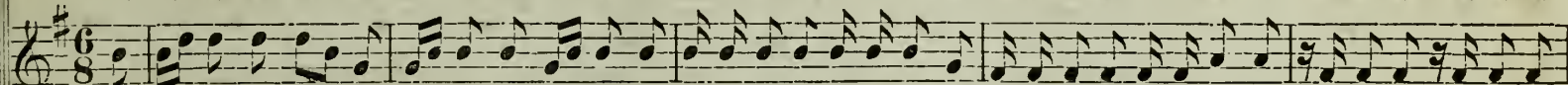
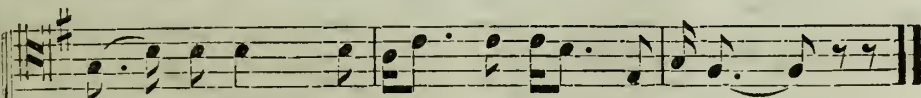
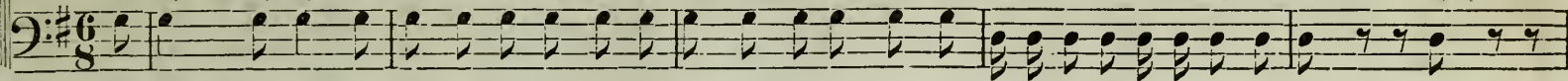
Tenor Solo.



- | | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. A youth and maid, one win - ter night, | Were sit - ting in the cor - ner; | His name, we're told, was |
| 2. Not much the pret - ty maid - en said, | Be - side the young man sit - ting; | Her cheek was flush'd a |
| 3. Mean - while her ball of yarn gave out, | She knit so fast and stead - y, | And he must give his |



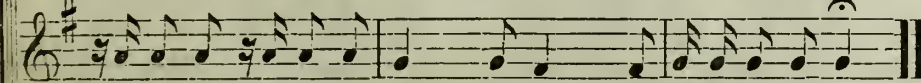
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra-la, la, la, tra-la, la, la, tra-la, la, la, tra-la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

[illegible]

Josh - u - a White, And her's was Pa - tience Warner.
ro - sy red, His eyes bent on her knitting.
aid, no doubt, To get an - oth - er ready.



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.



4.

He held the skein; of course, the thread
Got tangled, snarled, and twisted :
" Have patience," cried the artless maid,
To him who her assisted.

5.

Good chance was this for tongue-tied churl
To shorten all palaver :
"Have Patience!" cried he ; "dearest girl,
And may I really have her?"

6.

The deed was done—no more that night
Clicked needles in the corner;
For she is Mistress Joshua White
That once was Patience Warner.

WE SEE THE ROSES BLOOM.

Music by A. GAINES.

1. The crim - son hues on for - est leaves Speak sad - ly to my heart, And whis - per of the
 2. Tho' skies look bright, the clouds will come O'er - spread - ing all the light, The day comes on, but
 3. There is a clime—it is not far, Where sum - mers nev - er wane; Where flow'rs droop not, nor

com - ing days When you and I must part; But gaz - ing o'er the waste of years, Be-
 soon 'tis gone And fol - lowed by the night; Soft mu - sic for a while may cheer Earth's
 mu - sic sinks To wild de - spond - ing strain: And look - ing o'er our pres - ent cares, Be-

yond the pres - ent gloom, There in a fair E - ly - sian clime, We see the ro - ses bloom.
 wea - ry trust - ing child; But eares soon change the sooth - ing strain To dirge notes, sad and wild.
 yond a qui - et tomb, 'Tis there, 'Tis there, in that bright clime, We see the ro - ses bloom.

WE SEE THE ROSES BLOOM.---Concluded.

243

CHORUS.

p rall

tempo

The sum-mer comes, then soft - ly wanes; The flow - er's bloom then die: And change is writ - ten on each thing Be - neath the arch - ing sky.

The sum-mer comes, then soft - ly wanes; The flow - er's bloom then die: And change is writ - ten on each thing Be - neath the arch - ing sky.

WATCH HER KINDLY STARS.

With expression.

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Watch her kind - ly, kind - ly stars, Watch her kind - ly, kind - ly stars, From the sweet pro - tect - ing

2. Soothe her sweet - ly, sweet - ly night, Soothe her sweet - ly, sweet - ly night, On her eyes o'er - wea - ried

3. Wake her gen - tly, gen - tly morn. Wake her gen - tly, gen - tly morn, Let the notes of ear - ly

WATCH HER KINDLY STARS---Concluded.

skies; Fol - low her with ten - der eyes, Look so lov - ing - ly that she, Can - not choose but think of
 press; Tir - ed lids with light ea - ress, Let that shad - ovy hand of thine E - ven in her dreams seem
 birds, Seem like love's me - lo - dious words, Ev - 'ry pleas - ant sound, my dear, When she wakes from sleep should

me..... Watch her kind - ly, Watch her kind - ly, Watch her kind - ly, kind - ly stars.
 Can - not choose but think of me. Watch her kind - ly,
 mine..... Soothe her sweet - ly, Soothe her sweet - ly, Soothe her sweet - ly, sweet - ly night.
 E - ven in her dreams seem mine. Soothe her sweet - ly,
 When she wakes from sleep should hear. Wake her gen - tly, Wake her gen - tly, gen - tly morn.
 hear..... Wake her gen - tly,

WOULD YOU KNOW MY CELIA'S CHARMS?

245

AN OLD ENGLISH CATCH.

WEBBE.

1 Would you know my Ce - lia's charms, Would you know my
 2 I'm sure she 'as for - ti - tude, I'm sure she 'as for - ti - tude and truth, for - ti - tude and
 3 She 'as on - ly thir - ty, She 'as on - ly thir - ty,
 4 Ce - lia ought to strive, for cer - tain - ly she's fif - ty

Ce - lia's charms, Which now ex - cite my fierce a - larms?
 truth, for - ti - tude and truth, To gain the heart of ev' - ry youth, of ev' - ry youth.
 She 'as on - ly thir - ty lov - ers, Now the rest are gone, I can't tell how, No lon - ger
 five, she's fif - ty - five, cer - tain - ly she's fif - ty - five.

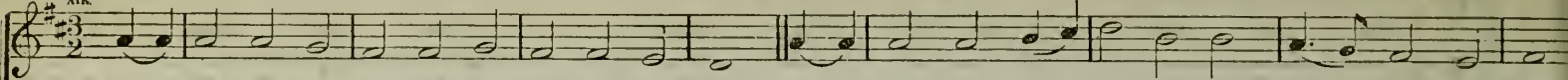
THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN.

In response to the Proclamation of the President of the United States, recommending a General Thanksgiving on November 26, 1863. When the dedication was proposed to the President, he answered, "Let it be so called."

With spirit.


Words and music by DR. MÜHLENBERG.

AIR.




1. Give thanks all ye peo - ple, Give thanks to the LORD, Al - le - lu - ias of free - dom, with joy - ful ac - eord;

ALTO.



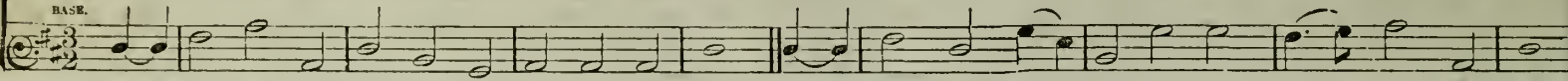
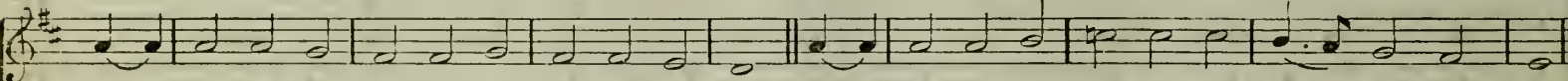
2. For the sunshine and rain - fall, en - rich - ing a - gain Our a - eres in my - riads, with treas - ures of grain;

TENOR.

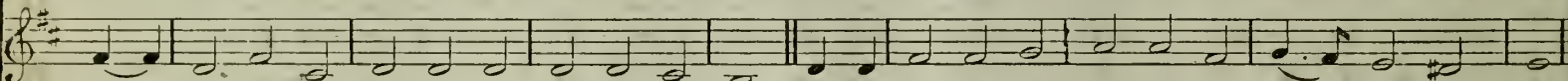


3. For the Nation's wide ta - ble, o'er - flow - ing - ly spread, Where the man - y have feast - ed, and all have been fed.

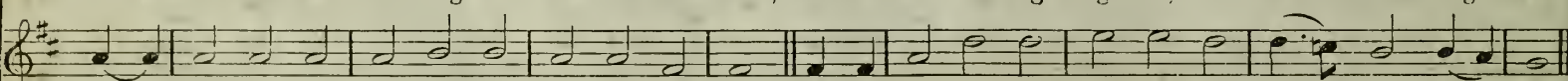
BASS.

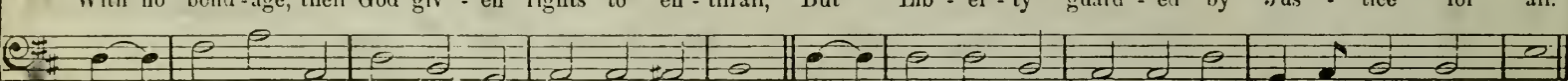
Let the East and the West, North and South roll a - long, Sea, mountain, and prai - rie, one thanks - giv - ing Song.



For the Earth still un - load - ing her man - i - fold wealth, For the Skies beam - ing vig - or, the Winds breath - ing health.



With no bond - age, their God giv - en rights to en - thrall, But Lib - er - ty guard - ed by Jus - tice for all.



THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN.---Concluded.

247

CHORUS.

Give thanks all ye peo - ple, give thanks to the LORD, Al - le - lu - ias of free - dom, with joy - ful ae - cor.l.

Give thanks all ye peo - ple, give thanks to the LORD, Al - le - lu - ias of free - dom, with joy - ful ae - cor.l.

4. In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom, and the Plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow:
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales:
On His ocean domains chant His name with the gales.
Give thanks, &c.
5. Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
Your riches from Him whose the silver and gold,
Happier children of Labor, true lords of the soil,
Bless the Great Master Workman, who blesseth your toil.
Give thanks, &c.
6. Brave men of our forces, life-guard of our coasts,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts:
Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks, &c.
7. Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead, in the joy have no part:
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks, &c.
8. In the domes of Messiah, ye worshipping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Empire still keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks, &c.
9. Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous Peace, of Thy gift we implore;
And the banner of Union, restored by Thy hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er all in the land.
And the Banner of Union, &c.

LITTLE FEET.

1. Lit - tle feet so glad and gay, Mak - ing mu - sic all the day; Trip - ping mer - ri - ly a - long,

2. Some - times anx - ious, I would know, Just what way these feet must go; Pray - ing oft that all be fair,

3. Then, I think that some have trod, Thro' rough ways but near - er God, And tho' weak in faith, still dare

Fill - ing all my heart with song: Well I love your mu - sic sweet, Pat - ter! pat - ter! pat - ter! pat - ter!

Pleas - ant path - ways ev - 'ry where, Flow - ers spring their steps to greet, Pat - ter! pat - ter! pat - ter! pat - ter!

Of - fer up the ear - nest prayer, Let him choose what - e'er is meet, Pat - ter! pat - ter! pat - ter! pat - ter!

LITTLE FEET.—Concluded.

249

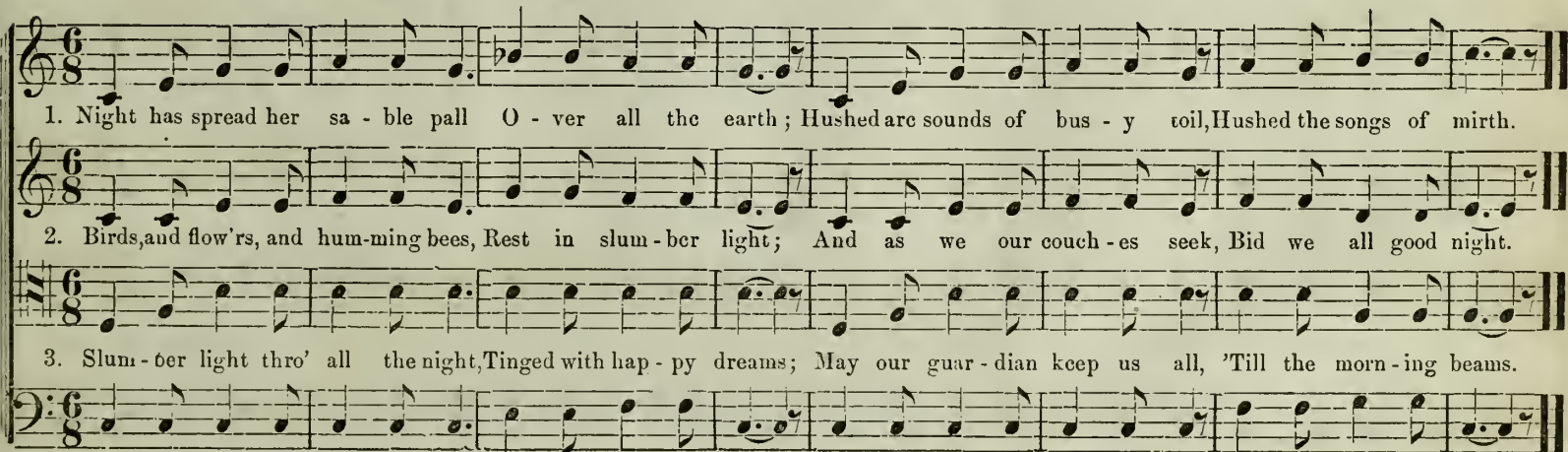


lit - tle feet; Well I love your mu - sic sweet, Pat - ter, pat - ter lit - tle feet.

lit - tle feet; Well I love your mu - sic sweet, Pat - ter, pat - ter lit - tle feet.

lit - tle feet; Well I love your mu - sic sweet, Pat - ter, pat - ter lit - tle feet.

"NIGHT HAS SPREAD HER SABLE FALL."



1. Night has spread her sa - ble pall O - ver all the earth; Hushed are sounds of bus - y toil, Hushed the songs of mirth.

2. Birds, and flow'rs, and hum-ming bees, Rest in slum - ber light; And as we our couch - es seek, Bid we all good night.

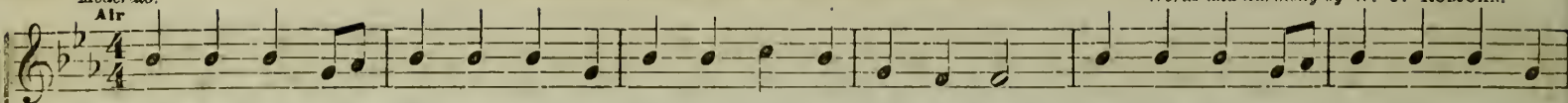
3. Slum - ber light thro' all the night, Tinged with hap - py dreams; May our guar - dian keep us all, 'Till the morn - ing beams.

VOYAGE SONG.

Words and harmony by W. J. ROBJOHN.

Moderato.

Air



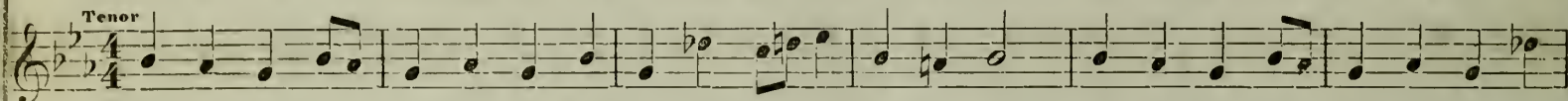
1. Rock-ing with the pass-ing tide, Our boat with calm and si-lent pace, Thro' the wa-ters soft doth glide, As

Alto

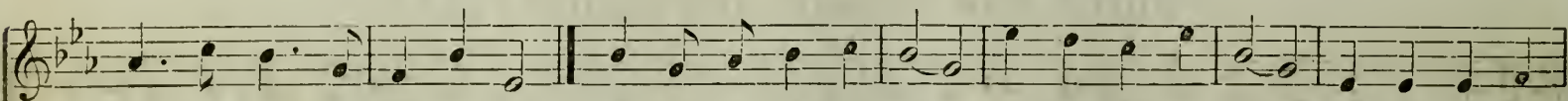
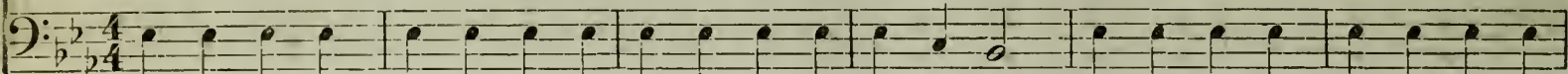


2. See the cit-ies glid-ing by, The sun is slow-ly pass-ing down; Stars be-sprink-le now the sky, And

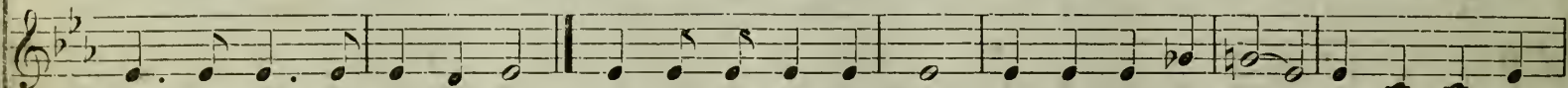
Tenor



3. While our jour-ney lasts shall we, While oars dip stead-i-ly and slow, Keep from strife; and joy and glee Shall



we our hap-py voi-ces raise. Sing, mer-ry com-rades, sing, Let your voi-ces ring; Hearts are gay and



lights gleam out from ev-'ry town. Sing, mer-ry com-rades, &c.



ev-er make the mo-ments go. Sing, mer-ry com-rades, sing, Let your voi-ces ring; Hearts are gay and



VOYAGE SONG.---Concluded.

251

fa - ces bright, And spark-ling eyes are filled with light; We all with mer - ry heart Bear our tune - ful part.

fa - ces bright, And spark-ling eyes are filled with light; We all with mer - ry heart Bear our tune - ful part.

The musical score for 'Voyage Song' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a clear refrain.

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Moderato.
Air

1. It is not death to die To leave this wea - ry road; And with the broth - er - hood on high; To be at home with God

Alto

2. It is not death to close, The eye long dimm'd by tears, And wake in glo - ri - ous re - pose, To spend e - ter - nal years.

Tenor

3. Jes - us, thou Prince of life; Thy chos-en can - not die; Like thee, they con - quer in the strife, To reign with thee on high.

The musical score for 'It is not death to die' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts (Alto and Tenor), and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is more complex than the first song, with a clear refrain.

HE CARETH FOR THEE.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Voy - a - ger o'er life's rough tide, Cast thy haunt - ing fears a - side, He who walked in

2. Mourn - er sit - ting dumb with pain, Do not mur - mur or com - plain; He by sor - row

3. Toil - er in life's dust - y ways, Drag - ging thro' the wea - ry days, When the vail is

Rit.

Gal - i - lec, Walks as sure - ly by thy side, Tho' thou canst not hear or see, "He ear - eth for thee."

sore - ly tried, Shall be crown'd with joy a - gain, 'Mong the hosts of pu - ri - fied, "He ear - eth for thee."

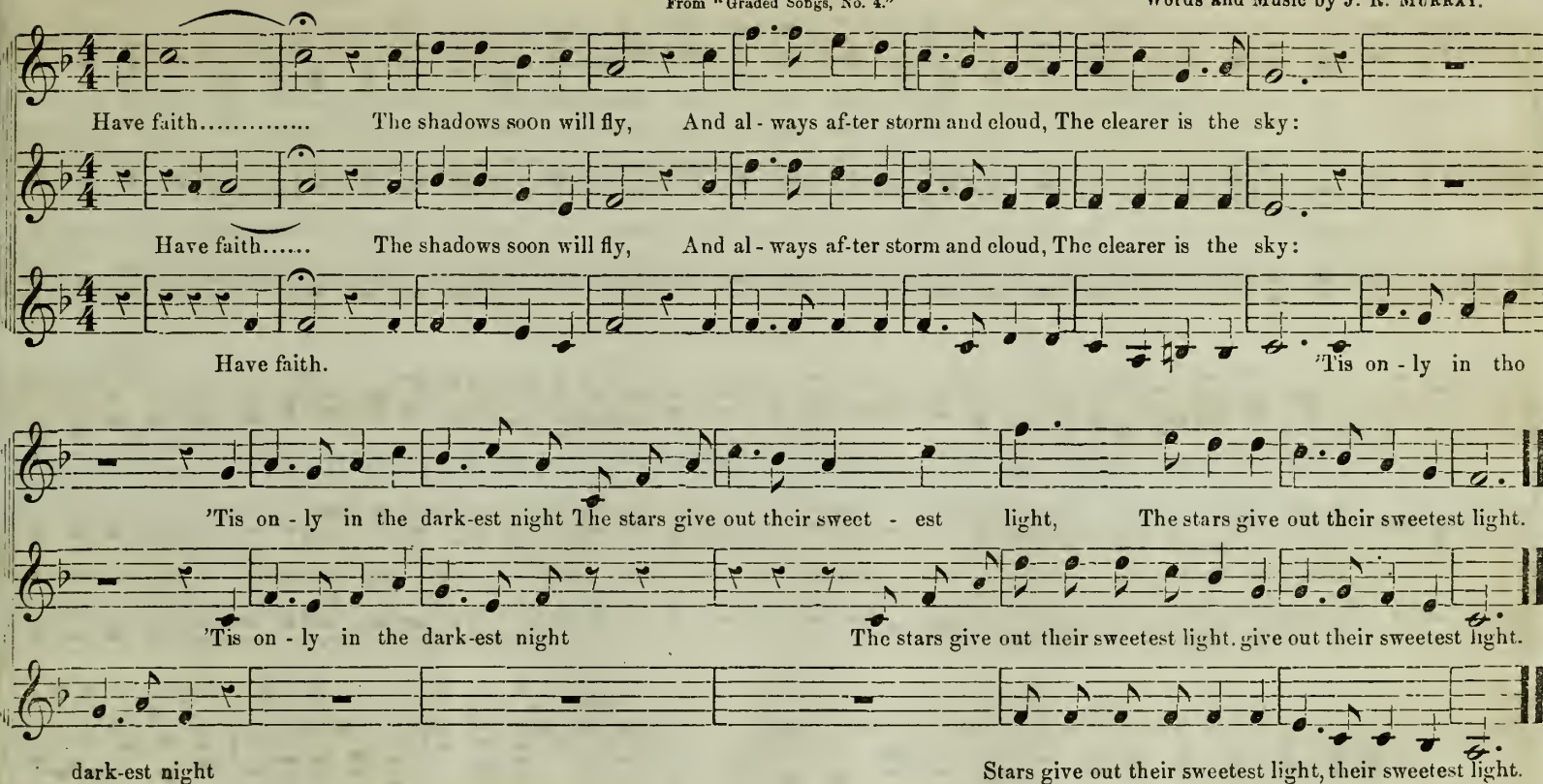
rent in twain, Thou shalt see with sweet a - maze, Not a stripe was borne in vain, "He ear - eth for thee."

HAVE FAITH.

From "Graded Songs, No. 4."

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

253



Have faith..... The shadows soon will fly, And al- ways af-ter storm and cloud, The clearer is the sky:

Have faith..... The shadows soon will fly, And al- ways af-ter storm and cloud, The clearer is the sky:

Have faith. 'Tis on - ly in the 'Tis on - ly in the dark-est night The stars give out their sweet - est light, The stars give out their sweetest light.

'Tis on - ly in the dark-est night The stars give out their sweetest light, give out their sweetest light.

dark-est night Stars give out their sweetest light, their sweetest light.

2. Have faith!

The wrong shall ne'er prevail.
Who ever knew, in all the world,
The Lord's sweet promise fail?
And ever, in our struggles here,
He makes us triumph over fear.

3. Have faith!

And it will not be long
Before we, over all our woe,
Shall sing the victor's song.
So cheerily we'll press our way
To brighter land and better day

SONG IN SUNSHINE.

Words selected.
ALLEGRO.

First and third Verses *f*. Second Verse *pp*.

Melody by MISS M. E. MORTON.

ALLEGRO. Melody by MISS M. E. MORTON.

1. Sing a - way, ye joy - ous birds, While the sun is o'er us! If I on - ly knew your words I would swell the cho - rus: Sing ye war - blers
2. Soft - ly as an an - gel's wing Comes an in - spi - ra - tion: Oh, that my poor soul could sing Wor - thy of ere - a - tion! Like the sol - emn

3. I would sound a note of joy, Thro' the vales o' Dev - on, Sweet as love's, when he a boy New - ly came from heav - en; Till the bu - sy

of the sky! Sing, ye hap - py thrush-es! And ye lit - tle ones that lie Down a mong the rush - es. Sing a - way, ye joyous birds, While the sun shines
chaunting tree, Na - ture in de - vo - tion: Like the mer - ry, harp ing bee, Har - mo - ny in mo - tion. Sing a - way, ye joyous birds, While the sun shines

world be guiled With its eel - oes ring - ing Shouted, "Hark! for Nature's child Her own song is sing - ing." Sing a - way, ye joyous birds, While the sun shines

[illegible]

255

[illegible]

Andantino,

O. D. A.

Andantino, O. D. A.

1. Tho' your boat be not yet la - den, Pri - thee turn it toward the strand, Come Oh love - ly fish - er maid - en, Let us wan - der hand in hand.

3. When it swells with fond e - mo - tion, My heart, too, is like the deep, Like the vast and lone - ly o - cean, Moan - ing e - ven in its sleep

Soprano or Tenor Solo.

Soprano or Tenor Solo.

2. Can it be that you so gai - ly dare the per - ils of the sea, Trust the cru - el bil - lows dai - ly And yet shrink a - way from me.

THE WATER! THE WATER!

Music by HORACE E. KIMBALL.

f 1. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! The joy - ous brook for me, That tun - eth thro' the qui - et night Its ev - er liv - ing

f 2. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! The gen - tle stream for me, That gush - es from the old gray stone Be - side the al - der

f 3. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! The mer - ry, wan - ton brook, That bent it - self to pleas - ure me, Like mine old shep - herd

glee, That tun - eth thro' the qui - et night Its ev - er liv - ing glee. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! That

tree, That gush - es from the old gray stone Be - side the al - der tree. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! That

crook, That bent it - self to pleas - ure me, Like mine old shep - herd crook. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! That

THE WATER! THE WATER!—CONCLUDED.

257

Ritard.

sleep-less, mer-ry heart, Which gur-gles on un-stint-ed-ly, And lov-eth to im-part..... To all a-round it
 ev-er bub-bling spring I loved and looked on while a child, In deep-est won-der-ing..... And asked it whence it
 sang so sweet at noon, And sweet-er still at night, to win Smiles from the pale, proud moon..... And from the lit-tle

some small measure Of its own most per-fect pleasure. The wa-ter! The wa-ter! The joy-ous brook for me.
 came and went, And when its treas-ures would be spent. The wa-ter! The wa-ter! The joy-ous brook for me
 fair-y fac-es That gleam in heaven's re-mot-est plac-es. The wa-ter! The wa-ter! The joy-ous brook for me.

BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS.

G. F. R.

Allegretto.

1. Bird of the wil - der - ness, Blithesome and cum - ber-less, Light be thy mat - in o'er moor - land and lea,

2. O'er moor and mountain green, O'er fell and foun-tain sheen, O'er the red streamer that her - alds the day,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a soprano line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is an alto line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff is a tenor line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff is a bass line with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The time signature is 6/8. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a steady rhythm.

FINE.

Em - blem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy dwell - ing place, Oh, to a - bide in the des - ert with thee,

O - ver the cloud-let dim O - ver the rain - bow's rim Mus - i - cal cher - ub hie thee a - way,

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves, continuing the melody from the first system. It maintains the same four-part setting with soprano, alto, tenor, and bass parts. The time signature remains 6/8. The music concludes with a final cadence on the fourth staff.

BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS.—CONCLUDED.

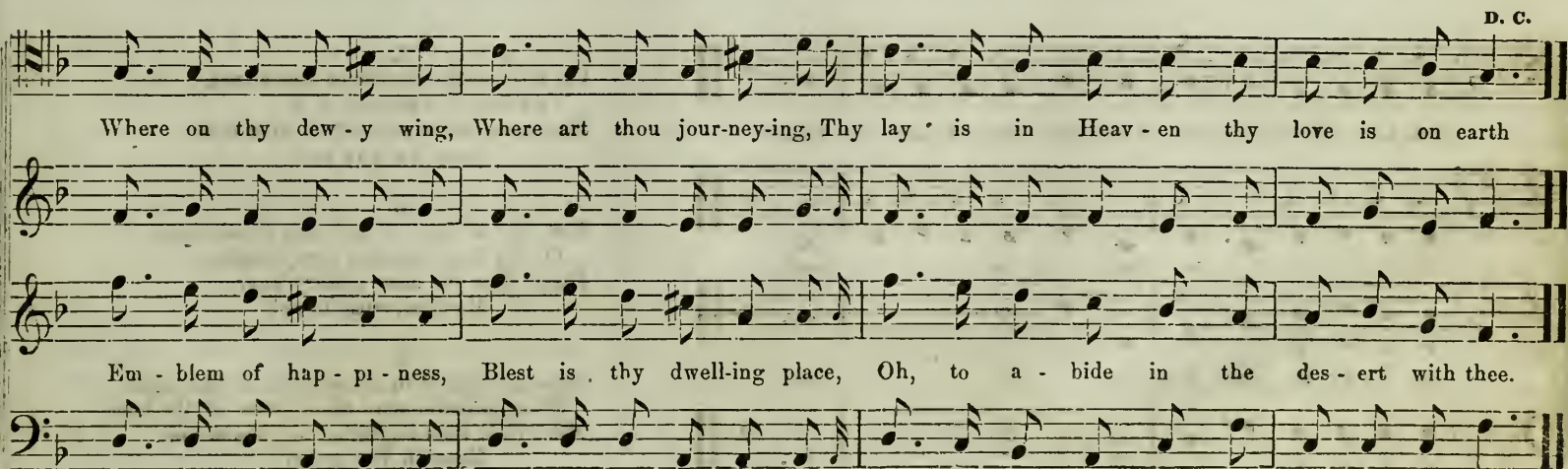
259



Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the down-y cloud, Love gives it en - er - gy, Love gave it birth,

Then when the gloam-ing comes, Low in the heath-er blooms Sweet will thy wel - come and bed of love be;

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.



Where on thy dew - y wing, Where art thou jour-ney-ing, Thy lay - is in Heav - en thy love is on earth

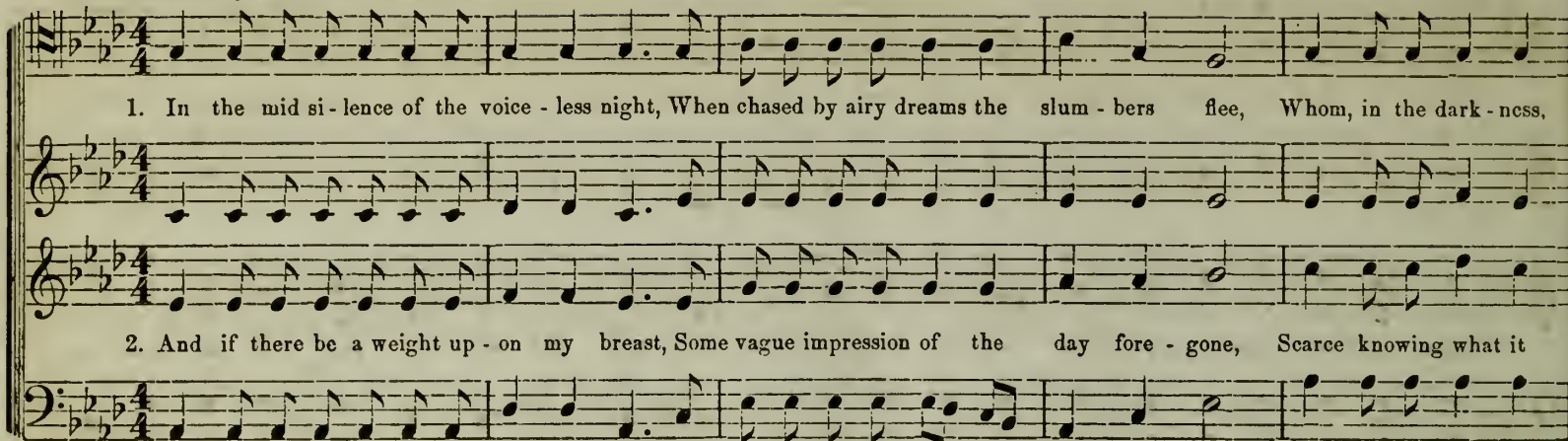
Em - blem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy dwell-ing place, Oh, to a - bide in the des - ert with thee.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking 'D. C.' (Da Capo).

OUR BEST FRIEND.

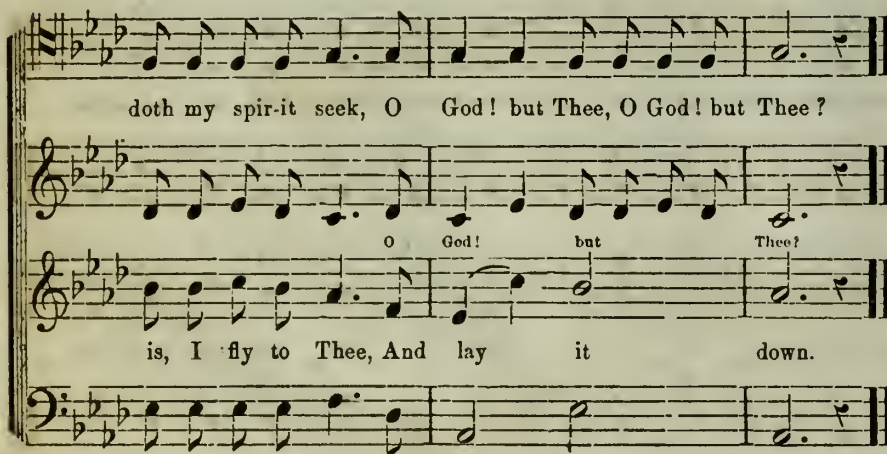
D. S. H.

Tenor and Alto repeat last line of each verse.



1. In the mid si-lence of the voice-less night, When chased by airy dreams the slum-bers flee, Whom, in the dark-ness,

2. And if there be a weight up-on my breast, Some vague impression of the day fore-gone, Scarce knowing what it



doth my spir-it seek, O God! but Thee, O God! but Thee?

is, I fly to Thee, And lay it down.

3.
Or, if it be the heaviness that comes,
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

4.
For, oh! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything besides, how joyfully
Passes that one most solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!

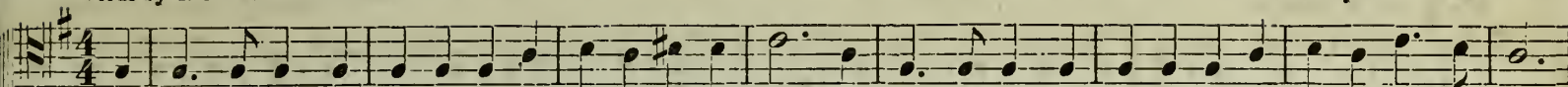
5.
More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the stillness of the hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

O DO NOT SCORN THE LOWLY.

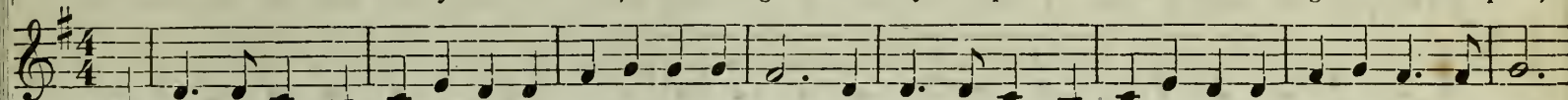
261

Words by RICHARD HINCHCLIFFE.

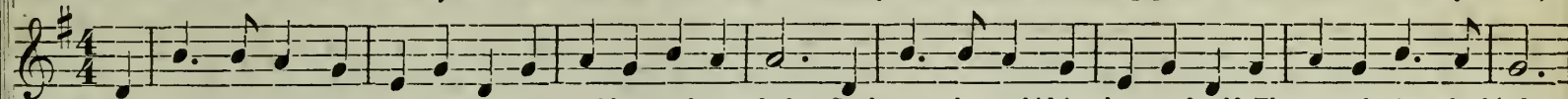
Music by J. R. MURRAY.



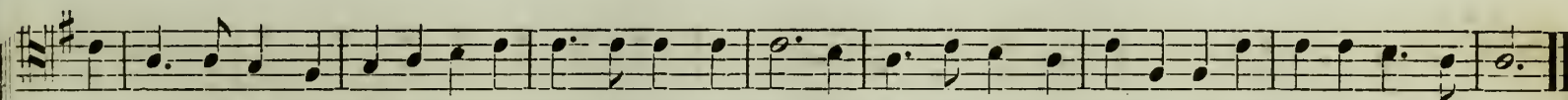
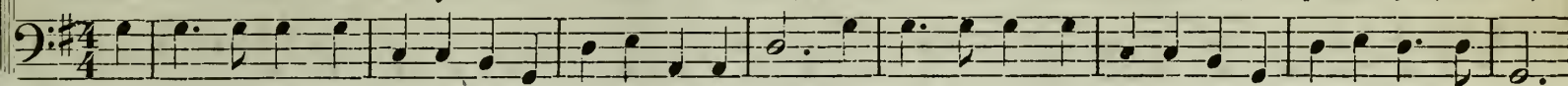
1. Oh do not scorn the low - ly! Ye the self styled rich and great—Ye may own pal - a - ces and lands, And gold and sil-ver plate;



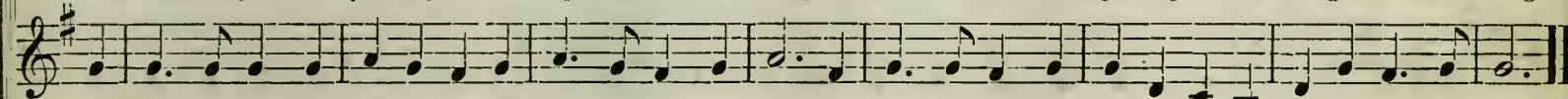
2. Oh do not scorn the low - ly! For the worn and thread-bare vest, May hide beneath its rag-ged folds A no - ble man - ly breast;



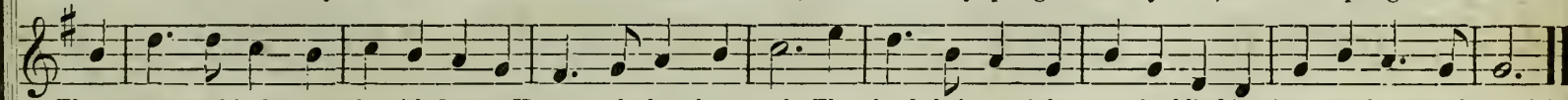
3. Oh do not scorn the low - ly! In the humblest ranks we find, Souls un - ab - sorb'd in love of self, The pure, the just, the kind;



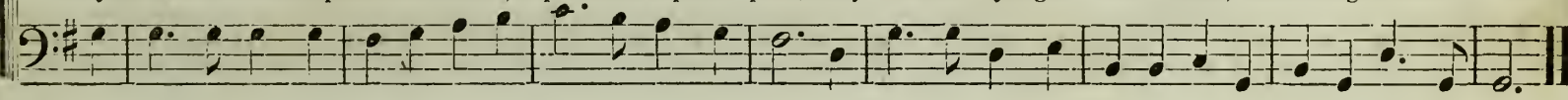
Rich robes and jew - els you may wear, To cap - tiv - ate the throng; 'Tis not the bird of brightest plume That sings the sweetest song!



The low-liest heart may cherish still In truth a deathless trust, Good deeds may spring from lowly lives, As flowers spring from the dust!



They strew earth's desert paths with flowers, Hope to the hopeless speak, They lend their eyesight to the blind, Their strength unto the weak!



WHEN SUE AND I WENT SKATING.

Published as Song and Chorus, in sheet form, with Illustrated Title. Price 40 cents.

Words by E. E. RICHARDS.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. One night, not long a - go, I went To try if I could skate; The night was fine, the sky was clear, The

2. I thought that I could skate, you see, Al - though I had not tried; So, brave and bold, I start - ed out, Says

3. We glid - ed out - ward from the shore, I did - n't move a foot! But one went out, and quick as thought, The

ice, they said, first rate; With some one cling - ing to your arm, Dress'd up ex - treme - ly nice, It is - n't quite so

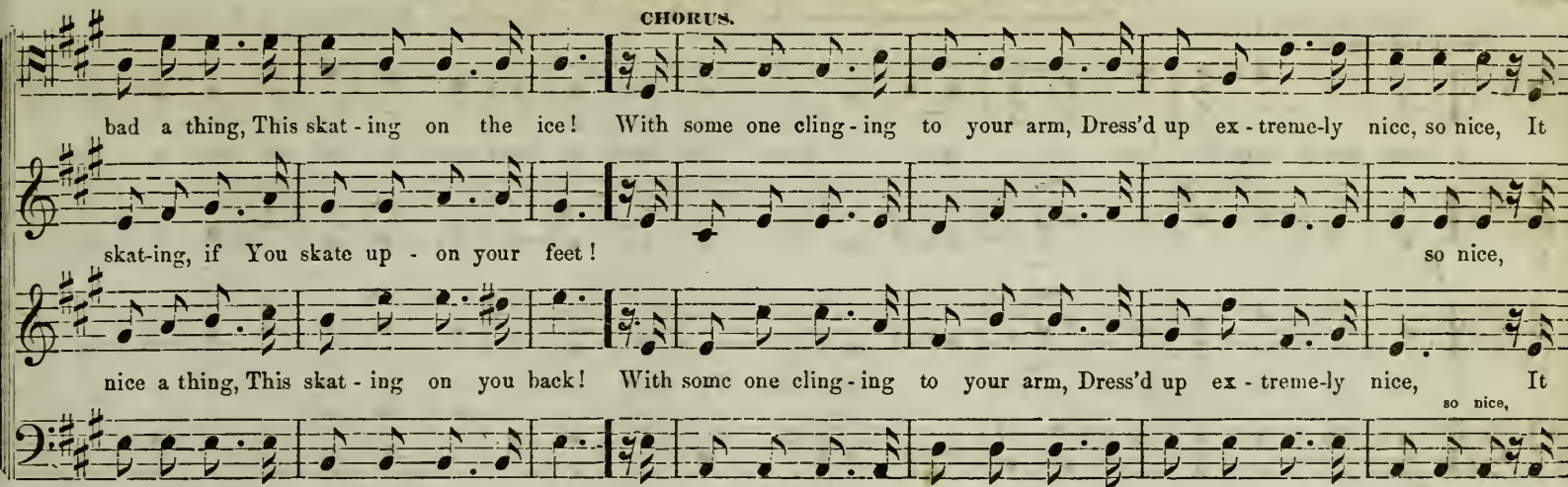
I, "we'll let her slide!" With some one hang - ing on your arm Whose face is ve - ry sweet, There's lots of fun in

oth - er fol - lowed suit; And pret - ty soon I heard a fall, The ice be - gan to crack; It is - n't quite so

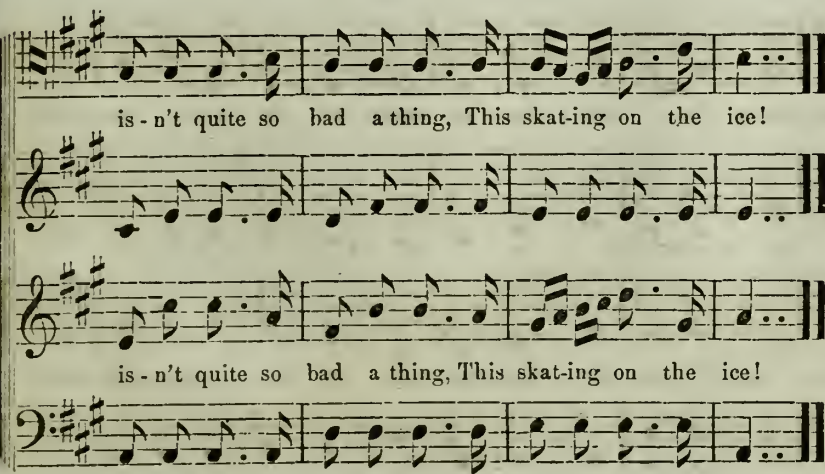
WHEN SUE AND I WENT SKATING—CONCLUDED.

263.

CHORUS.



bad a thing, This skat-ing on the ice! With some one cling-ing to your arm, Dress'd up ex-treme-ly nice, so nice, It
 skat-ing, if You skate up - on your feet! so nice,
 nice a thing, This skat-ing on you back! With some one cling-ing to your arm, Dress'd up ex-treme-ly nice, It
 so nice,



is - n't quite so bad a thing, This skat-ing on the ice!

4

5

That really was a moving scene!
 And quickly brought the tears;
 We righted up, and tried again,
 With many doubts and fears.
 My skates went back a foot or so,
 I always shall suppose;
 It isn't quite so nice a thing,
 This skating on your nose.

Since then, I haven't dared to try
 The slippery, treacherous ice;
 But when the boys and girls slip by,
 It "looks" extremely nice;
 But "mem'ry often tells me how"
 Fond hopes may have a fall,
 And Susan, since our skating-time,
 Won't speak to me at all

THEY ARE SINGING WITH THE ANGELS.

Written in memory of the death of FRANKIE and EDDIE twin sons of REV. JOHN THRUSH, South Bend, Ind. May 1868, by J. W. RUGGLES.

With Expression.

1. Oh where ^{have} the hap - py spir - its flown; That dwelt in those beau - ti - ful cas - kets of clay?

2. Oh say ^{have} they friends in that ra - diant home, To guide their young feet in the paths of the blest?

Where is the light of those bright eyes that shone So ten - der - ly sweet on - ly yes - ter - day?

Will ^{they} ev - er know sor - row or pain as ^{they} roam, Will the dar - lings we mourn for, find comfort and rest?

THEY ARE SINGING WITH THE ANGELS. —CONTINUED

265

DUETT.

1. The an - gels came down to their couch of pain, And waf - ted them safe to their home in the skies. Then
2. Yes, dear ones were waiting to wel - come them there, Bright an - gels will teach them and sooth them to rest. With

weep not dear friends, for our loss is their gain, Bright vis - ions of glo - ry, have dawned on their eyes.
bright harps and songs they shall nev - er know care But shall ev - er more dwell in the land of the blest.

CHORUS. Joyfully.

They are sing - ing with the an - gels, Sweetly they rest on that beau - ti - ful shore; And they'll meet you at the

THEY ARE SINGING WITH THE ANGELS.—CONCLUDED.

Musical score for three parts (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in 2/2 time, key of B-flat major. The lyrics are: Riv - er, To wel - come you home, when your toils are o'er.

3. Oh where shall we meet those who pass on before?
Who launch their young barks on eternity's sea;
Shall we know those dear forms and be parted no more?
And from sorrow and sighing forever be free?

On the banks of *the river* our loved ones we'll meet,
And striking glad hands together we'll rise,
We'll join the new song as the ransomed we greet
While peans of glory shall swell through the skies.

CHORUS.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Words from "Little Corporal."

J. R. M.

Musical score for four parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The lyrics are:

1. Beau-ti-ful fa - ces they that wear, The light of a pleasant spir-it there, It matters not if dark or fair, Matters not, dark or fair.


2. Beau-ti-ful hands are they that do The work of the no - ble good and true, Bus-y for them the whole day thro', Bus-y the whole day through.

3. Beau-ti-ful feet are they that go So swiftly to light an - oth-ers woe, Thro' summer's heat or winter's snow, Thro' heat or winter's snow.

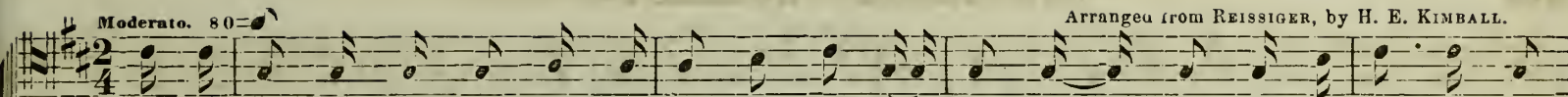
4. Beau-ti-ful they or rich or poor, Who walk in the pathway sweet and pure, Leading to mansions strong and sure, Leading to mansions sure.

THE BROOK'S LULLABY.

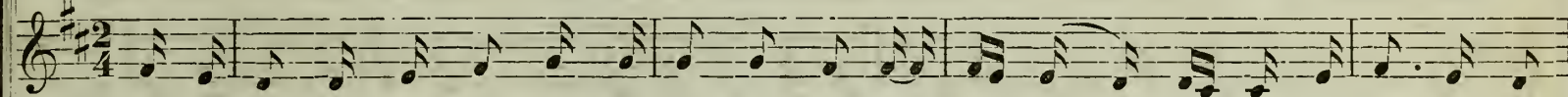
267

Moderato. 80 = 

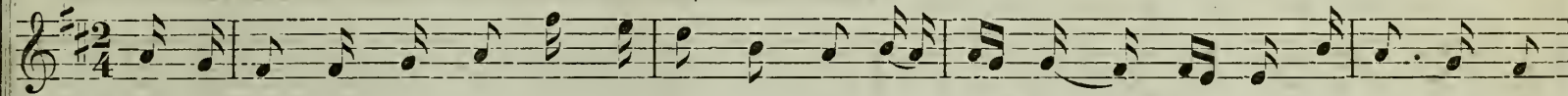
Arranged from REISSIGER, by H. E. KIMBALL.



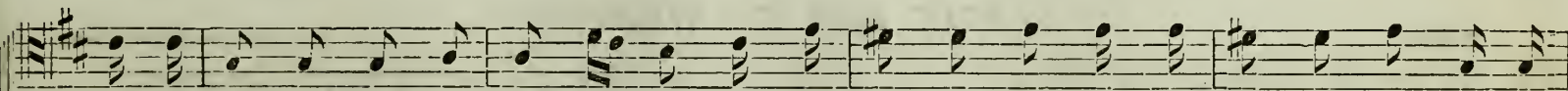
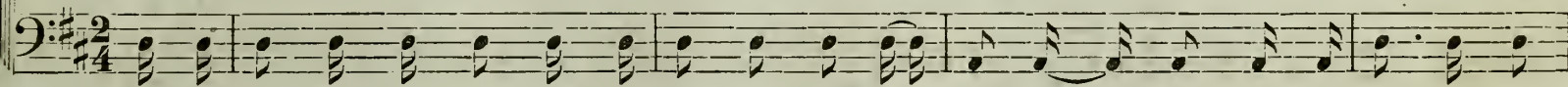
p 1. Wea-ry wand-'rer, re- pose, Thy sad eye- lids close, For this is thy home, thou shalt dwell with me;



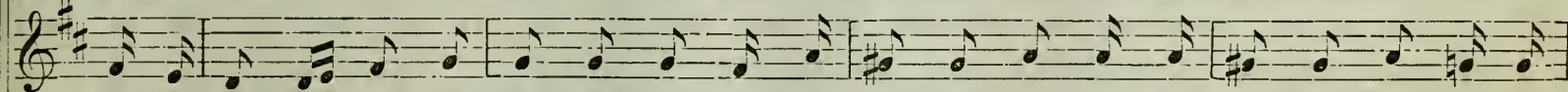
p 2. Mos- sy pil- lows are spread, Come and rest thy head In my cham- ber blue with its crys- tal clear;



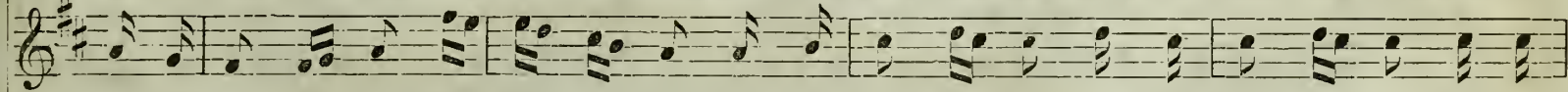
p 3. None thy slum- bers shall break Un- til all shall wake, In thy sleep thou wilt lose both thy grief and joy.



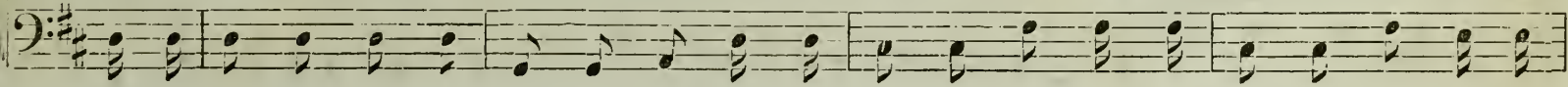
In thy bed so deep Calm shalt thou sleep, Till my stream's quaffed dry by the foam- ing sea, Till my



Tin- y wave- lets, roll And lull his soul, Gen- tle waves to rock him, Oh, quick come here, Gen- tle



Now the moon shines bright Thro' mists of night, And how broad a- hove us is spread the sky! And how



THE BROOK'S LULLABY—CONCLUDED

CODA, for last verse

stream's quaffed dry by the foam - ing sea. *pp* Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

waves to rock him, Oh, quick come here. *Ritard*

broad a - bove us is spread the sky! *pp* Lul - - la - by, lul - la - by.

The musical score for the Coda is written for four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line. The tempo is marked *pp* (pianissimo) and the ending is marked *Ritard* (ritardando).

"WHY ARE YE WEeping."

Arranged from MILES MOORE.

Moderato.
Air.

1. Why are ye weep - ing, Oh, chil - dren of song, Beau - ty and glad - ness to you will be - long:

Alto.

2. She whom ye mourn dwells in man - sions a - bove, In the bright re - gions of glo - ry and love:

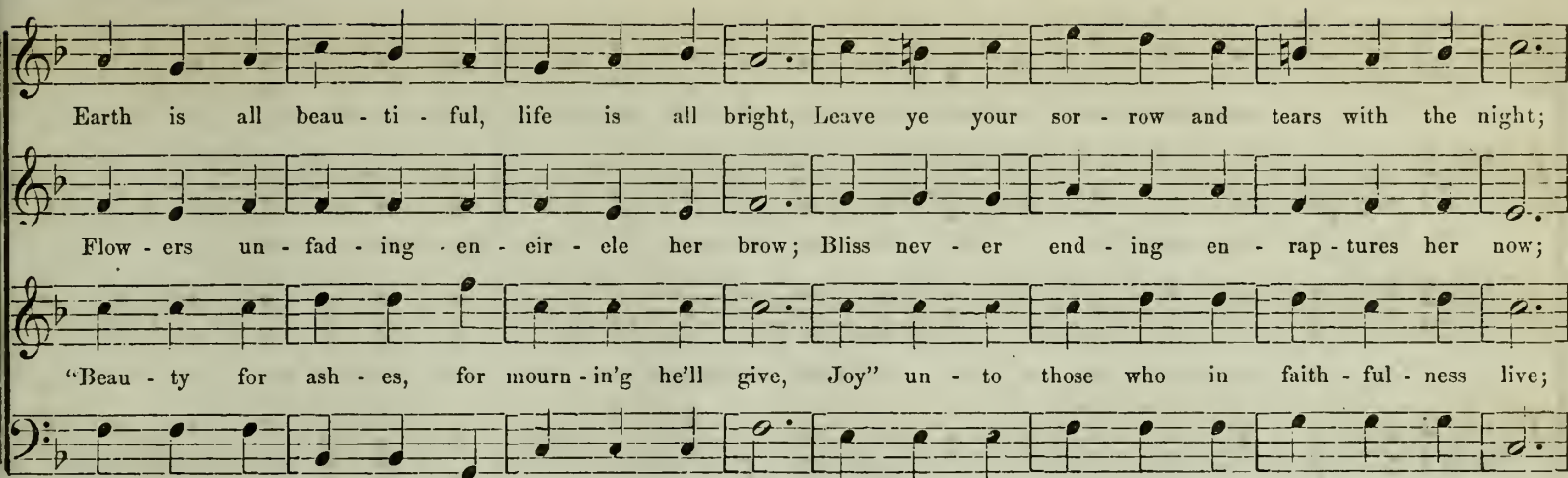
Tenor.

3. He who be - reft you is ho - ly and just, Ten - der and true, if ye give him your trust:

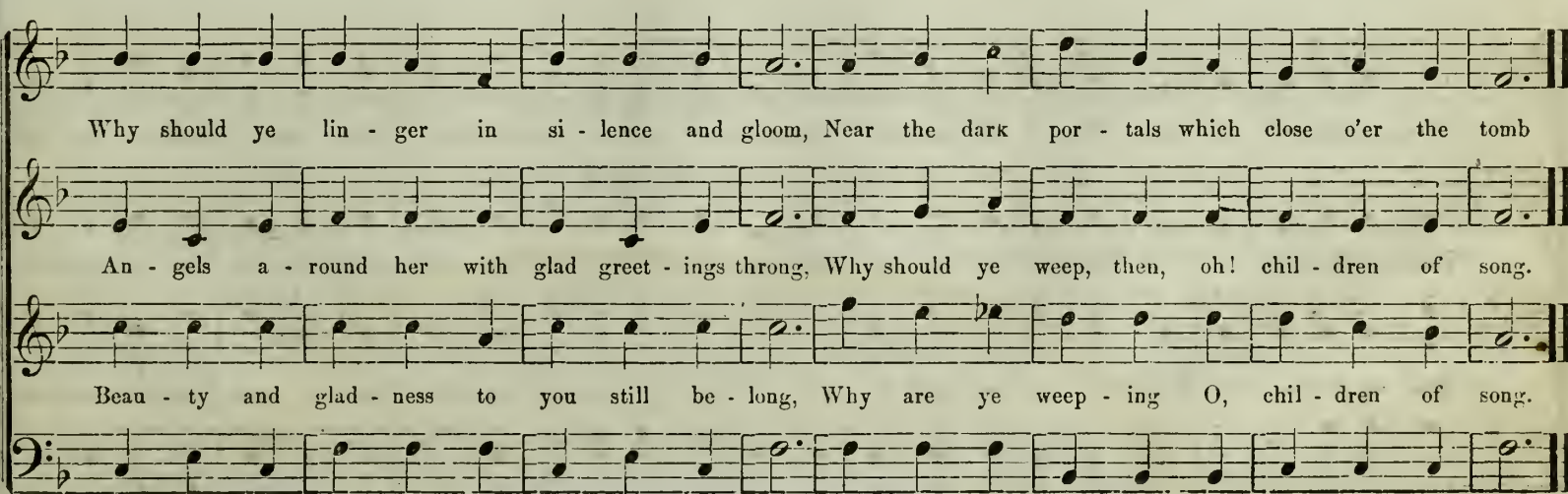
The musical score for 'Why Are Ye Weeping?' is written for four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line. The tempo is marked *Moderato* and the style is marked *Air*.

"WHY ARE YE WEEPING."

253



Earth is all beau - ti - ful, life is all bright, Leave ye your sor - row and tears with the night;
 Flow - ers un - fad - ing en - eir - cle her brow; Bliss nev - er end - ing en - rap - tures her now;
 "Beau - ty for ash - es, for mourn - in'g he'll give, Joy" un - to those who in faith - ful - ness live;



Why should ye lin - ger in si - lence and gloom, Near the dark por - tals which close o'er the tomb
 An - gels a - round her with glad greet - ings throng, Why should ye weep, then, oh! chil - dren of song.
 Beau - ty and glad - ness to you still be - long, Why are ye weep - ing O, chil - dren of song.

ONLY ONE CROSSING OVER.

Andante.

T. WOOD. ALBANY. N. Y.

1. On - ly one cross - ing o - ver, Wa - ter's all dark and wide; Storm on the fear - ful bil - low,

2. On - ly one cross - ing o - ver, Far from the cares of earth, Man - sions of rest are o - pen,

3. On - ly one cross - ing o - ver, Sad - ness, and shroud, and bier, Fill - ing one hour of part - ing,

Peace on the oth - er side; On - ly one scene of an - guish, Sor - row in sad words told, Then sweet sounds of sing - ing,

There is life's new - est birth; When the fond eyes are clos - ing, Speak of the sweet re - pose Far from the land of mourn - ing.

Then we shall en - ter there: On - ly one night of tri - al Borne on the swell - ing tide, Then in our Sav - iour's pres - ence,

ONLY ONE CROSSING OVER.--Concluded.

271

Soft - en'd by harps of gold. Then soft sounds of sing - ing, Soft-en'd by harps of gold.

Heav - en shall soon dis - close. *ritard* - e - *dim* *pp*

We ev - er shall a - bide: Then soft sounds of sing - ing, Soft-en'd by harps of gold.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The music features various musical notations including triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings like *ritard*, *dim*, and *pp*.

CONSTANCY.

1st & 2d VERSES.

3d VERSE.

W. J. R.

Moderato.

1. Gen-tle Sum-mer breez-es, Playing round my brow, A - way and tell my fair one, That I love her now.

2. Winter winds, rough blowing, Bear my ar-dent vow; Go, tell my love I love her More than ev - er now.

3. All that lives and lis - tens Join my love t'assure; I loved, and love, and *will* love Her for - ev - er - more.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The music features various musical notations including slurs, repeat signs, and dynamic markings.

Recitativo. Words by O. S. INGHAM.

Music by E. H. BAILEY.

1. In the ep - ochs pri - me - val when earth's wild up - heav - al, Hurled back like a Tit - an the sea from the land;

2. And the Wild In - dian ro - ver as he roam'd wide - ly o - ver, And sought with his dread bow the swift pant - ing deer;

3. But to pale - face a - wea - ry of gran - ite hills drea - ry, Did the West like an E - den its beau - ties un - fold;

4. But his qui - et e - ly - sian like a short rap - t'rous vis - ion, Soon pass'd with the bus - tle still grow - ing more rife;

And the moun - tains and high - lands, plains, val - leys and is - lands, In gran - deur and beau - ty did si - lent - ly stand:

On the wide sweep - ing prai - rie de - light - ed to tar - ry, Till his green bend - ing maize - fields were rip - en'd and sear:

On his eye ev - er grow - ing as he gazed with heart glow - ing, On the wide - wav - ing sea of bright bil - low - y gold:*

Till nev - er more ceas - ing with num - bers in - creas - ing, Its wide grow - ing bor - ders were teem - ing with life:

*The writer has been informed by many of the earlier settlers of the West, that wide portions of it were covered with a species of yellow flower, presenting the appearance, at a distance, of a sea of liquid gold.

THE WEST.---Concluded.

273

Then the Build - er ar - tis - tie dis-play'd his pow'rs mys - tie, And with mag - ie - al beau - ty one elime did in - vest,
 And from wig - wam built new - ly up curled the smoke blue - ly, And in his wild free - dom all care fled his breast,
 There his glad way he wend - ed, his long jour - ney end - ed, To dwell 'mid the charms this wild re - gion possessed,
 Now in black folds en-wreath-ing the fire-steed's hoarse breath-ing, Quick, throb-bing and hot from his huge i - ron breast,

Till all the heav'ns un - der the en - vy and won - der, Lay the pride of the sun - set, the fair prai - ried West.
 And he prayed the Great Spir - it no foe should come near it, His beau - ti - ful home on the fair prai - ried West.
 And his life he pass'd light - ly, and joys elus - ter'd bright - ly A - round his lov'd home on the fair prai - ried West.
 And his tread like the thun - der, drives all peace a - sun - der, As he sweeps like a de - mon the fair prai - ried West.

Words by CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

Music by JAMES B. MURRAY.

SLOW.

1. Thou did'st pass from my sight, like a vis-ion of morn-ing, Where clouds of the night re-turn af-ter rain; And the crim-son and

2. As the sun, sink-ing low in the depths of the o-cean, Flings back-ward his glo-ry on heav-ens and shore, And the bil-low that

gold that il-lu-mined the dawn-ing, Are quenched in the gray tints that tri-umph a-gain: But there's joy in that beam al-though

throbs as with hu-man e-mo-tion, In his smile, all for-get-ful how soon it is o'er: So my heart wins this pearl from the

brief be its shin-ing; There's hope for the mor-row in ev-en one ray; And the cloud on my heart hath this sil-ver-y lin-ing; Per-

deep of its sor-row, And lays it with tear up-on mem-o-ry's shrine: Tho' the light of my life set to rise not to-mor-row, Tho'

VALE.--Concluded.

275

REFRAIN.

haps not for-ev-er, tho' part-ed to-day! Per-haps not for-ev-er, per-haps not for-ev-er, Per-haps not for-ev-er tho' part-ed to-day.
 part-ed for-ev-er, thy last look was mine. Tho' part-ed for-ev-er, tho' part-ed for-ev-er, Tho' part-ed for-ev-er, thy last look was mine.

TWILIGHT SONG.

T. J. RIGGS.

Moderato.

1. I've list-en'd to the witch-ing strain Of mer-ry bird-ling's song, I've heard the war-bling night-in-gale His mel-o-dy pro-long;
 2. I've heard sweet num-bers peal-ing forth, O'er wa-ters calm and free; When si-lent shad-ows steal-ing by Danced on the moon-lit sea:
 3. But nev-er notes of wood or wild, Of earth, or air, or sea; Were sweet as songs that when a child My moth-er sang to me:
 I've heard the silv'-ry foun-tain, too, With dew-y mist-y spray, The rip-pling rill and cat-a-ract At-tune their va-ried lay.
 I've heard the deep-toned thun-der, too, In maj-es-ty and might; Roll thro' the an-gry heavens a-bove, Some wild and fear-ful night.
 Oh, gay-est strains have halls of mirth, Where mer-ry dan-cers throng; Yet dear-er far be-side the earth A moth-er's twi-light song.

THE WILLOW BY THE RIVER SIDE.

Words by F. J. NICHOLLS.

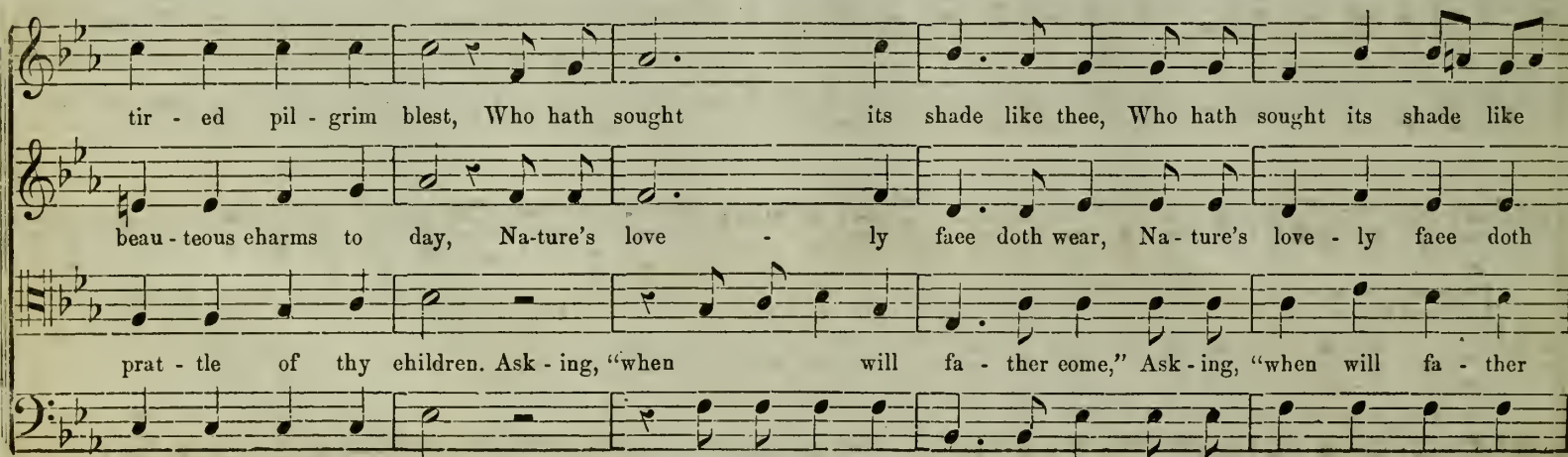
W. J. ROBJOHN.

Allegretto.


1. Rest thee, rest thee, rest thee, rest thee wea-ry trav-'ler rest, 'Neath this weep-ing wil-low tree; By each

2. Stay thee, stay thee, stay thee, stay thee wea-ry trav-'ler stay, Rest a lit-tle long-er here; See! what

3. On-ward, on-ward, on-ward, on-ward rest-ed pil-grim, on! Now per-sue thy jour-ney home; Stay the



tir-ed pil-grim blest, Who hath sought its shade like thee, Who hath sought its shade like

beau-teous charms to day, Na-ture's love-ly face doth wear, Na-ture's love-ly face doth

prat-tle of thy children. Ask-ing, "when will fa-ther come," Ask-ing, "when will fa-ther

Who hath sought,
Na-ture's love-
Ask-ing "when.

THE WILLOW BY THE RIVER SIDE.--Concluded.

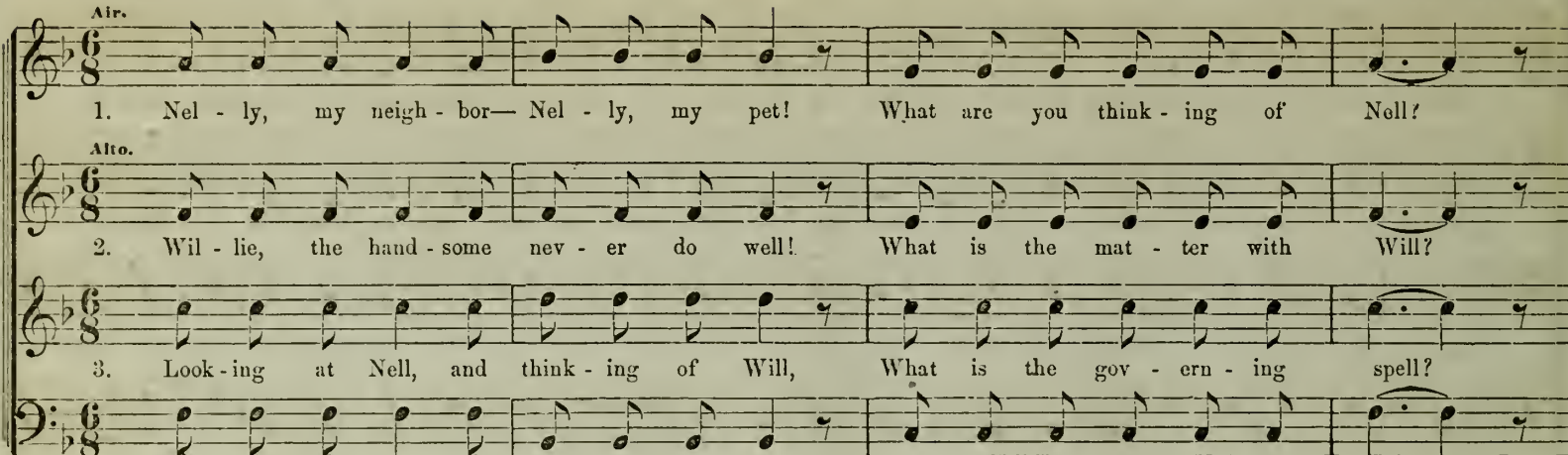
277

thee: Lo! the cool and crys - tal riv - er, Gent - ly flow - ing at thy feet; Kneel! and bless the boun - teous giv - er,
 wear: Hark! the lit - tle birds a - bove us, Sweet - ly war - bling with de - light, As un - con - scious - ly they move us,
 come:" Here thy wife, thy heart's best treas - ure, Has pre - pared the hum - ble meal; Need - ing nought to crown her pleas - ure,

Drink and own the draught is sweet. Drink and own.....the draught is sweet. Rest thee, rest thee.
 To be - hold the glad - some sight. To be - hold.....the glad - some sight. The draught is sweet. Stay thee, stay thee.
 But her "Will - iam" safe and well. But her Will - iam safe and well, Yes safe and well. On - ward, on - ward.

NELLY IS MY NEIGHBOR.

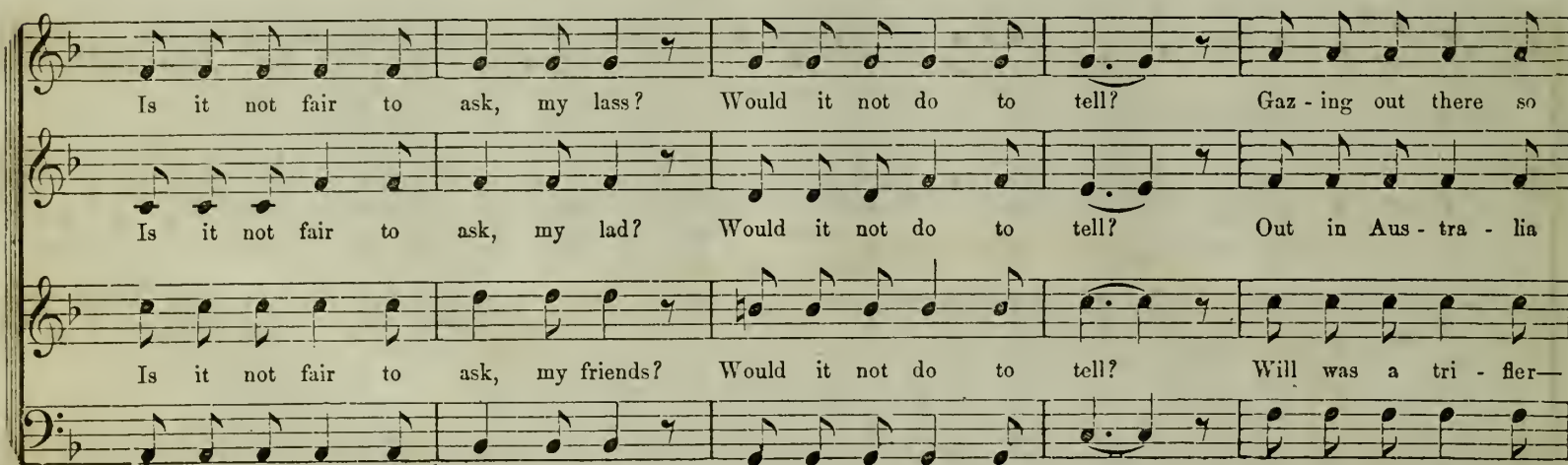
FONBLANQUE JR.

*Recitando**Air.*


1. Nel - ly, my neigh - bor— Nel - ly, my pet! What are you think - ing of Nell?

2. Wil - lie, the hand - some nev - er do well! What is the mat - ter with Will?

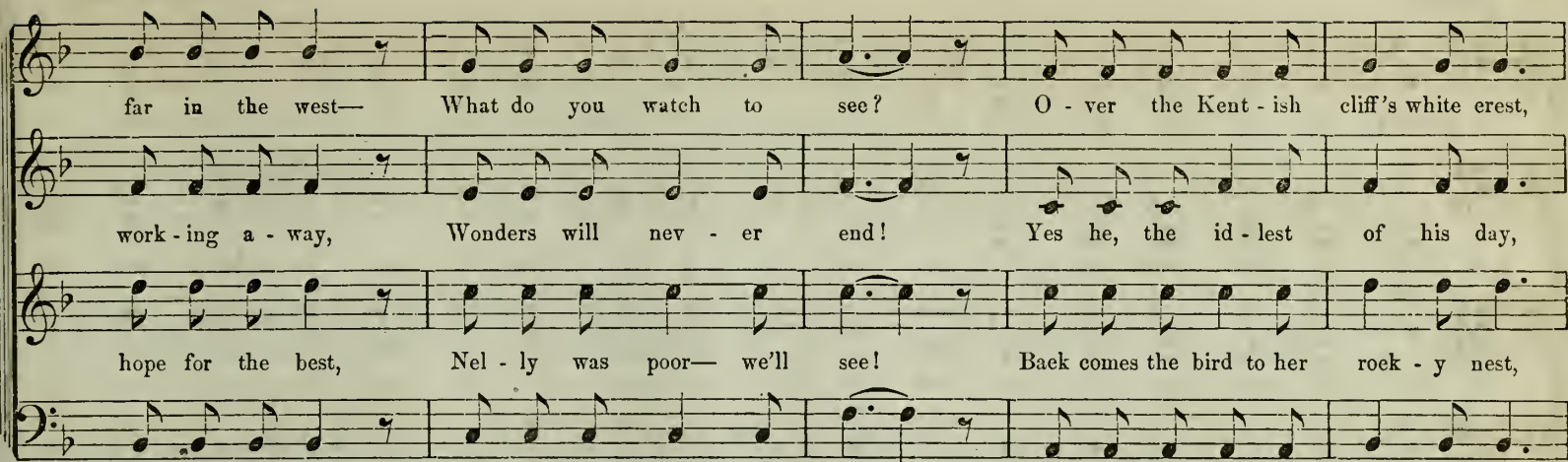
3. Look - ing at Nell, and think - ing of Will, What is the gov - ern - ing spell?



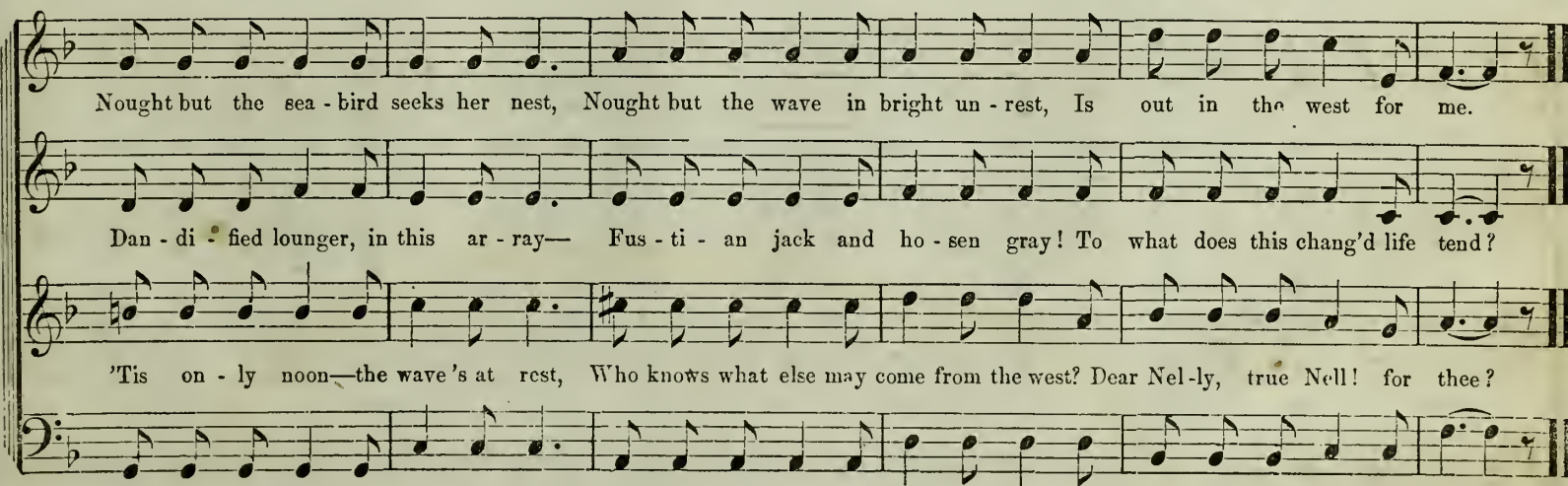
Is it not fair to ask, my lass? Would it not do to tell? Gaz - ing out there so

Is it not fair to ask, my lad? Would it not do to tell? Out in Aus - tra - lia

Is it not fair to ask, my friends? Would it not do to tell? Will was a tri - fler—



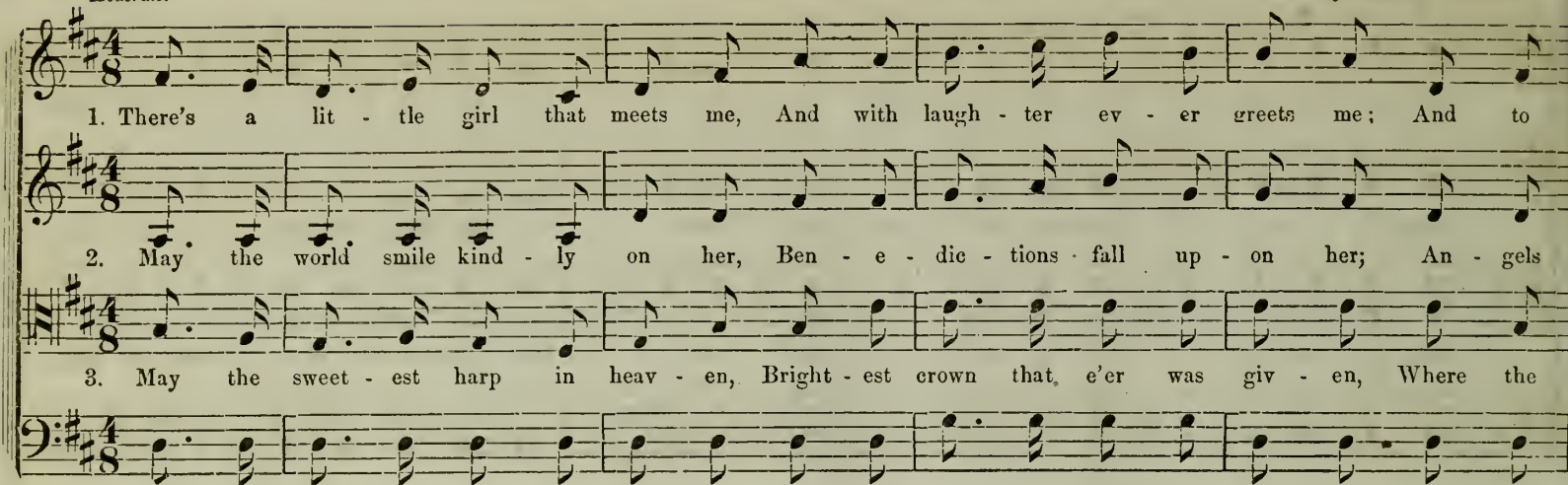
far in the west— What do you watch to see? O - ver the Kent - ish cliff's white erest,
work - ing a - way, Wonders will nev - er end! Yes he, the id - lest of his day,
hope for the best, Nel - ly was poor— we'll see! Back comes the bird to her rock - y nest,



Nought but the sea - bird seeks her nest, Nought but the wave in bright un - rest, Is out in the west for me.
Dan - di - fied lounge, in this ar - ray— Fus - ti - an jack and ho - sen gray! To what does this chang'd life tend?
'Tis on - ly noon—the wave's at rest, Who knows what else may come from the west? Dear Nel - ly, true Nell! for thee?

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT MEETS ME.

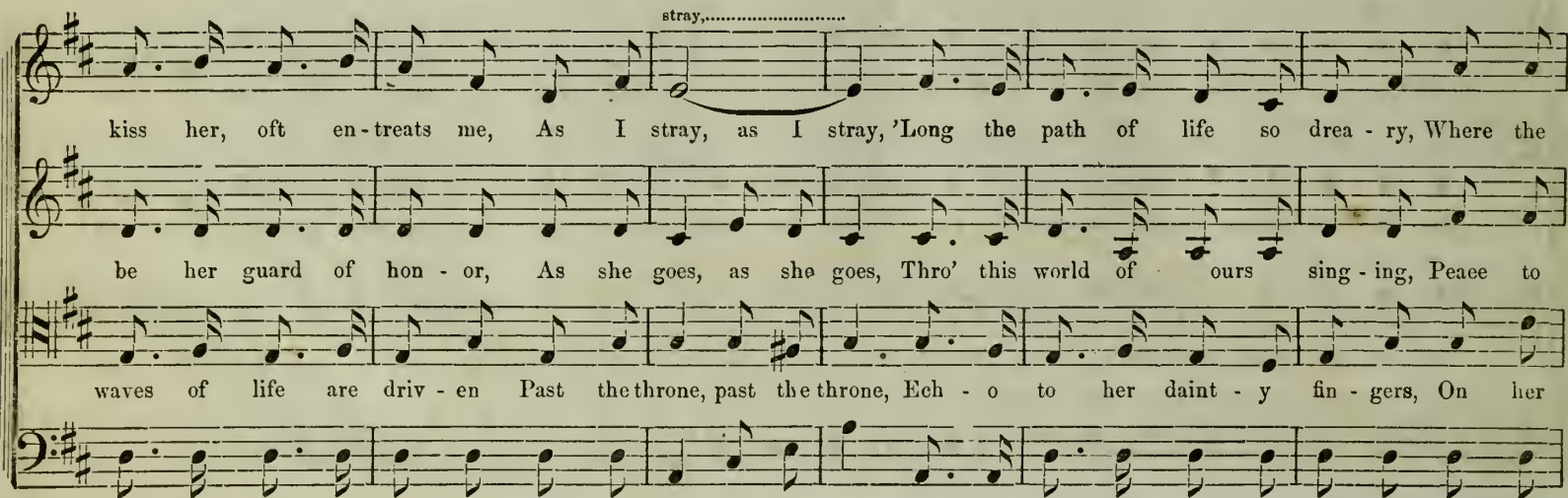
Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

Moderato.


1. There's a lit - tle girl that meets me, And with laugh - ter ev - er greets me; And to

2. May the world smile kind - ly on her, Ben - e - dic - tions - fall up - on her; An - gels

3. May the sweet - est harp in heav - en, Bright - est crown that e'er was giv - en, Where the



stray,.....

kiss her, oft en - treats me, As I stray, as I stray, 'Long the path of life so drea - ry, Where the

be her guard of hon - or, As she goes, as she goes, Thro' this world of ours sing - ing, Peace to

waves of life are driv - en Past the throne, past the throne, Ech - o to her daint - y fin - gers, On her

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT MEETS ME.---Concluded.

281

way,.....

sad - den'd heart and wea - ry, Shades the sun - light shin - ing near me, On my way, on my way.

troub - led spir - its bring - ing, And no grief her pure heart wring - ing With its woes, with its woes.

pure brow ev - er lin - ger, While each an - gel be a sing - er, Call - ing home, call - ing home.

home,.....

SHADOWS.

Lightly.
pp

cres.....

dim.....

cres.....

FRED. W. ROOT.
p

1. O'er the mead-ows, see the shad-ows Swift-ly move on the gale; Fleet-ing fly-ing, gai-ly hie-ing, O-ver glen, hill and dale, and dale.

2. Now they fol-low, down the hol-low; Now they hie up the hill: Now they quiv-er on the riv-er, Now they rest on the rill, the rill.

3. Sun-light gleam-ing, let thy beam-ing, Drive the shades all a-way; Where they're gliding, let them, hid-ing, Leave to us the bright day, bright day.

Moderato.

1. White rose, talk to me! I don't know what to do; Why do you say no word to me,

2. Tell all your tho'ts to me, Whis - per in my ear; Talk a - gainst the win - ter,

The first system of the musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first line of music corresponds to the first vocal part, and the second line to the second vocal part. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Who say so much to you? I'm bring - ing you a lit - tle rain, And I should be so proud, If,

He shall nev - er hear! I can keep a se - cret Since I was four years old; So

The second system of the musical score continues the three-part setting. It maintains the same musical notation and lyrics as the first system.

when you feel it on your face, You take me for a cloud: Here I come so soft - ly, You

tell if you were fright - ened When first you felt the cold: And in splend - id sum - mer

The third system of the musical score concludes the page. It includes the same three-part setting with lyrics. There are some musical markings above the staves, including 'RIT' (Ritardando) and 'RIT' (Ritardando), indicating a change in tempo.

IN WONDERLAND.---Concluded.

253

can - not hear me walk - ing; If I take you by sur - prise, I may hear you talk - ing.

While you slow - ly flush and grow, Are you ev - er out of heart, Think - ing of the com - ing snow.

LOVE.

Slow and soft.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Fa - ther, we love thee who art love, We love to thy word and we'll o - bey;
2. On earth we'll do thy ho - ly will, Seek to be more like Christ our Lord;

3. So when be - low our work is done, Take us to share our Sa - vior's rest.

Send down thy Spir - it from a - bove, With - in our hearts for - ev - er stay.
Here we re - new our vows, and still, Lean on the prom - ise of thy word

As here we sin and er - ror shun, There may we dwell for - ev - er blest.

O, CHARMING MAY.

Arranged from RODWELL.

S: SOLO.

O charm - ing May,

1. O charm - ing May. O charm - ing May, Fresh and fair and blithe and gay; O charm - ing May, O charm - ing May,
 2. O charm - ing May, etc.

O charm - ing May, fresh and fair, fair..... and gay, That
 charm - ing May. O charm - ing May, Fresh and fair and blithe and gay, O fresh and fair and blithe and gay, That
 comes from the bow'rs, 'Mid per - fume and flow'rs, Charm - ing,
 com - eth from the bow - ers. 'Mid the per - fume and the flow - ers. 'Mid the per - fume and the

O, CHARMING MAY.—CONCLUDED.

285

FINE.

charm - ing, charm - ing May. Thou art spring, with its win - try..... days gone by, And
There is glad - ness and joy in thy gen - ial face, Fit

flow - ers, Charm-ing May, charm-ing May. Thou art spring-time with its cold and win - try days gone by, And the
There is glad - ness fair and joy - ful in thy gen - ial face, Fit - ting

sum - mer with - out..... its..... scorch - ing sky: The sun..... may be bright, the.....
em - blem of in - no - cence and grace; There's peace - ful de - light to.....

sum - mer glad and fair, with - out its scorch - ing sky; Tho' the sun may shine more bright - ly, and the
em - blem of thy fresh - ness, in - no - cence and grace; There is peace - ful - ness, de - light and joy to

D. S.

storm may be free, But the tran - quil beau - ty of May for..... me.....
me ev - er dear, In the charm - ing May, the..... queen of the year.....

storm be wild and free, The tran - quil beau - ty, yes, the tran - quil beau - ty of the May for me; O,
me for - ev - er dear, All in the charm-ing May, the charm-ing May, the queen month of the year; O,

Andante.
Air

1. Nev - er a - gain, when the morn - ing is fling - ing, Light on the moun - tain and gems in the vale,

Alto

2. Nev - er a - gain, shall the breeze of the mead - ows Creep from its era - dle to gath - er thy kiss,

Tenor

3. Nev - er a - gain, but the stars will come o'er me, Bright - er I'm sure in the light of the wing:

Base

May thy glad song through the sol - i - tude ring - ing, Mix with the spring time and dance on the gale:

While the still blos - soms and love dream - ing shad - ows, Sleep on the bo - som of sum - mer and bliss:

When the shut pin - ions are shed - ing their glo - ry, Fold - ed at eve in the light of the spring;

NEVER AGAIN.--Concluded.

287



Mid - night has shroud - ed the eye - lid of love, Win - ter has breathed on the fore - head a - bove; The

Pearls will be brok - en on wa - ters as bright, Mu - sic as haunt - ing will float on the night: But the

Spring where the blit - ing of prom - ise is o'er, Land where the lov - ing are part - ed no more; Where they



chord of rare sweet - ness is riv - en in twain And shall glad - den my lone - li - ness, Nev - er a - gain.

eye of the star - beam, the soul of the strain Shall nev - er melt more to them, Nev - er a - gain.

drink of life's ful - ness, a riv - er, a main, And taste of life's bit - ter - ness, Nev - er a - gain.

OUR BATTLE-FIELD—CONCLUDED.

First time. Second time.

strife shall be no - bler far Than the an - ger and din of war. But war.

ban - ners of Truth and Right, March we on in our glo - rious might. March on, march on, march on, march With might.

JOY COMES WITH SONG.

Music from OFFENBACH, by J. R. M.

Words written for this Work

Allegro.

Joy comes with song, to drive a - way our sad - ness; Hope beams a - gain, our way to cheer: Now raise the strain, yes,

The heart that sings has naught to fear, has naught to

raise the strain of glad - ness, The heart that sings has naught to fear, The heart that sings has naught to

The heart that sings has naught to fear,

JOY COMES WITH SONG—CONTINUED.

fear, The heart that sings has naught to fear, has naught to fear. O come with song, Loud and long,
 fear, The heart that sings has naught to fear. O come with song, Loud and long,
 The heart that sings has naught to fear,

Play small notes for accompaniment, with base in octaves.

ev - 'ry voice take up the strain; Why so sad? Let all be glad! Shout with joy the glad re - frain.
 ev - 'ry voice take up the strain; Why so sad? Let all be glad! Shout with joy the glad re - frain. O come with song,
 O come with

O come with song, Yes, loud and long,
 come with song, Loud and long, yes, loud and long. Mu - sic makes a mer - ry heart, and drives all
 song, Loud and long, yes, loud and long,

JOY COMES WITH SONG—CONCLUDED.

271

care far a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way. Joy comes with song, to drive a - way our sad - ness; Hope beams a -

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). Dynamics include *ff* and *f*. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

gain, our way to cheer: Now raise the strain, yes, raise the strain of glad - ness, For hearts that sing have naught to fear; Then gai - ly,

This system contains the next three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

gai - ly let the cho - rus re - sound, Let hills and val - leys send the ech - oes a - round, For hearts that sing have naught to fear.

This system contains the final three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

WINTER'S APPROACH.

W. J. R.

Allegro.

1. Fare-well, dear leaves and flow'rs, Which thro' summer's days did beau - ti - fy The land, and made our hours Swift as mo - ments to pass by.

2. Fare-well, Oh, west - ern wind, Soft, and fill'd with o - dors sweet and rare; Thou leav - est here be - hind Win - ter's bleak and bit - ing air.

3. Fare-well, Oh, soft green grass, Which en - robed the hills and slop - ing vales; Fare-well, your beauties pass With the songs of night-in - gales.

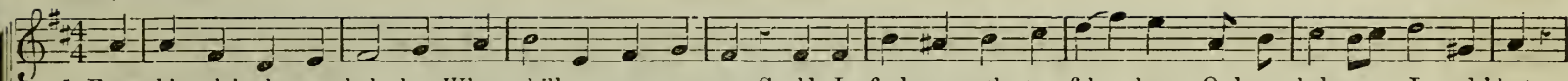
4. Yet mourn we not, nor dole - ful sing, Tho' win - ter comes a - pace, But greet the heart - y frost-crown'd King With jov - ial heart and face.

5. For in his hand he bears Christmas mer - ry cheer and froth - ing cup, And clear, cold, frost-y airs He doth bring, to brace us up.

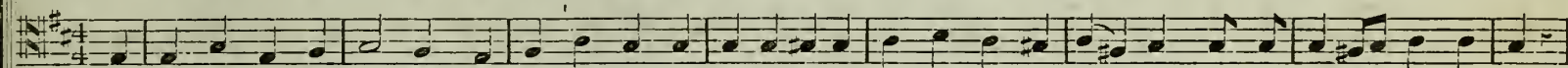
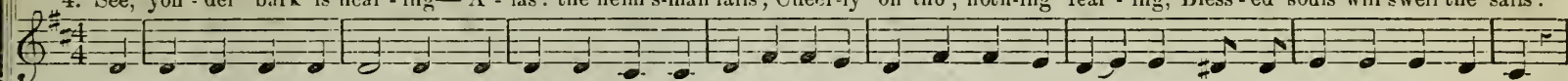
Allegro Moderato.

SCHILLER'S "LONGING."

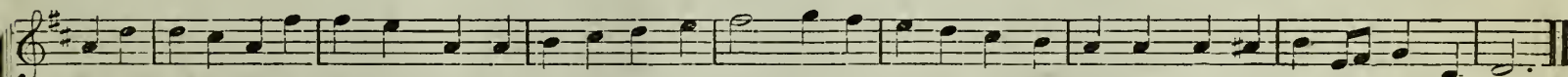
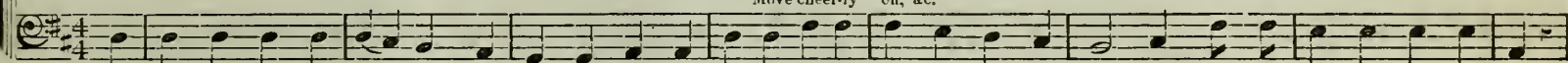
W. J. R. 293



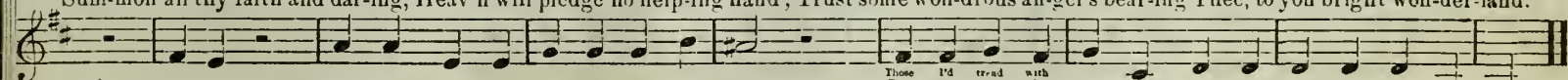
1. From this vale's gloom-y hol - low, Where chill-y va - pors rest, Could I find a path to fol - low, O, how glad were I and blest:
2. Har-mon-ious voi - ces blend-ing, Are breath-ing heav'n-ly calm; Gen-tle breez-es hith-er wend-ing, Waft the fra-grance of the balm:
3. How sweet for - ev - er stray-ing In clear, un-cloud-ed light; Pur-est gales a-round me play-ing, Fan-ning fresh from ev-'ry height:
4. See, yon-der bark is near-ing—A - las! the helm's-man fails; Cheer-ly on tho', noth-ing fear-ing, Bless-ed souls will swell the sails:



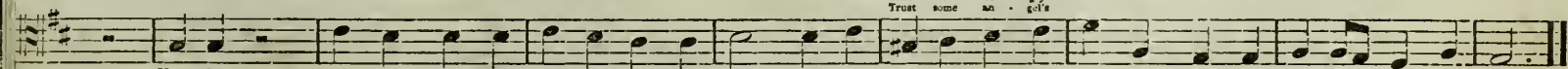
Could I but find, &c.
And gen-tle breez-es, &c.
With pur-est gales, &c.
Move cheer-ly on, &c.



Yon-der swell the hills in bright-ness, Green with ev-er youth-ful spring; Soon I'd tread the slopes with light-ness, Could I mount with soar-ing wing.
Gold-en fruit-age there is glow-ing Fill'd the air with rich per-fume; Rich-est flow-ers, sweet-ly blow-ing. Dread no frost to rob their bloom.
But, a - las! the swol-len tor-rent Bears with foam-ing might a - long; And its an - gry, whirl-ing cur-rent Soon would whelm the swim-mer strong.
Sum-mon all thy faith and dar-ing, Heav'n will pledge no help-ing hand; Trust some won-drous an-gel's bear-ing Thee, to yon bright won-der-land.



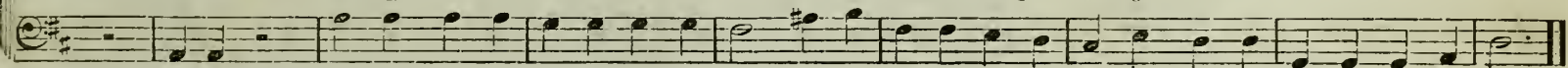
Those I'd tread with
Flow-ers, sweet-ly
And its an - gry
Trust some an - gel's



Yon-der
Fruit-age
Swol-len
Sum-mon

bright-ness,
glow-ing
tor-rent
dar-ing,

Soon I'd tread the slopes with light-ness,
Rich-est flow-ers, sweet-ly blow-ing.
And its an - gry, whirl-ing cur-rent
Trust some won-drous an - gel's bear-ing.



MORNING WALK.

Music by O. D. ADAMS.

Vivace.

The dew - y air,

The for - est Sab - bath

For hap - py walk, go meet the dawn, And breathe the dew - y air, the air,

Detailed description: This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The first staff is a piano introduction in 4/8 time, marked 'Vivace'. The second staff is the vocal melody, starting with the lyrics 'The dew - y air,'. The third staff is a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The fourth staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'The for - est Sab - bath' and 'For hap - py walk, go meet the dawn, And breathe the dew - y air, the air,'.

All the larks are sleep - ing yet,

still at morn. The breeze is hush'd and spare.

All the larks are sleep - ing yet,

All the larks are sleep - ing yet,

Detailed description: This system contains the next four staves. The fifth staff continues the piano accompaniment. The sixth staff is the vocal melody with the lyrics 'All the larks are sleep - ing yet,'. The seventh staff continues the piano accompaniment. The eighth staff is the vocal melody with the lyrics 'still at morn. The breeze is hush'd and spare.' and 'All the larks are sleep - ing yet,'. The ninth staff continues the piano accompaniment. The tenth staff is the vocal melody with the lyrics 'All the larks are sleep - ing yet,'.

MORNING WALK—CONCLUDED.

295

Quick - ly flows the riv - u - let, All the larks are sleep - ing yet,

Quick - ly flows the riv - u - let, All the larks are sleep - ing yet,

Quick - ly flows the riv - u - let, Sleep - - - ing,

This system contains three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a bass line. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Flow - - - ing, Sleep - ing, flow - ing, Sings soft the morn ing prayer, Sings soft the morn-ing prayer.

Quick-ly flows the riv - u - let, Sleep - ing, flow - ing, Sings soft the morn-ing prayer, Sings soft the morn - ing prayer.

The morning prayer.

This system contains three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a bass line. The music continues with a similar melodic and harmonic style to the first system.

LOUD THE STORM IS ROARING.

From the "Triumph," by permission.

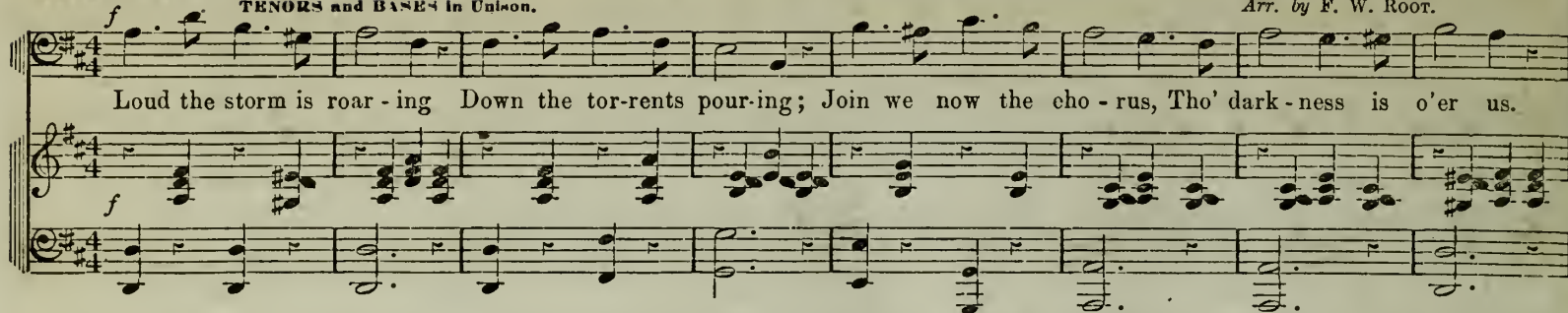
From "Crispino e la Comare," by RICCI.

Andante Maestoso.

TENORS and BASS in Unison.

Arr. by F. W. Root.

f



Loud the storm is roar-ing Down the tor-rents pour-ing; Join we now the cho-rus, Tho' dark-ness is o'er us.



Thun-ders crash a-bove us, Still from hearts that love us Comes the sweet song of hope, The sweet song of hope and joy.

SOPRANOS and ALTOS in Unison.

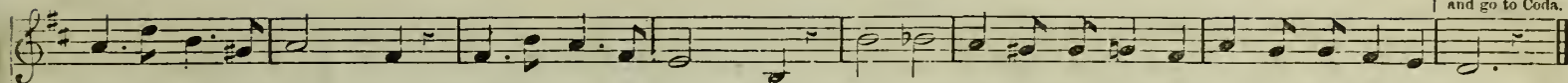


Sweet-er seem the bird songs, When storm blasts are o-ver; Bright-er dawns the spring-time, When Win-ter drear is past.

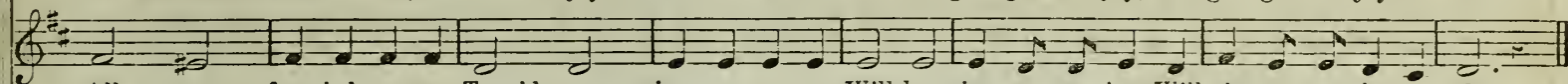
LOUD THE STORM IS ROARING.---Continued.

297

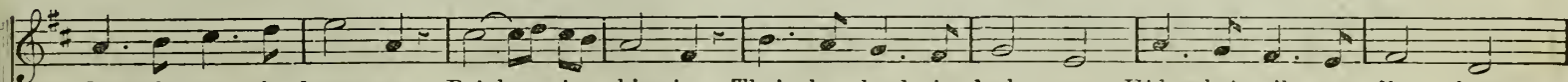
2d time omit this
and go to Coda.



All our fan-cied sor - row, Turn'd to joy to - mor - row, Will but give great-er joy, Will give great-er joy at last.



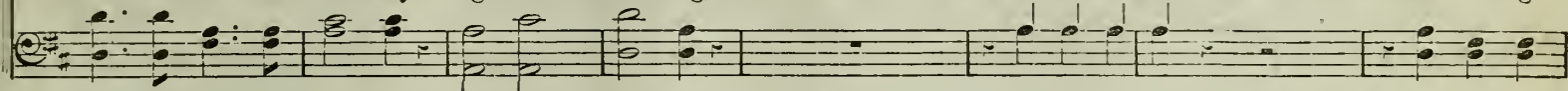
All our fan-cied sor-row, Turn'd to joy to-mor-row, Will but give great-er joy, Will give great-er joy at last.



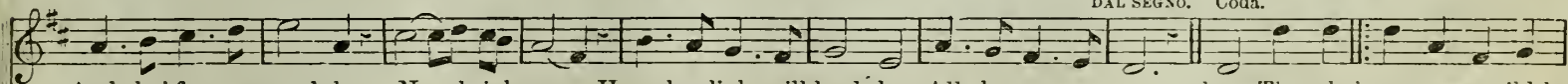
Still the sun in beau - ty Bright is shin - ing, Tho' the clouds in dark - ness Hide their sil - ver lin ing.



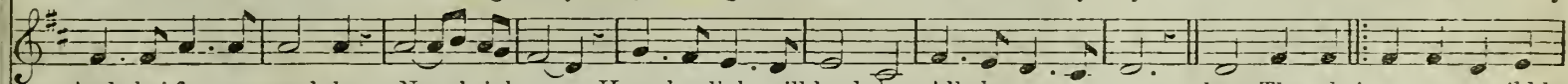
Still the sun in beau - ty Bright is shin - ing, in dark-ness hide their lin-ing.



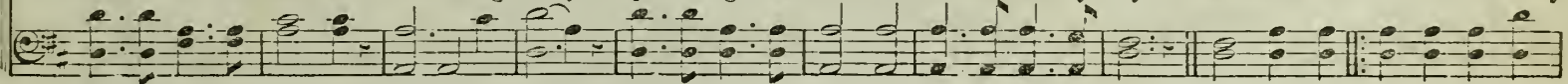
DAL SEGNO. Coda.



And tho' for-tune send thee No bright ray, Hope her light will lend thee All the wea-ry way. last. Thus tho' storms are wild-ly



And tho' for-tune send thee No bright ray, Hope her light will lend thee All the wea-ry way. last. Thus tho' storms are wild-ly



LOUD THE STORM IS ROARING.--Concluded.

1st time.

rag - ing o'er us. We will gai - ly laugh and sing, Ha, ha, ha, we'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, and sing, We will laugh and sing. Thus tho'

rag - ing o'er us, We will laugh and sing, laugh and sing. Thus tho'

2d time. FASTER.

sing La, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la; Yes, we'll sing, yes, we'll sing, We'll laugh and sing.

sing Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; Yes, we'll sing, yes, we'll sing, We'll laugh and sing.

FASTER.

sing Tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la; Yes, we'll sing, yes, we'll sing, we'll laugh and sing.

sing La, la, &c.

1 COME, FOLLOW ME. (Round in Three Parts.) 2 From the "MUSICAL ALBUM."

Come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me. Whith - er shall I fol - low, fol - low, fol - low?

3 Whith - er shall I fol - low, fol - low thee? To the green-wood, to the green-wood, to the green-wood, green-wood tree.

THE MOUNTAIN MINERS' SONG.

299

Allegretto.

From the "Triumph," by permission. Arranged from "Ostenbaen" by F. W. Root.

1. Onward on-ward up the mountain side, Farewell the prai-ries far be-low, Firm and joy-ful whatso-e'er be-tide, We the mer-ry min-ers gai-ly

go, We go, we go, we go, we go, yes, Yes to the mountain pass we go, we go, we go, Yes to the mountain

We go, we go, we go,

THE MOUNTAIN MINERS' SONG.---Continued.

pass we mer-ry min-ers gai-ly go, yes, yes, yes, Yes for the gold is there we know, we know, we know, Yes for the gold is there beneath the

crystal waters flow, Then in or-der firm move on, move on, and do not tar-ry for the prize is just be - fore the craggy rocks that frown a -

The musical score is written for three parts: a vocal melody (top staff), a vocal harmony (middle staff), and a piano accompaniment (bottom two staves). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

THE MOUNTAIN MINERS' SONG.---Continued.

301

bove our path shall yield the shin - ing ore, Yes to the mountain, pass we go, we go, we go, Yes to the mountain

pass we mer - ry min-ers gai - ly go, yes, yes, yes, Yes for the gold is there we know, we know, we know, Yes for the gold is

THE MOUNTAIN MINERS' SONG.---Continued.

there for the gold is there in the crystal flow In or - der firm move on, move on, move on, Our toilsome march is done is near-ly

done, But should the howling tempests blow, The tem - pest blow..... Still to the mountain pass we'll go, we'll go, we'll go,

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves of each system contain the vocal melody in treble and bass clefs. The next two staves contain the piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' (forte).

THE MOUNTAIN MINER'S SONG.---Concluded.

303

still for the gold is there we know, we know, we know, on, to the mountain pass, to the mountain pass, to the mountain pass, to the mountain

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is the bass clef accompaniment. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment featuring chords and arpeggiated figures.

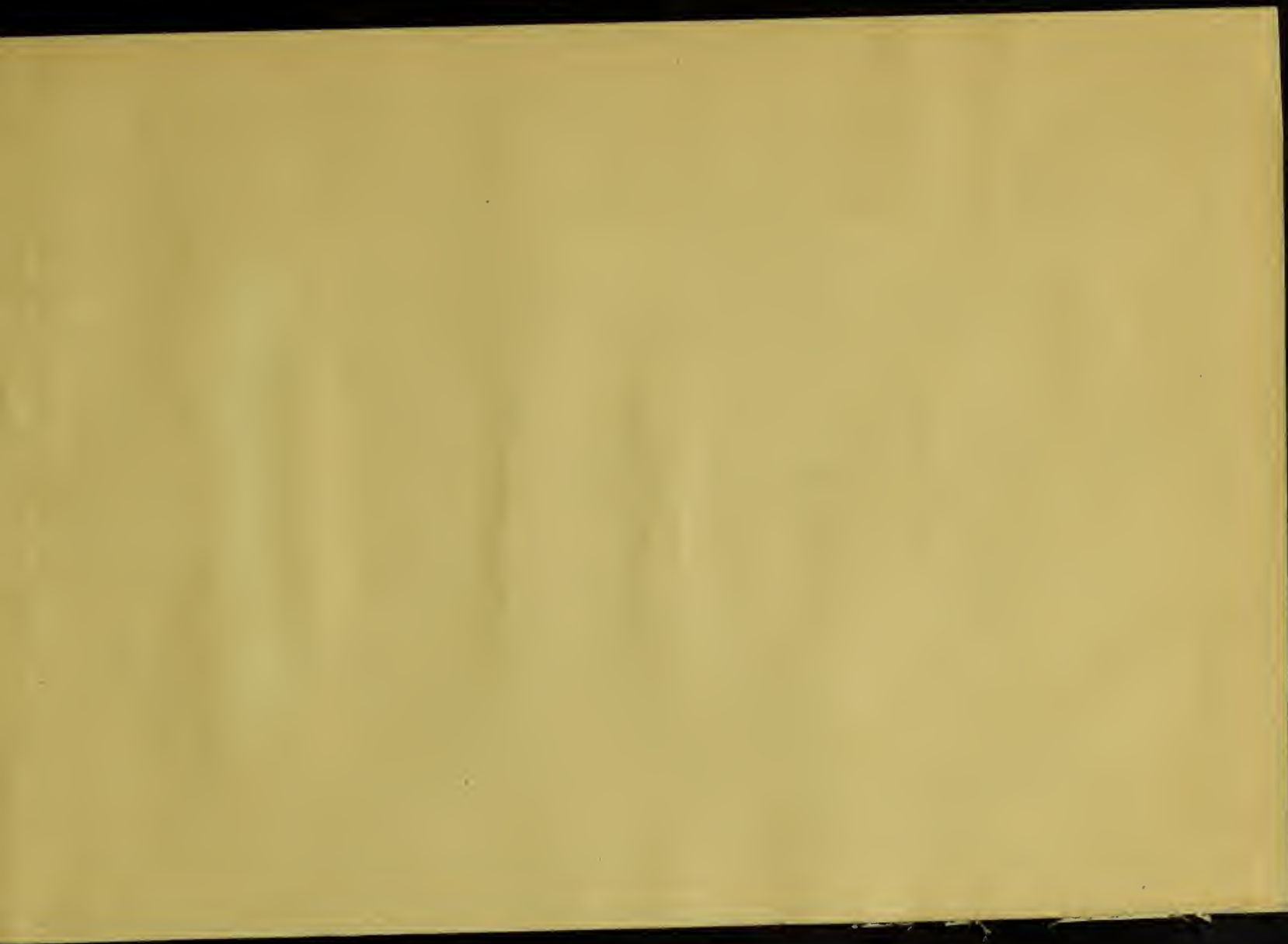
Faster. **Accelerate.**

pass we merry miners gally go, we merry miners gail-y go, we go, we go, we go, we go.....

This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The top staff continues the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is the bass clef accompaniment. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment featuring chords and arpeggiated figures. The tempo markings 'Faster.' and 'Accelerate.' are placed above the first and second staves respectively.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.	
A Day of Sunshine.....	232	Good Night.....	162	Mama is Calling.....	18	Schiller's "Longing".....	293	The Whispering Air.....	57
A' P' the Hame Thegither....	36	Grannie's Trust.....	44	May Martin.....	148	Serenade.....	12	The Willow by the River.....	276
A Last Farewell.....	228	Grove Song.....	106	May Song.....	221	Shadows.....	281	There are Gains for All.....	146
A Light over the Waves.....	67			Me Too.....	73	Silver Blossom.....	27	There's Beauty in the Skies.....	191
A Long Time Ago.....	167	Happiness is Everywhere.....	196	Minnie and I.....	84	Slumber On.....	236	They are Singing with the	
A Song for May.....	94	Happy are We.....	142	Moonbeams.....	223	Skating Glee.....	48	Angels.....	264
A Tear for the Comrade that's		Happy Songster.....	62	Moonlight.....	150	Smile, and be Contented.....	6	They Love us at Home.....	20
gone.....	206	Have Faith.....	253	Morning.....	151	Soft Music is Falling.....	80	Things We can Never Forget	194
Always Friends.....	143	Have Patience.....	241	Morning Walk.....	294	Softly Sighs the Gentle Breeze	77	Those Sweet Blue Eyes.....	186
At the Threshold.....	214	He Careth for Thee.....	252	Music makes a Merry Heart..	8	Somebody's Waiting for Me..	86	Thou art Far Away.....	63
		Hear Ye not the Wood Bird's		My Good for Nothing.....	144	Song in Sunshine.....	254	Thro' the Clouds of Sorrow..	175
Be Happy.....	58	Song.....	52	My Love, She.....	21	Song of Spring.....	120	Through the Grave.....	82
Beautiful Things.....	98, 266	Ho! for the Spring Time.....	46	My Mother.....	162	Song of the Angels.....	198	To-Day.....	64
Better Late than Never.....	76	Home a Shelter from the Storm	105			Songs Here and Yonder.....	159	To the Message Bird.....	88
Beyond the Stars.....	233	Home Again.....	140	Nellie Brundage.....	7	Sparkling Water.....	152	Toil On.....	145
Bird of the Wilderness.....	258	Home of Rest.....	128	Nellie is my Neighbor.....	278	Spheres.....	147	True Friendship.....	99
Blessed Dreams.....	216	Hope.....	199	Never Again.....	286	Spring and Summer.....	83	Twilight Song.....	275
Bright Dreams.....	158	Hurrah for our Camp in the		Never put Off.....	81	Spring has Come.....	89	Tyrolienne.....	101
Bright is the Land.....	92	Glade.....	10	New Morning Star.....	30	Streamlet's Flow.....	31		
				New Year's Come and Past..	171	Sunbeams.....	104	Up among the Mountains....	141
Come Again.....	159	I Lay Me Down to Sleep.....	189	Night has Spread.....	249	Sweet Home of my Childhood	51	Upward.....	177
Come Follow Me (Round).....	298	I See Them on their Winding		Night Hymn at Sea.....	235				
Come, let us be Merry and Gay	122	Way.....	40	Northern Michigan.....	113	Thanksgiving.....	112	Vale.....	274
Come to the Woodland.....	130	I would not Die Early.....	176	Not a Bit of It, Harry.....	218	The Angel of Patience.....	157	Vesper Song.....	19
Compensation.....	115	I'd Find Me a Grave.....	164	Now we say Farewell (Round)	147	The Beckoning Hand.....	23	Voice of the Night Wind....	38
Constancy.....	271	I'm Happy and I'm Gay.....	180			The Brook's Lullaby.....	267	Voices of the Past.....	170
Cousin Tom.....	220	In Heaven they are Waiting		O Charming May.....	284	The Clock.....	179	Voyage Song.....	250
		for Me.....	195	O do not Scorn the Lowly.....	261	The Eternal Goodness.....	227		
Daily Guide.....	194	In Joyful Song.....	3	O Haste to the Woodland.....	202	The Foaming Sea.....	156	Waiting at the Gate.....	79
Dear Ones, Angel Crowned..	26	In the Cold.....	50	O if I had to be a Bird.....	109	The Grave by the Lake.....	240	Waiting for You.....	95
Dreams.....	13	In Wonderland.....	282	O if It Be.....	154	The Household Angel.....	78	Wake Up, Sweet Melody.....	28
Dreams of my Youthful Days	225	Is a Man a Whit the Better..	230	O ye Rain.....	224	The Knight's Farewell.....	161	Walk Abroad.....	14
		It is not Death to Die.....	251	O'er the Mountain.....	16	The Little Girl that Meets		Watch her kindly Stars.....	243
Early Days and Early Pleas-				Old Folks (love song).....	137	Me.....	280	We are Coming.....	205
ures.....	42	Joy Comes with Song.....	289	Only One Crossing.....	270	The Little Leaf.....	131	We are Waiting.....	60
Evening Parting Song.....	236			Open the Window for Me....	47	The Minor Key.....	190	We See the Roses Bloom....	242
		Kick Him when He's Down..	208	Open your Eyes.....	172	The Mountain Miner's Song..	299	We'll Try.....	34
Fairer than Thee.....	44			Our Battlefield.....	288	The New Year's Song.....	178	What shall be my Angel Name	54
Falling Leaves.....	204	Let the Angels In.....	200	Our Best Friend.....	260	The Old Canoe.....	100	When Beauty Triumphs....	163
Farewell.....	134	Light and Shade.....	22	Our Boat, down the Dim		The Old Log Hut.....	74	When Sue and I went Skating	262
Farewell to the Swallows....	56	Light in Darkness.....	114	River.....	96	The Old Year.....	132	White Lilies.....	70
First Violet of Spring.....	72	Little Brooklet.....	183	Our Cause Speeds On.....	116	The Onset.....	185	Who'll Buy?.....	184
Fisher Maiden.....	255	Little Feet.....	248	Our Little One.....	215	The Pacific Railroad.....	4	Why are Ye Weeping?.....	263
Foes and Friends.....	138	Little Flow'ret.....	97	Our Song Birds.....	69	The Peaceful Rest.....	160	Winter Song.....	110
		Looking Backward.....	90			The President's Hymn.....	246	Winter's Approach.....	293
Gathering Home.....	32	Long the Storm is Roaring..	296	Pining for the Old Fireside..	117	The Shore of Time.....	165	Work with a Will.....	124
Gentle Words.....	237	Love.....	283	Poor Jilted Jonathan.....	238	The Song of the Beacon.....	212	Would you Know my Celia's	
Give.....	188	Love Me Dearest.....	168			The Things We Love.....	210	Charms.....	245
Gliding Away.....	181			Rest, but not Here.....	192	The Water, the Water.....	256		
God Bless our Loved Fireside	24	Mabel.....	66	Rest Yonder.....	64	The West.....	272	You and I.....	126



Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

Music Department

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

